Sept. 18, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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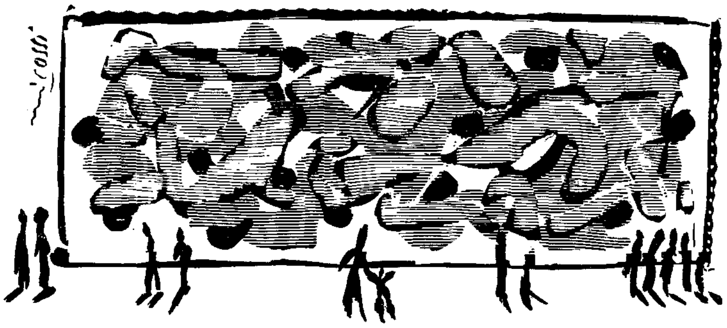
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—Farley Granger, Hal Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Odd Couple—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Gabriel Dell, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," but it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music (the best sung by Gilbert Price), to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Luther Adler. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers in the role of Susan B. Anthony. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mrs. Dally—Arlene Francis and Ralph Meeker in a play in two parts ("Mrs. Dally Has a Lover" and "Today Is Independence Day") by William Hanley. Directed by Joseph Anthony. Previews through Tuesday, Sept. 21. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 22. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 18.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **AÏDA.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:40: **IOLANTHE.** ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 3 and 8:40: **RUDDIGORE.** ... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 21-22, at 8:40: **THE MIKADO.** ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23-24, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 3 and 8:40: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Baal—An adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. Opens Thursday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sept. 16. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. *Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)*

Happy Days—Madeleine Renaud in a two-week engagement of the Beckett play, in French. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justify the title are the unwilling tenants of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most sentimental work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—A three-week return engagement of Euripides' tragedy, translated by Edith Hamilton and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through *Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays* at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—A five-and-a-half-week season that starts Thursday, Sept. 23, and will end on Sunday, Oct. 31. DON QUIXOTE will be performed through Sunday, Oct. 3. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:15 and Sundays at 1:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—How easy the art of balladry seems when Rosemary Clooney, calm, cool, and collected, applies that supple voice of hers to it. This boon is bestowed at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. She is preceded by Dave Astor, a would-be wit, who rages unchecked. The orchestra of Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, is audible both before and after. Closed Sundays.

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Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): *The indoor sport of dancing can again* be indulged in from nine to midnight in the restaurant, which is sort of stately, or even until one Fridays and Saturdays. George Anaya's small group is once more the band. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An old American custom. The conversation and the dance bands are guaranteed non-stop. In the Champagne Room, though, the music is purely prandial. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The architecture revives the great days of steamboating on our inland waterways; the music revives the days when dance bands were big and bountiful and beatific. Les and Larry Elgart's band, which is certainly as b. and b. and b. as can be, is sounding off now, and on Monday, Sept. 20, Tito Puente's crew, a set of bombastic Latins, will take over. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

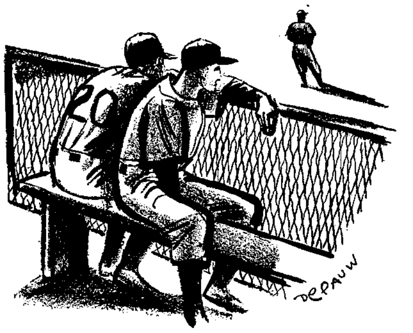
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week.

Plaza, *Fifth Ave.* at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Morgan, peaches and cream, moonlight and roses, is the soprano who has just moved into the Persian Room. Dinner and supper are the hours of her appearance; Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather frolickers and Burt Farber's steady-going orchestra are much more continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—*A tiny village high in the Pyrénées,* but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a minute dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On Saturday, Sept. 18, the bands of Charles Turecamo and Quintero will start packing for their trip back downtown to their winter quarters, the Maisonette, in the same hotel, where they will get to work again on Thursday, Sept. 23.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The kind of air-conditioning that Mother Nature used to make, which she now does out-of-doors and without water. There is dancing amid the greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can go on under cover if ever the clouds burst again.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (operatic arias, some in English) serve to heighten this impression. Franco Pagani is the principal warbler. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The King's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a king himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): *An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian* architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): *One more affirmation of de*light in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. Not a whisper on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the nineteenth century. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every eve-

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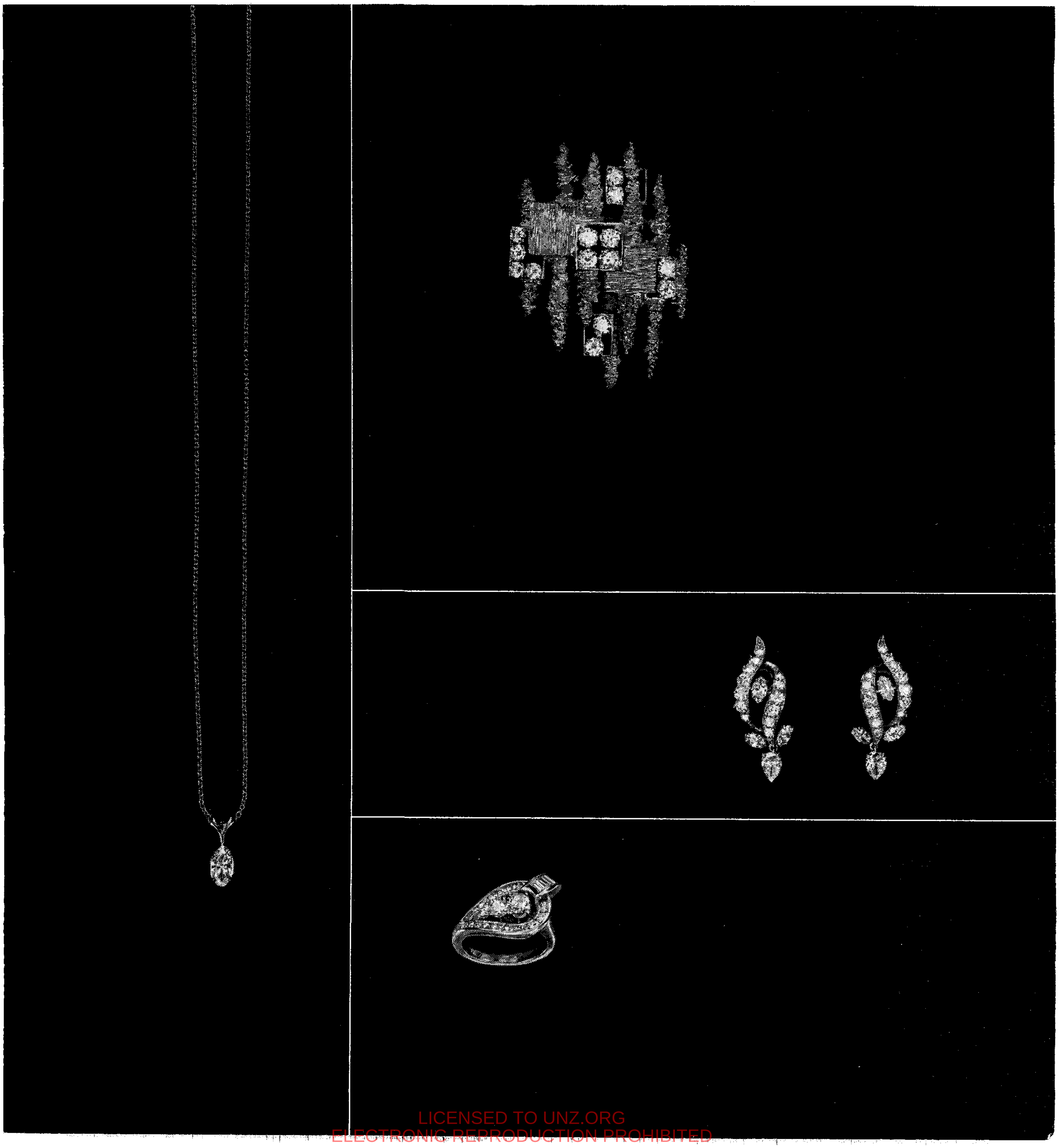

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, flexing a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Moscow Nights are growing long (eight until two). Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The sad truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Fooling around and frittering away as such things were done in yesteryear. Ronnie Ball's duo checks in around half past eight; after the theatre, Nancy Steele (songs in Texas Guinan style) and Murray Grand (rich, life-size piano) come aboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups, from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The portion of the Hotel Westbury given over to dining at no more than a trot and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday.

NOTE—The discothèque (well, it does keep the kids off the streets) is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation, too, from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, when all the music is machine, taps sounds at one. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks, or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Except on Sundays and Mondays, the patter of tiny feet can be heard (from nine until four) because the music, which comes from a squawk box, is largely forbearing. Supper is served. . . . **THE GARRISON,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): A wing of El Morocco, or maybe a buck-and-wing, considering the antics induced on the floor by the music, all of which is tinned. Eight to four, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A pride of damsels who do not mind at all making a spectacle (choreography by Dick Barstow, costumes by chance) of themselves. The main stem, though, is Johnnie Ray, who is better than anyone else at adding up a torrent of sheer-desperation arias and making them come out exactly right. Also present: Lynda Gloria, an excellent instance of Folies-Bergère soubrette, and a brace of equally excellent circus acts. On Wednesday, Sept. 22, a complete new set of principals arrives, led by Will Jordan, a reliable humorist, and Teresa Brewer, a vigorous oriole. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The centerpiece is Joe E. Lewis, a hard act to follow, for his stream-of-unconsciousness conversation results in a great deal of leaping to inconclusions. This cheery helter-skelter is supplemented by Joi Lansing, cast in this production as a soprano. Of her it can be said only that she is very, very blond. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, the Clara Ward Gospel Singers are responsible for most of the tumult and the shouting in a setting that is generally pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's fifteenth annual report on the state of the nation, will be delivered (at least in its first draft) on Wednesday, Sept. 22. It will be in revue form, naturally, and Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years, will be the bellwethers for the four new members of the cast. Subsequent trial runs on subsequent evenings, except Sundays; twice a night will be the rule. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The baby revue known as "The Game Is Up" has diversified its portfolio with several bright new touches, with which a performer named Ruth Buzzi can make hay. Some of the old touches are not quite up to snuff, and some of the other players use too much of it, but most of the evening is jolly. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's piano and Jim Hall's guitar always have something

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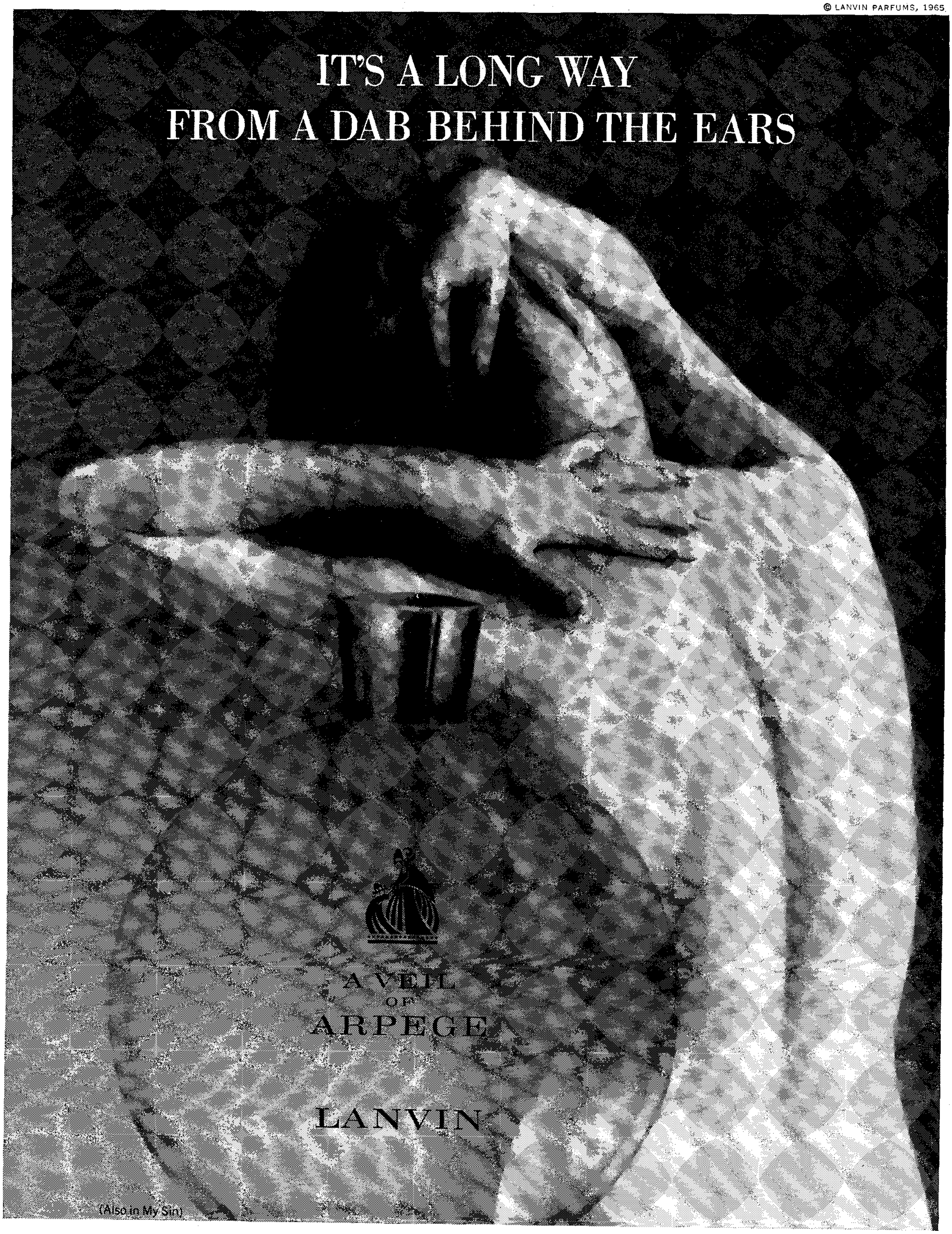
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pertinent to say. Each man has a trio of his own. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. On Mondays, Tony Scott is the principal musician. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, truly the African Queen, sings tribal songs often rife with thunder and lightning; Hugh Masekela's horn, which leads a foursome into action, often crackles, too, with electricity. Mondays, the play area is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. A sidewalk café and a restaurant of sorts (both closed on Mondays) are appended on the ground floor. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. At the moment, Mike Settle's voice, from the plains of Oklahoma, is the one to wait for. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's quartet, with which Wynton Kelly is thoroughly involved, is speaking in the future tense. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The fervent Max Roach and his anti-Establishment quintet are giving the customers plenty to think about. Jorge Morel, a solitary guitar (a Lusitanian one), operates when this quintet takes five. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, has assembled a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school clarion music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England who waxes complex as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Jimmy Archey, and Henry Goodwin are all in cahoots—not a bad place to be when these boys are there. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures (in plaster, for bronze); through Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Omar Rayo—Relief prints by a Colombian artist; through Oct. 2. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Mohan Samant—Abstract canvases by an Indian painter; through Oct. 2. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in various mediums by (to mention a few) Oliver Andrews, Jack Levine, and Marcia Marcus; through Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: The inaugural exhibition in the gallery's new quarters consists of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by such artists as Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The Annual Founders Show, made up of oils and watercolors by over a hundred artist-members, among them Clark Hulings, Chen Chi, and Molly Guion; through Oct. 21. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: "Art Across America," a showing of fifty paintings and wall-hung constructions by artists from fourteen states, including Hans Hofmann, Robert Rauschenberg, and Kenneth Callahan; through Oct. 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, prints, and watercolors by Gaston Lachaise, Arthur B. Davies, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to dark; through Sunday, Sept. 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Edward Hopper), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ About thirty paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and graphics done by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) in his later years; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ A survey (1917-64) of paintings, drawings, and gouaches by the abstractionist Jean Xceron; through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial retrospective of the abstract paintings of Stuart Davis (1894-1964); through Oct. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

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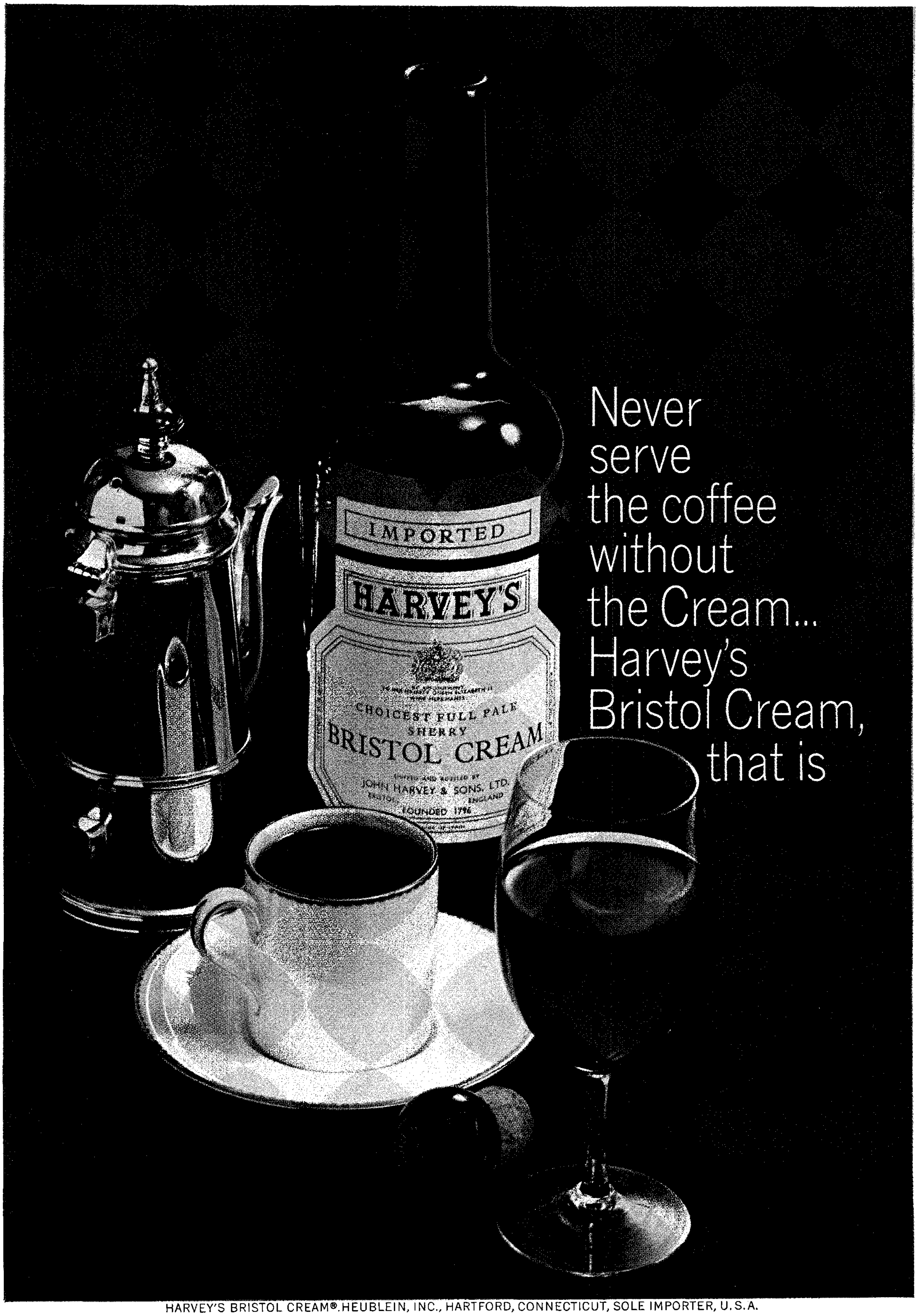
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tinue through Sunday, Nov. 14. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 7:45: The American première of Prokofieff's "The Flaming Angel" (in English). . . . Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:15: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:30: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting a chamber orchestra in the last two in an all-Vivaldi series of three concerts. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8:30: "The Middle.". . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 8:30: "The End." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459.)

FIRST INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY CHORAL FESTIVAL—At Philharmonic Hall—A series of concerts involving more than eight hundred students from twenty universities in sixteen countries. Monday, Sept. 20, at 8: Choruses from Chile, Japan, and Yugoslavia, plus the Yale Glee Club. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8: Choruses from Argentina, England, Puerto Rico, and Sweden. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: Choruses from Canada, Germany, Portugal, and Venezuela. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: Choruses from Colombia and Spain, plus the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and the Howard University Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3: Choruses from Brazil and France, plus the University of Michigan and Smith College Glee Clubs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8: A gala concert in which each chorus will perform separately and then join forces for a group of works.

RECITALS

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Liszt programs. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Sept. 16, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 17 at 8; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 7; and Thursday, Sept. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 18: Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 25: Army vs. Virginia Military Institute, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 22-24.)

HORSE SHOW—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 18.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18, and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 25. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, Sept. 18, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The twentieth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on

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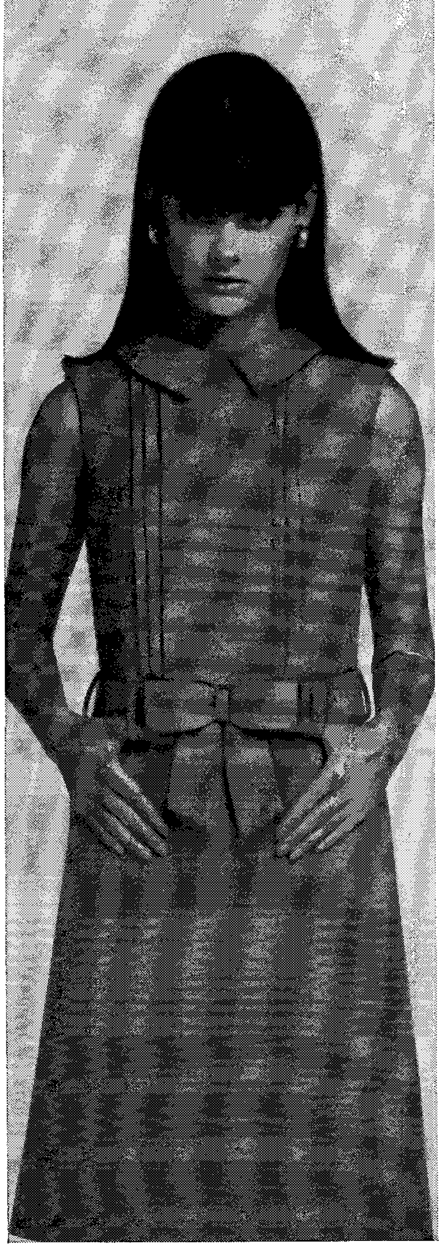


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, Sept. 21. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

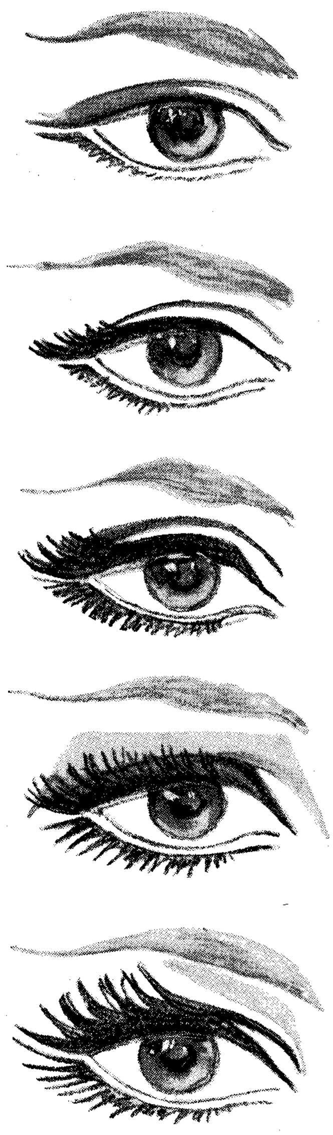
New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "Le Petit Soldat" (France, 1960). ... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 9:30: "Gertrud" (Denmark, 1964). ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "Between Two Worlds" (Italy, 1965). ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 9:30: "Sandra" (Italy, 1965). ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 3: "The Koumiko Mystery" (France, 1965) and "Twilight of Empire" (England, 1965). ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "Unreconciled" (Germany, 1965). ... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8:40: "Red Beard" (Japan, 1965).

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Many visitors leave the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it. The Fair closes on Sunday, Oct. 17.

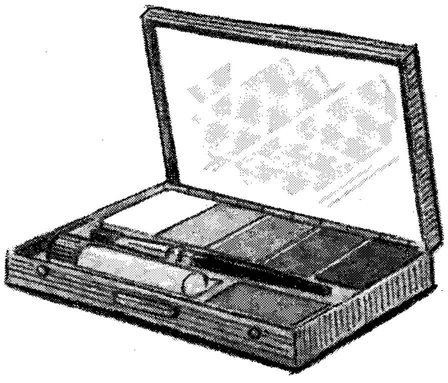
Pavilions—The best show, the best bar, and one of the better restaurants at the Fair are to be found at the African Pavilion. Admission to the show is $1.50 for adults, fifty cents for children, and there is no waiting. ... ¶ Other good restaurants, all expensive, are those in the Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. ... ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." ... ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. ... ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary. Free. ... ¶ Outside the Hall of Education, which appears to have been renamed "Demonstration Center," there is a playground of the future. The more cerebral displays inside include a history of shoes through the nineteenth century ("Animal skins and leaves were the first foot coverings"), and voting booths set up by the *Daily News*, where one can express opinions on teen-age vandalism and the candidates for President of the City Council. ... ¶ The kiosk outside the Pavilion of Paris sells French magazines, books, records, and cigarettes, and literary shopping bags. ... ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. ... ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.



What is SHADO-SHADES?

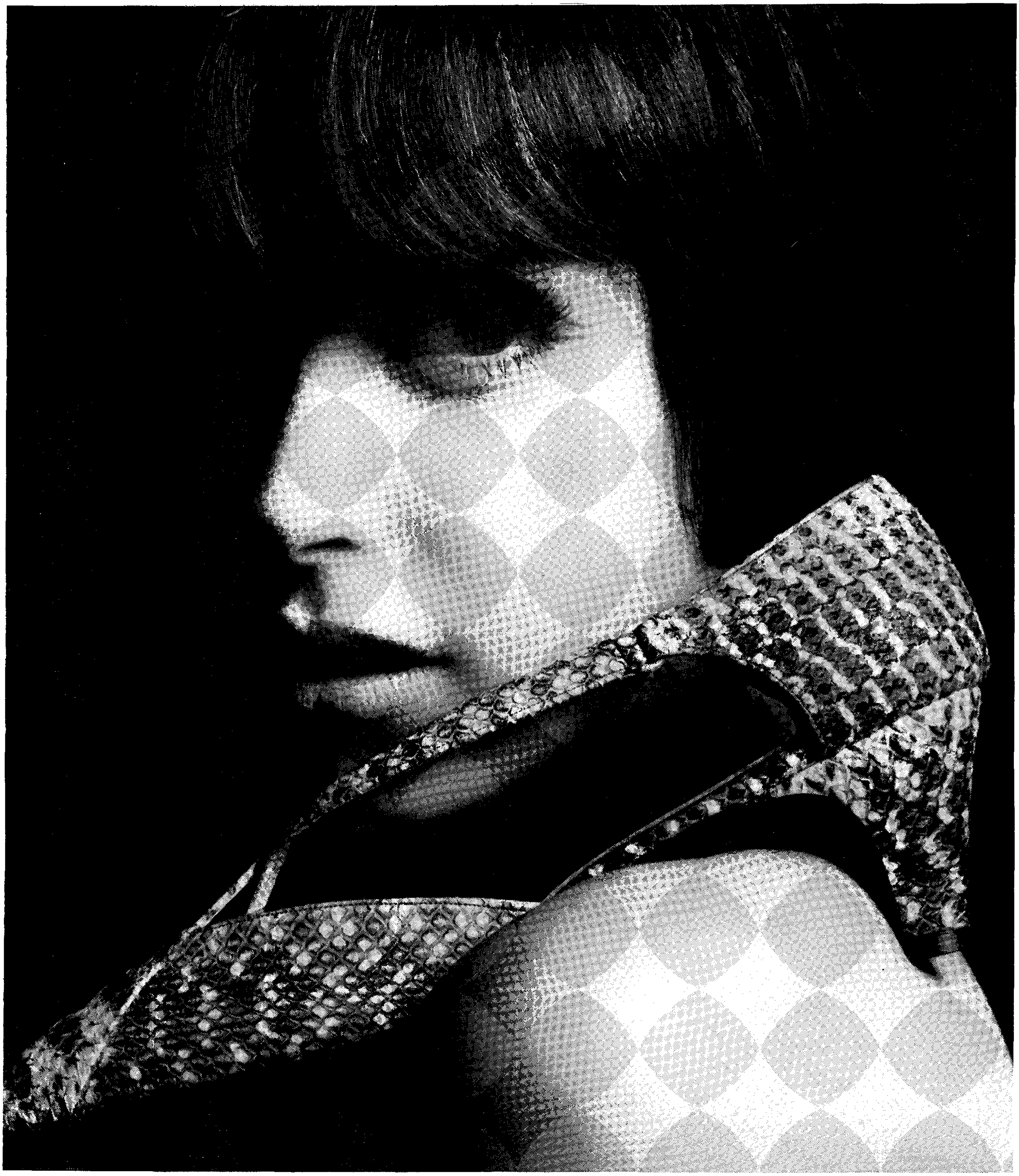
It's the most marvelous little box of magic since maquillage began. Small enough to slip into a handbag, Shado-Shades holds a complete wardrobe of Ardena Cake Eye Shados for outlining and designing romantic eyes. 5.00



Elizabeth Arden

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO KARACHI COBRA IN MY SIZE?
THEN I MUST HAVE IT IN IGUANA!

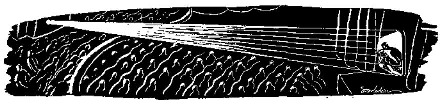
PIGSKIN? CALF? ANYTHING?



ANY PALIZZIO IS BETTER THAN NO **palizzio**
SHOES AND HANDBAGS.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A French melodrama distinguished by the presence, in a merry mood, of Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe, all of whom are worth watching for hours and perhaps days on end. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 21.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 21.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—An overlong, over-ambitious farce, though with good things in it. Starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Natalie Wood, and directed by Blake Edwards. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 22.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—An immaculate dissection of a troubled marriage and a not too prosperous affair. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, who has never done better, and starring Macha Meril and Bernard Noel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A quasi-documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. The handiwork of Michael Roemer and Robert Young, it stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 22, tentative.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Sept. 21.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 21.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 18.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 16.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Sept. 19.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 17.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Sept. 21.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 16-20 and Sept. 22.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 16.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 16-20 and Sept. 22.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 21.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 16.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 19-21.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

The Thing (1951)—Ominous vegetation from Mars on the loose. With Kenneth Tobey and Robert Cornthwaite. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 21.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 16.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 17-18.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; Sept. 17-18.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Sept. 18: "The Joyless Street" (1925), a German film, with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Sept. 19-22: "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Sept. 16: "The Devil's Brother" (1933), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Sept. 17: "Bonnie Scotland" (1935), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Sept. 18: "The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy" (1965). . . . ¶ Sept. 21-22: "Zenobia" (1939), with Harry Langdon and Oliver Hardy. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Billie," Patty Duke.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Reward," Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GREAT RACE.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Sept. 20: "The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuèle Riva.
From Sept. 21: "Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"La Tia Tula" (in Spanish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?; and **NOBODY WAVED GOOD-BYE.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 21: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 22: **HELP!**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 21: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.
From Sept. 22 (tentative): **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Sept. 20: "The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.
From Sept. 21: "Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Billie," Patty Duke.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 21: "Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARRIED WOMAN (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Sept. 16-20: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.
Sept. 21: **THE THING**, revival; and "I Walked with a Zombie," revival, Frances Dee.
Sept. 22: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 21: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 22: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 21: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.
From Sept. 22 (tentative): "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Once a Thief," Alain Delon, Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 21: "Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.
From Sept. 22: "The Skull," Christopher Lee; and "The Mad Executioner," Hansjorg Felmy.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 21: "The Reward," Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux.
From Sept. 22: "The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 16: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
From Sept. 17: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 21: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 22: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 21: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 21: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From Sept. 22: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar; and "The Best of Enemies," revival, David Niven, Alberto Sordi.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 21: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.
From Sept. 22: **HELP!**; and "Conquered City," David Niven, Ben Gazzara.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 21: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 22: "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 21: "Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.
From Sept. 22: "The Skull," Christopher Lee; and "The Mad Executioner," Hansjorg Felmy.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Shepherd Girl" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 21: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Sept. 22: "King and Country," Dirk Bogarde, Tom Courtenay.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French), revival.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Sept. 19: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Sept. 20: "To Die in Madrid," a documentary film on the Spanish Civil War.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 16: "The Seventh Victim," revival, Tom Conway, Isabel Jewell; and "Burn Witch Burn," revival, Janet Blair.
Sept. 17: "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli; and "Black Sabbath," revival, Boris Karloff.
Sept. 18: "Crack in the World," Dana Andrews, Janette Scott; and "Space Ship to the Unknown," revival, Buster Crabbe.
Sept. 19: "These Are the Damned," Macdonald Carey; and "Destination Saturn," revival, Buster Crabbe.
Sept. 20: "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.
Sept. 21: "The Time Machine," revival, Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "Strait-Jacket," revival, Joan Crawford.
Sept. 22: "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter; and "Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 21: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 22: **HELP!**; and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 16: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival; and "Dimka" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 17: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
Sept. 18: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Sept 19: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival; and "The Visit," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
Sept. 20: "Gervaise" (in French), revival, Maria Schell, François Périer; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
Sept. 21: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruehmann.
Sept. 22: Six short films dealing with psychology.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Sept. 16: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Sept. 17-18: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **WINTER LIGHT** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Sept. 19-21: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Sept. 22: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar; and "The Little Ones," Carl Gonzales.

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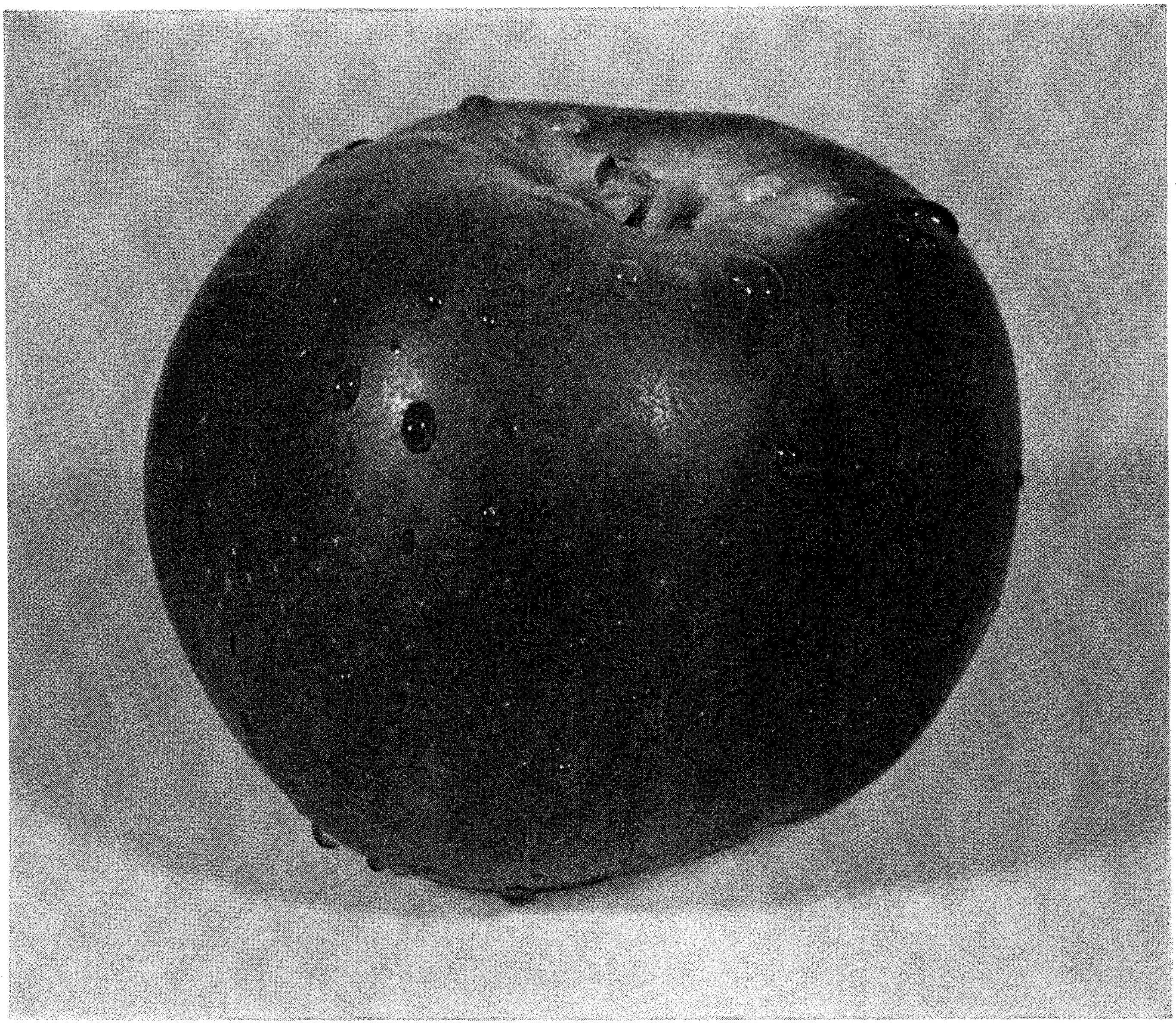
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Pyrus Malus: A Nova Scotia product (since 1633)

North America's first apple trees were planted by the Acadians in Nova Scotia's fertile Annapolis Valley early in the seventeenth century. Nowadays, Nova Scotia's world-famous apple crop (and apple products) are exported to Europe, the Caribbean, Mexico and the United States. Seventy-five per cent of Canada-processed apple exports to Great Britain, alone, come from Nova Scotia.

Apple processing is a big, competitive business; millions have been spent on improving and expanding processing facilities. Nova Scotia grows over 25 varieties of apples, two-thirds of which are sold to processing plants where modern facilities create a wide range of products, from pie-filling to apple concentrate.

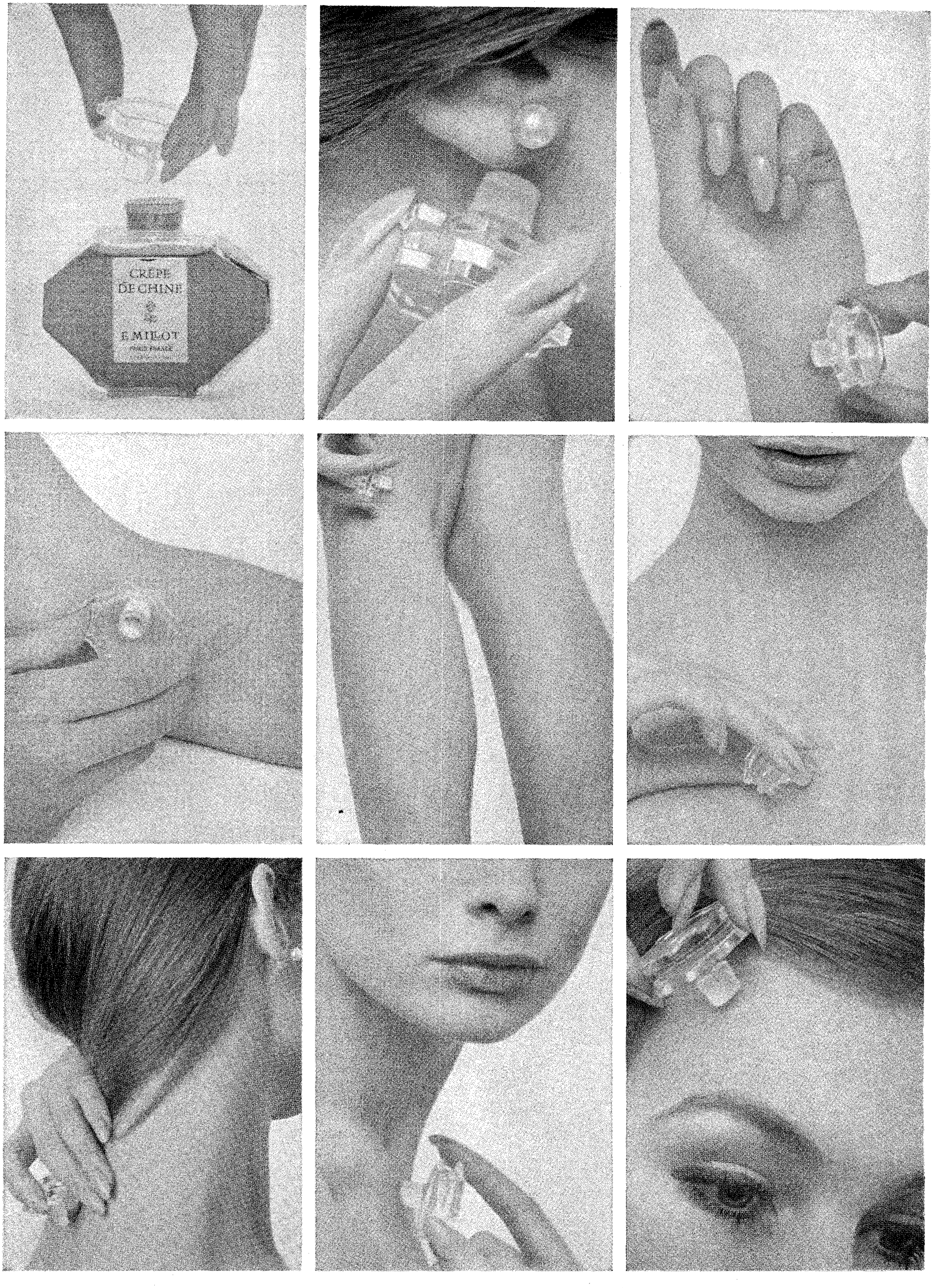
Modern research has developed select varieties of apples and extended the growing season. The development of controlled atmosphere storages has improved the quality and durability of dessert apples so that they arrive in the London market place as fresh as the day they were picked.

The story of apple production in Nova Scotia is only one illustration of the changes contributing to the province's flourishing economy. The new Nova Scotia is ripe for new industries. Competitive transportation rates, year round ports, proximity to foreign markets and a skilled labour force are just some of the plus factors. Advice on plant location, research facilities and financial and technical assistance are available from the Department of Trade and Industry in Halifax. Write them, or any of the Information Offices listed below.

THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

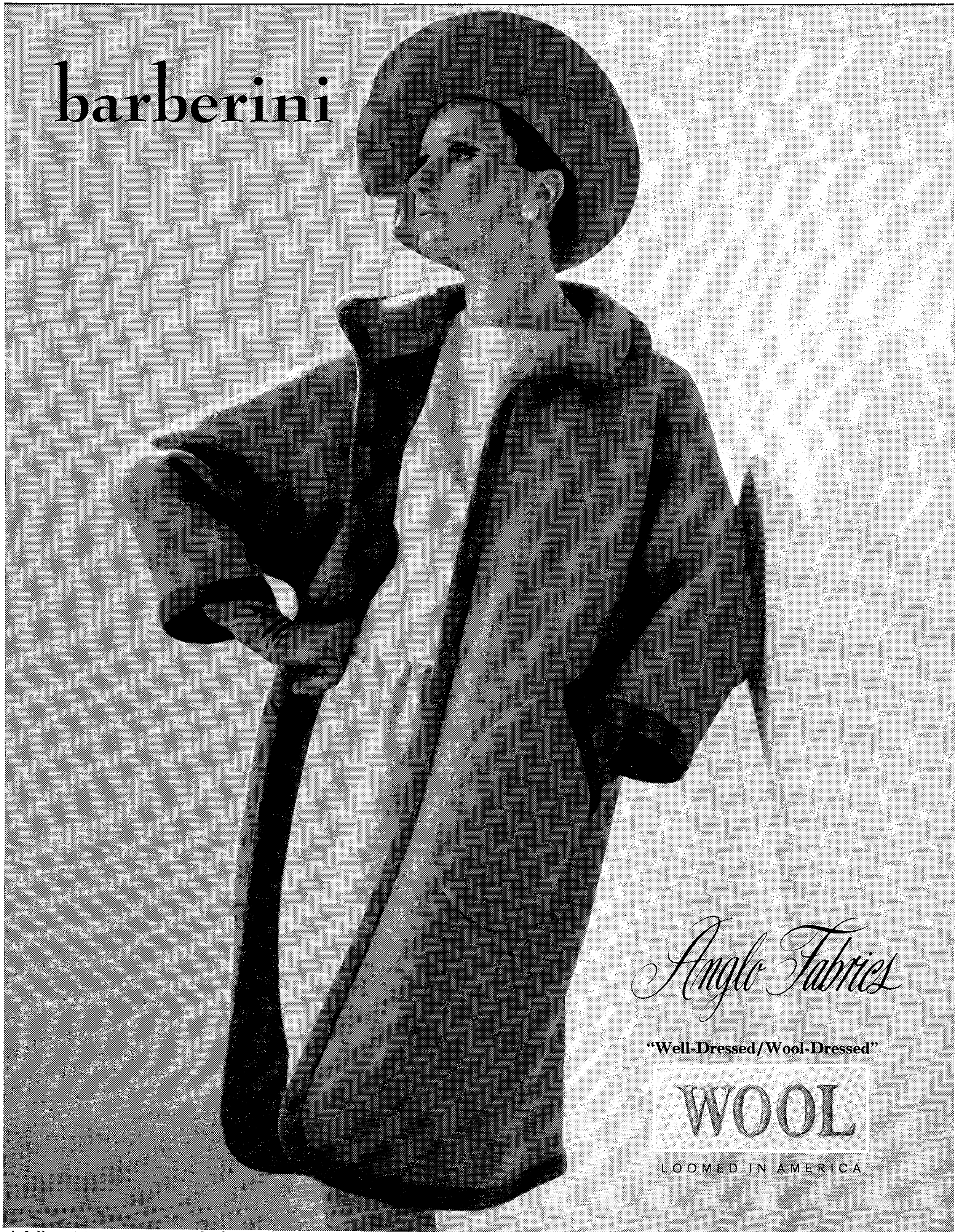
NOVA SCOTIA

30 W. 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.; 607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.; 43 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto 12, Ont.; Central Station, Montreal, Que.


CRÊPE DE CHINE
F. MILLOT
PARIS FRANCE

the Wooletin

VOL. 2 WJ2665 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL AND ANGLO FABRICS


barberini
Anglo Fabrics
"Well-Dressed/Wool-Dressed"
WOOL
LOOMED IN AMERICA

A fall coat turns over a new leaf reversing from gold to brown. American Shetland wool—fresh-staying, naturally supple. 4-14. About $125.
B. ALTMAN NEW YORK · KAUFMANN'S PITTSBURGH · MARSHALL FIELD CHICAGO · I. MAGNIN WEST COAST
OR WRITE: BARBERINI, LTD., 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018

Waiting for Waterford is such sweet sadness.

Enjoy the bittersweet beauty of the wait. Waterford Irish Crystal is born to live many lifetimes. No matter how long you wait for delivery, the time is short, measured by the infinity of happiness hand-carved into every piece. Waterford Crystal from Ireland, 225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

1 WILLIAMSBURG · C W · RESTORATION

2 MYSTIC SEAPORT

3 HISTORIC NEWPORT REPRODUCTION

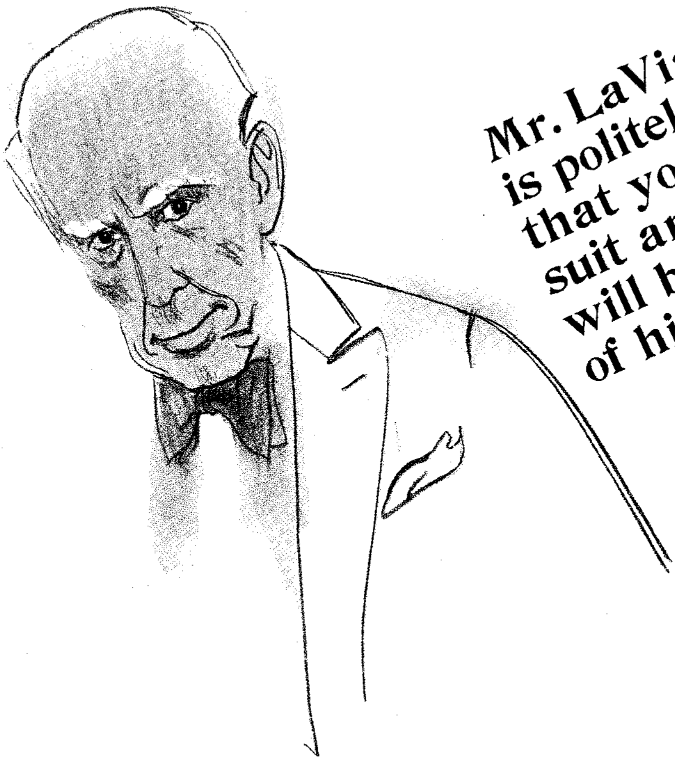
4 FARMERS' MUSEUM COOPERSTOWN N.Y.

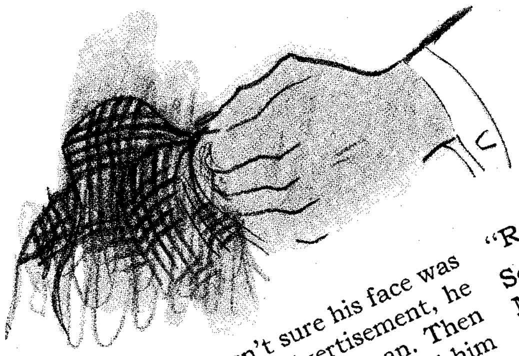
Only Schumacher's has the precious fabric reproductions from these four world famed American restorations. The many authentic patterns and colors in each collection are all steeped in our proud historic heritage.

Schumacher's
FABRICS/CARPETS/WALLPAPERS

Each is masterfully reproduced to the most minute detail. Expensive? Not at all. Just ask your decorator. F. Schumacher & Co. 58 West 40th Street, New York. Showroom: 939 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. (at 56 St.)

Mr. LaViale is politely determined that your new fall suit and/or sportcoat will be in one of his cloths.





Mr. LaViale wasn't sure his face was necessary for this advertisement, he is rather a retiring gentleman. Then the advertising people reminded him of what has been happening.

He has been *too* retiring. The most expensive suits of the 13 most expensive men's suit manufacturers in America are in cloths he designed and brought from Huddersfield, England. Yet, few have ever heard of "Roger LaViale."

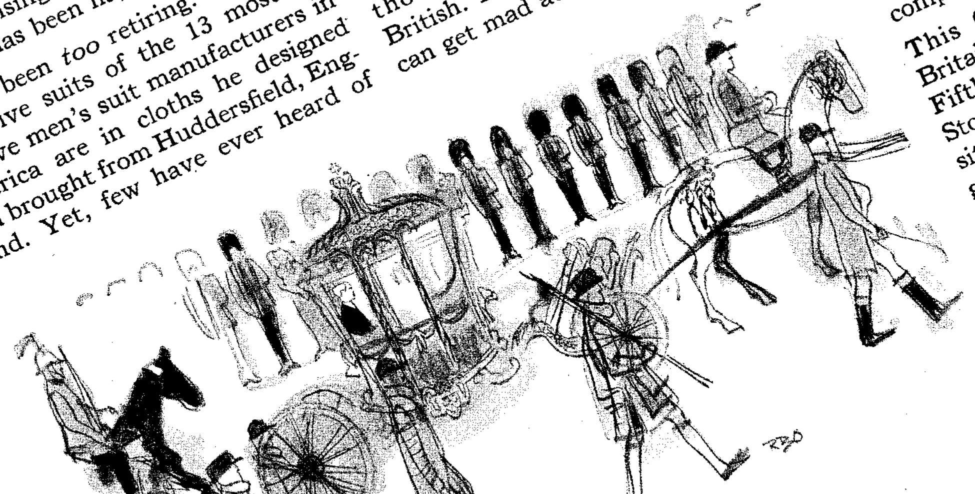
Something called competition hit Mr. LaViale. Another country . . . *not* America . . . *not* Britain . . . began weaving. Many suit manufacturers labeled these cloths "Imported." O.K., they were. But 76% of New York men, 77% in Chicago, thought that "Imported" meant British. Mr. LaViale's kind of man can get mad at that sort of thing.

The British have done it for years.

He decided to provide a little polite competition.

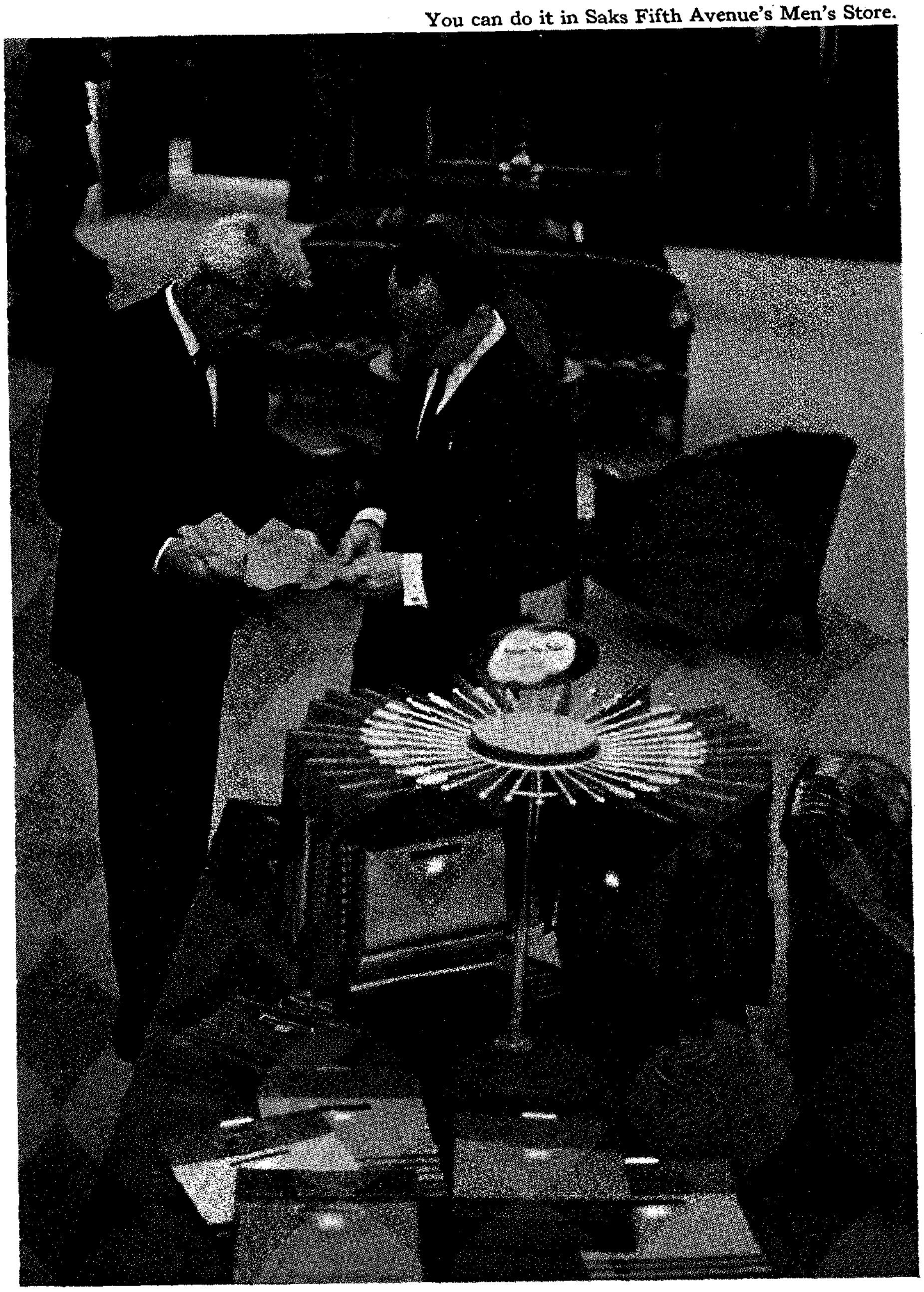
This Carousel of Woollens from Britain we've photographed in Saks Fifth Avenue's magnificent Men's Store is his way of handling a difficult situation. Call it fighting with velvet gloves.

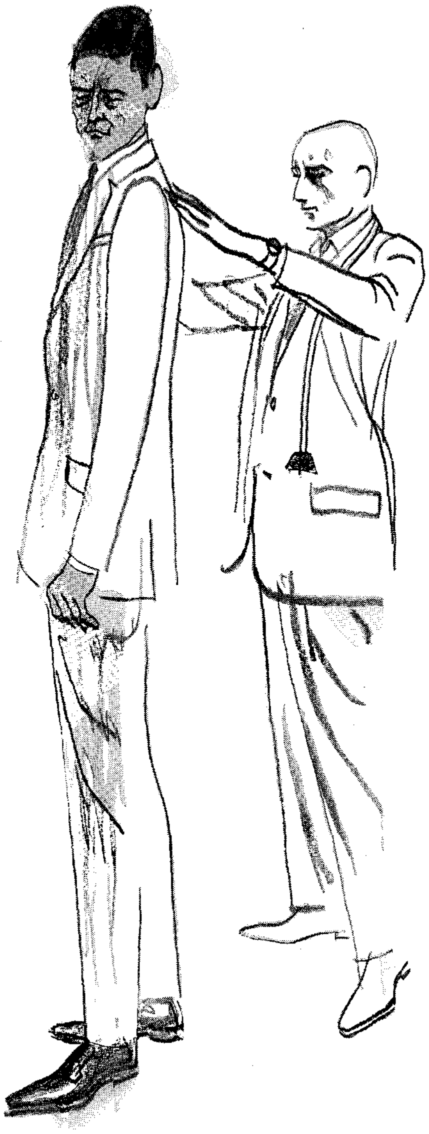
The Carousel appears in eleven Saks Fifth Avenue stores around America and very probably in the finest men's store in your city. These beautiful Woollens are also found in Saks' ready-made.



This is a royal way to choose a new suit.

You can do it in Saks Fifth Avenue's Men's Store.



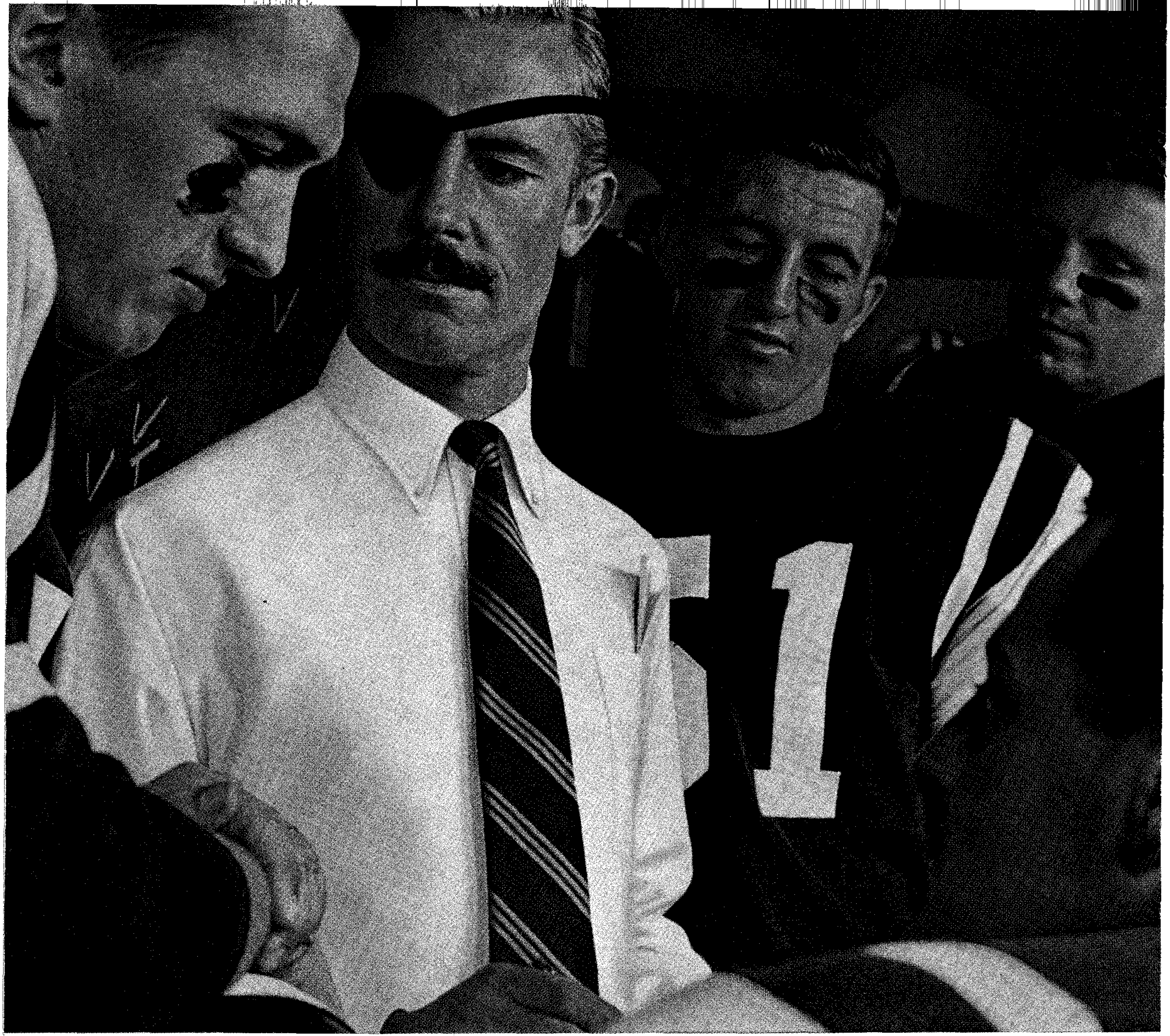


The Carousel contains Mr. LaViale's deas of the world's most beautiful cloths, weaving-wise, color-wise, pattern-wise. Not one swatch is jazzy, not one swatch is shiny. Not one is anything but the most beautiful that Broadhead & Graves, Learoyd and Hunt & Winterbotham in England can weave.

It works this way: you choose the swatch. The store will suggest several models varying in price. Your measurements will be meticulously taken and the suit will be cut for you individually. The price will depend on which "make" you choose . . . prices from $165 to $250. The magnificent Woollen from Britain is the same in each . . . degree of hand-tailoring makes the difference.

In a short time your suit or sportcoat is ready. The store's fitter has another opportunity to refine the fit. The suit will be the finest individual suit you ever owned. If you can not find the Carousel, let us know, Roger, Sr. or Jr. will answer you personally. 601 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WOOLLENS FROM BRITAIN
STYLED BY
La Viale



THE MAN, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE NEW YORK JETS. HIS SHIRT IS HATHAWAY'S NEW CLUB DRIP-DRY. IN YELLOW-JACKET AND 4 OTHER COLORS. ABOUT $9.00.

Hathaway's yellow-jacket: a subtle new color in a drip-dry Oxford cloth

—woven from an ingenious new blend of Dacron® and cotton

GOOD NEWS. Hathaway's canny weavers have just invented a refreshing new color *and* a remarkable new fabric. You see them both above.

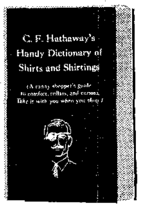
The color is *yellow-jacket*—named after the small wasp of the same hue. Subtle, but with just enough dash to liven up your Fall wardrobe.

As for the fabric, it *looks* like traditional Oxford, *feels* like traditional Oxford—yet drip-dries overnight.

The clue to its performance is in the weaving—a totally new blend of 65 percent Dacron* polyester and 35 percent Oxford cotton.

Thanks to Dacron, this sumptuous stuff rarely needs ironing. And it stays crisp and unwilted through ball games, celebration parties and whatever.

Now turn your eye to the *cut* of the cloth. Note the unobtrusive flare of the collar. And the trimness of the tapered body. Both are hallmarks of Hathaway's unique Club tailoring.



For this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings* and store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Dept. A-8, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.

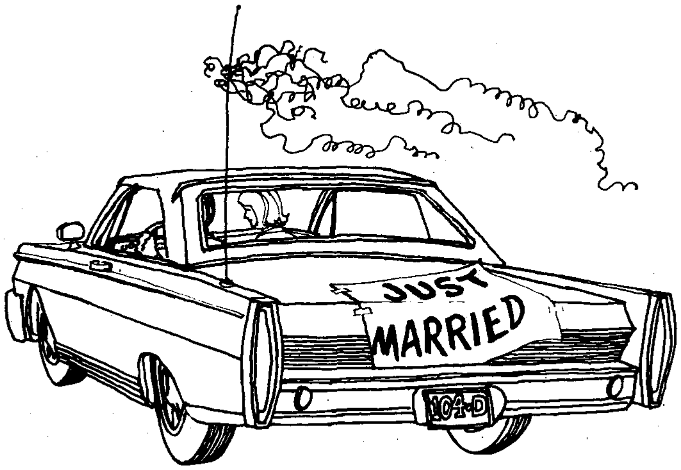
*DuPont registered trademark

"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.®

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN / *The Young Married*

"LIFE IS A SHUTTLE"

– Shakespeare



Marriage is a major stop along the way

A man faces new problems and responsibilities as he embraces the plural way of life.

Now, he will be concerned for the protection of his wife—and of others, as yet unknown. Of a sudden, life insurance becomes a prime investment. In his new station he sees the need for a Will, and perhaps a trust fund, as essential parts of his overall plan for the greater security of his family.

Over the years, our personal trust organization has helped men and women to create workable plans—and to provide continuing assistance in achieving their ultimate fulfillment.

Whatever your family situation, you and your attorney are invited to review your estate affairs with one of our trust officers.

MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST

Personal Trust Division—350 Park Avenue, New York

PHOTOGRAPHED AT H. KAUFFMAN & SONS SADDLERY

Who would think of using the finest, softest English saddle leather for the sole of a woman's tailored shoe?

Selby would.
And you'll love it!

Selby found the tannery in the green farmland outskirts of Northampton, just two hours by Austin-Healy from London.

Here, for longer than any resident can remember, fine hides from the Continent have been tanned in century-old oaken vats by the slowest, most ancient method known.

Here, for four unhurried months, hides soak up softening *natural* oils. But only after they're first bathed and steeped in the pure country water of Northamptonshire. (As important to the special "feel" of fine English saddle and harness leather as the soft mists of Devon are to English complexions.)

And here, strong, knowing hands that have inherited their skills from a long line of proud craftsmen patiently knead and caress this leather until it has the unique and admirable character that makes such words as "soft" and "supple" and "sturdy" completely inadequate.

Most shoemakers consider such noble leather too luxurious for the soles of even the finest women's shoes.

But Selby believes it is precisely what these smart Selby tailored classics for fall *deserve.* So will you.

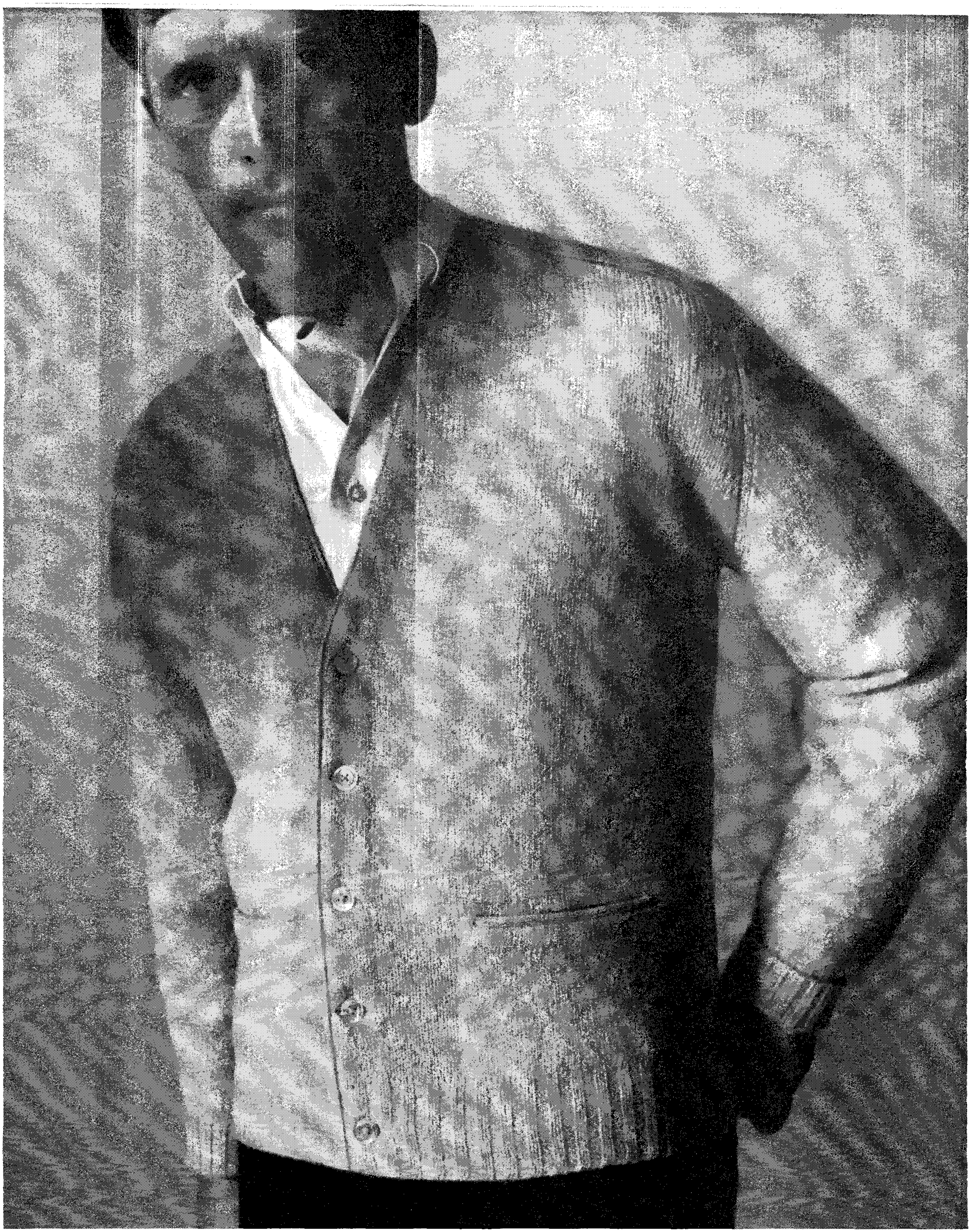
Top, Mellow; below, Roadster. About $19. Slightly higher in the West.

For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. NY-9185-S, Selby Division of the United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.

ENRICHED UNDER-MAKEUP CREME The perfect beginning for make-up is Estée Lauder's Enriched Under-Makeup Creme. It's something you can't see—but you can see the difference when you wear it. Color seems to float on, texture evens-out into creaminess. And while Enriched Under-Makeup Creme makes a velvety cushion for any foundation, it works inwardly to keep skin gently lubricated. Slip this gossamer creme on under your next make-up—you'll never leave your skin "undressed" again.

Estée Lauder

© 1965 ESTEE LAUDER, INC.



Hadley is simple on purpose. Men are complicated enough.

Fully fashioned V-neck cardigan with self piped border and full saddle shoulder, in 100% imported Shetland wool. Available in twelve colors. Small, medium, large, extra large. About $25.00. The Union Company (Alumni Shop), Columbus; Bomanzi of Lexington, Lexington; and at other fine stores everywhere. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018.

The cars they passed an hour ago won't get here until tomorrow.

If time is important to you, consider this: In just one hour a Boeing jetliner can take you as far as a hard day's drive in your car.

Compared to driving, you gain a *day* for every hour you relax aboard a luxurious Boeing jet. You collect this time-bonus going and returning. You gain extra days to spend *there*.

Boeing jets are the most popular, most proved jetliners in the sky. They have carried more passengers (91,000,000), more places. Their flight experience is unequalled. Boeing jetliners have spent more than 5 million hours (570 years) in the air.

Next trip, let a Boeing jet get you there days faster.

Now flying Boeing jets: *Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Madagascar, All Nippon, American, Ansett-ANA, Avianca, BOAC, Braniff, BWIA, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Ethiopian, Indian, Iran Air, Irish, JAL, LIA, Lufthansa, National, Northwest, Pacific Northern, PIA, Pan American, PSA, Qantas, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, South African, TAA, TAP, TWA, United, Varig, Western, World.* In service later with: *Alaska, Flying Tiger, Japan Domestic, Olympic.*

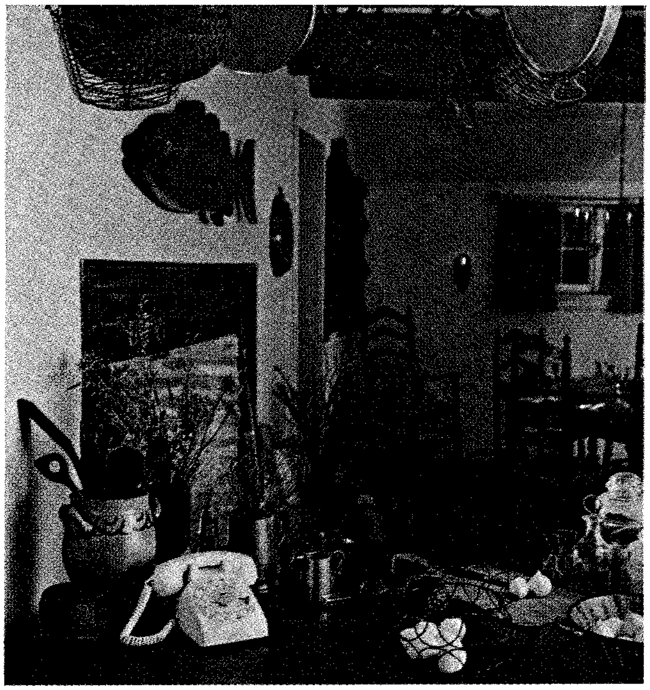
BOEING JETS

World's first family of jets: 707 · 720 · 727 · 737

Where customers ask us to put their extension phones—and why

(in a restored Revolutionary farmhouse)

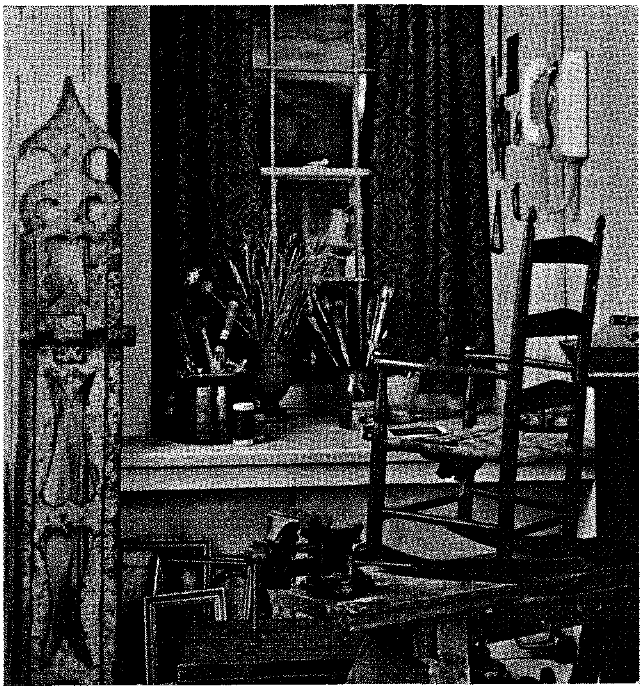
A



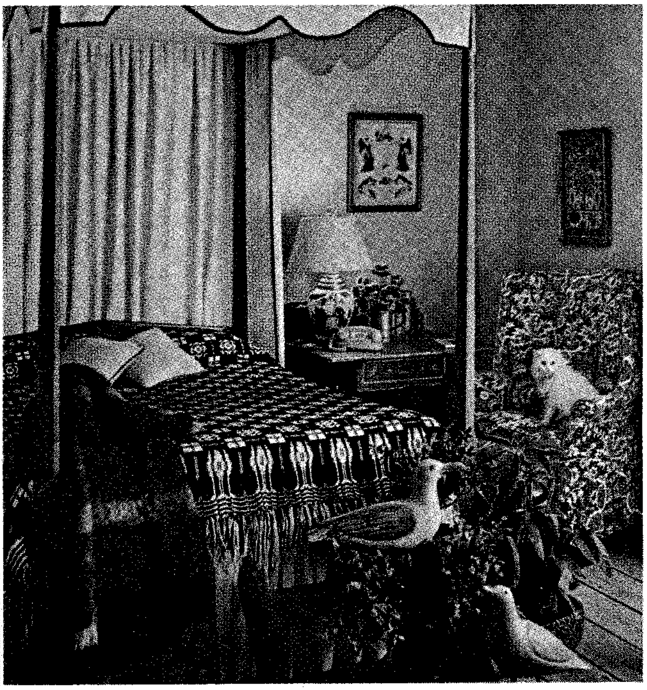
A The kitchen shares more than piping-hot meals with the nearby dining alcove. There's also a step-saving, time-saving extension phone to serve the family in both places.

B A handsome idea for the man who's handy—a phone on his workshop wall. It's a wonderfully low-cost way to help modernize a grand old house.

C The master bedroom gains new privacy and comfort with a bedside extension. The lovely little Princess® phone goes beautifully with two centuries of charm.



B



C

Of course, you have your own ideas about where extension phones can work best in *your* home. They belong in all the places where they'll help make calling easier for everyone. To order, just call your Business Office or ask your telephone man.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph
and Associated Companies

When we say kids say Stretchmakers are super comfy cozy: Are we stretching it?

▨ **MARVESS*** olefin yarn makes these knitted Stretchmakers® the most comfortable jumpsuit-sleepers a child can wear.

Marvess helps them to stretch easily so a youngster can turn and twist all night in perfect freedom.

Marvess, the lightest fiber of all, gives these Stretchmakers warmth without weight, makes them wrinkle and stain-resistant, and completely washable. And Marvess is the quickest-drying fiber known. (But try interesting a child in dull features like *those!*)

So, if your youngster says her Stretchmakers are super comfy cozy, she may be childish. But she's not kidding.

JUMPSUIT SLEEPERS KNITTED OF 50% MARVESS(TM) OLEFIN FIBER/50% NYLON.
SEE THE "BUNNY SNUG" FOR GIRLS AND THE "JOHN L" FOR BOYS IN DELICIOUS CANDY STRIPES. BOY'S OR GIRL'S SIZES 2 TO 6—$5.00. GIRL'S SIZES 6 TO 14;/$6.00.
B. ALTMAN & CO., N.Y.; FILENE'S, BOSTON; CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT, CHICAGO; BURDINE'S, MIAMI; HALLE BROS., CLEVELAND; KAUFMAN'S, PITTSBURGH;
MEIER & FRANK, PORTLAND; FAMOUS-BARR, ST. LOUIS; FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE; AND OTHER FINE STORES. OR WRITE: STRETCHMAKER CORP., 112 WEST 34TH ST., N.Y. 10001.
*TRADEMARK OF ALAMO INDUSTRIES, INC. FOR ITS OLEFIN FIBER.

When Carla hit this marina the fiberglass Hatteras Yacht survived

When the fifteen foot tide and 130 mph winds of Hurricane Carla smashed the Texas coastline, September 10, 1961, boathouses were crushed, docks and piers uprooted.

Yachts went to the bottom.

Dick Hall's all-fiberglass Hatteras was in a boathouse near Houston. When the tidal wave hit, the water-level in the boathouse rose to the roof; boats were ground to timbers against the girders.

The Hatteras was the exception. The pressure of water from beneath punched the Hatteras up, through the planks and shingles—and out.

It was fiberglass against wood, and the fiberglass won.

For when the storm died, Hall's captain, Lou Wood, found his Hatteras floating serenely among the debris from dozens of wrecked yachts. He went aboard. The windows were broken. The bridge and corners of the deckhouse were battered. He switched on the ignition.

The engines purred.

Three days later, without repairs, Hall took his Hatteras across the Gulf on a 1200 mile cruise to Fort Lauderdale.

Fiberglass is the strongest material available for marine construction

The Navy has used it since 1947, now has more then 1200 fiberglass boats in service. (In fact, 85% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and Coast Guard are of fiberglass construction.)

The strength of fiberglass results in an extra degree of safety. Because of its use of reinforced fiberglass in reinforced longitudinal stringers—and athwartship bulkheads—she takes the shock of heavy seas and effects of collision better than boats built of other materials.

Hatteras one-piece hull and super structure have no seams or joints

Neither the one-piece molded hull nor the superstructure has any seams or joints.

The Hatteras is remarkably comfortable. With fiberglass it is possible to mold a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching.

Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

Owners of wood boats are usually surprised at the roominess of the Hatteras. Molded fiberglass construction eliminates beams, ribs and frames. So *all* of the inside is usable. (The Hatteras-41 foot Double Cabin has more usable space than popular 45 foot wood boats.)

It's easy to maintain.

There are no loose fastenings, rust, dry-rot, marine-borers, caulking, sanding. You never have to paint for protection. (You *may* want to paint for appearance, but you don't *have* to.)

Jim Gardella, Cove Marina, Norwalk, Conn., has much experience with both wood and fiberglass boats during spring fitting out. With the Hatteras he says about 80% is saved on hull upkeep.

The Hatteras interior is hand finished in Philippine mahogany. And because this boat is made in a furniture center (High Point, N.C.) the detailing is considered exceptional by those who know wood.

Hank Bowman, contributing editor of Popular Boating, wrote:

"*After testing the Hatteras-41 I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series.*"

The Hatteras is built to fiberglass standards set by Gibbs & Cox, architects and engineers of the liner United States. It was designed by J. B. Hargrave, whose forte is yachts costing $250,000 and up.

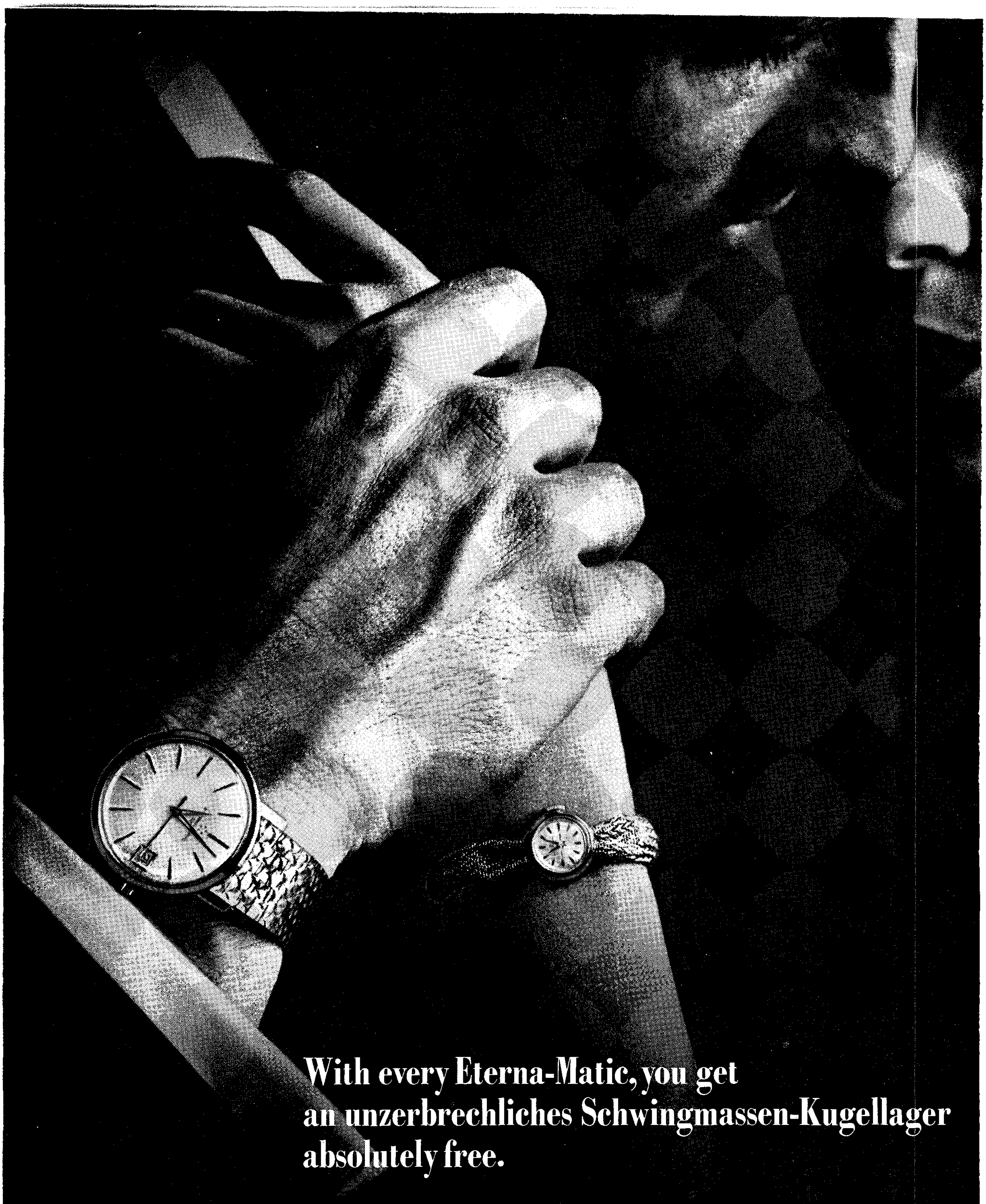
There are ten Hatteras models: a 28 ft. cruiser, 28 ft. fly bridge cruiser; 34 ft. convertible, 34 ft. double cabin, 34 ft. sedan, 34 ft. fly bridge double cabin; 41 ft. convertible, 41 ft. twin cabin; 50 ft. motor yacht and a 50 ft. sportfisherman.

Not all dealers sell the Hatteras

Territories are protected; this limits the number of dealers.

If you'd like to see a Hatteras, write for the name of your nearest dealer. And—be prepared. She *is* something to contemplate. The Hatteras Yacht Co., Dept. NY965, High Point, North Carolina.

Unretouched photo of a marina near Houston taken the day after Hurricane Carla. That's the fiberglass Hatteras floating proudly, victoriously.



With every Eterna-Matic, you get an unzerbrechliches Schwingmassen-Kugellager absolutely free.

An unbreakable rotor bearing.

Don't all self-winding watches give you one? No. They can't. Because they operate by means of a heavy counterweight. And there's always the danger that the counterweight will put enough pressure on the rotor bearing to break it.

But the rotor bearing in an Eterna-Matic can't be damaged. Because our movements operate by means of five tiny steel ball bearings.

No stress is put on the rotor bearing. Ergo, it can't break.

And you get a more dependable watch.

ETERNA·:·MATIC

Woman's watch: *The Eterna Princess.* All 14K gold, self-winding, 17 jewels. About $250. Man's watch: *The Eterna-Matic Dato 3090,* 18K case and bracelet. World's slimmest self-wind with calendar and sweep-second hand. $875. Other ladies Eterna watches and men's Eterna-Matic watches from $79.50. For name of nearest dealer, write to The Eterna Watch Co. of America Inc. Harmon-on-Hudson, N.Y.

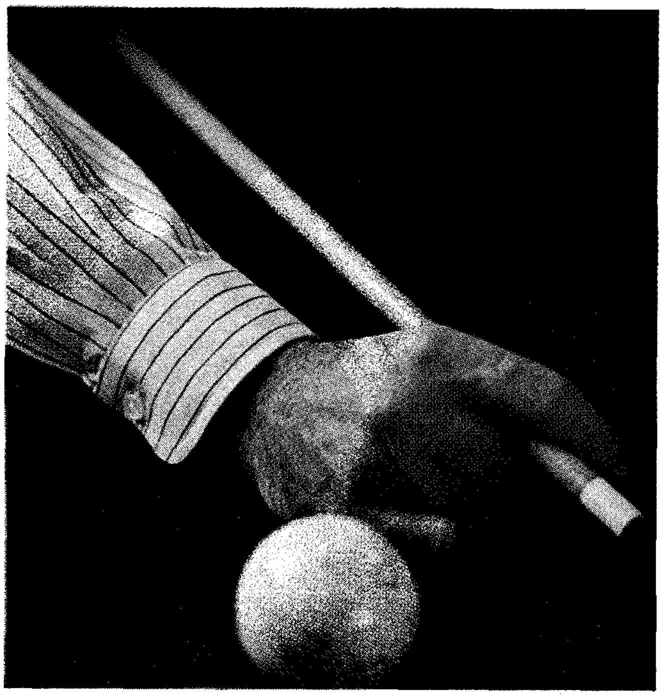
Men
say
it's for
men!
Women
say
it's for
women!
EAU DE COLOGNE
KÖLNISCH WASSER
GOLD
Nº4711
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Eau de Cologne- & Parfümerie-Fabrik
"GLOCKENGASSE Nº4711"
COLOGNE ON RHINE

Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

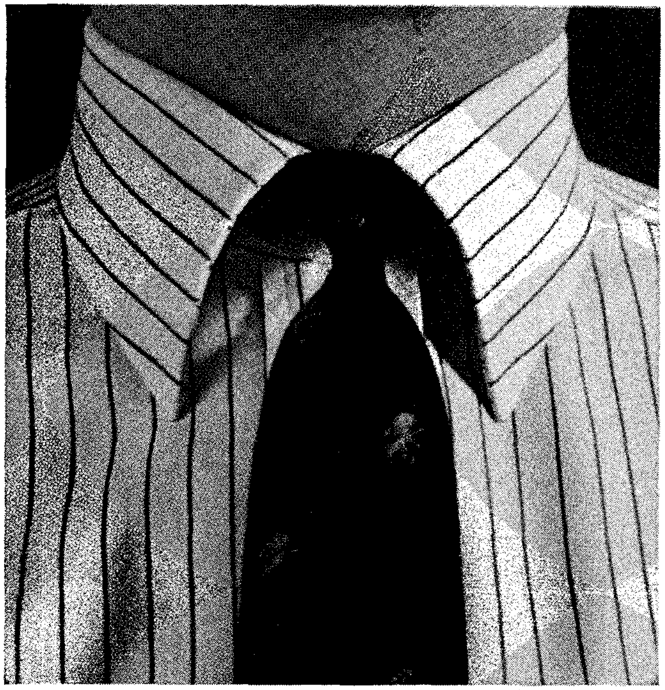
You'll say it's wonderfully refreshing after a bath, after a shower, after a hard day's work or play. It's genuine cologne from Cologne...from ***4711***

Dress-up cue:

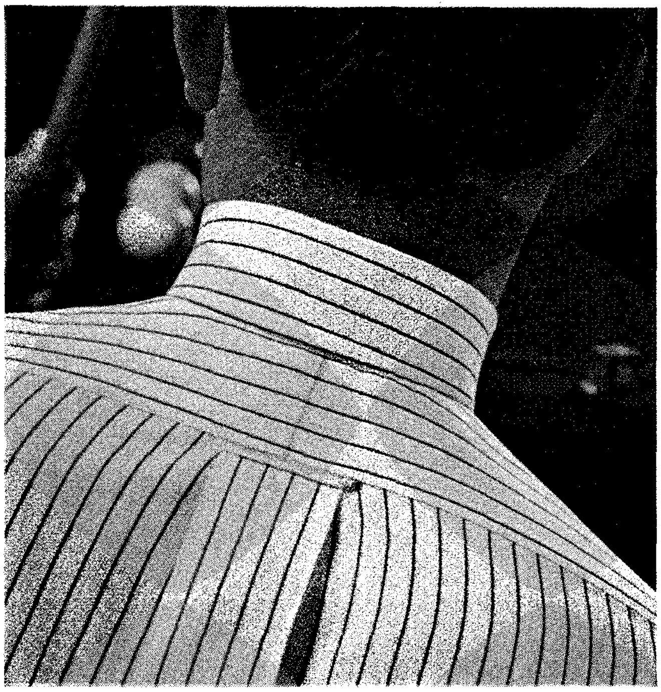
© 1965 GANT SHIRTMAKERS



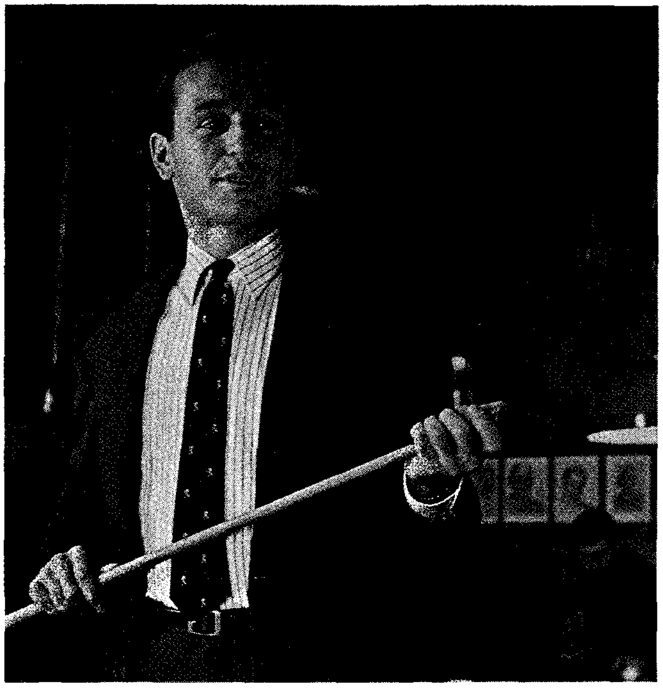
this Gant shirt...



straight flared collar...



fitted contour back...



it's called Straight-Flare™

Deftly tailored to reveal more collar in back and to put emphasis on tie in front. And this collar can be flared to your liking. Added nicety: fitted contour back to achieve a trim, tailored fit around the shoulders and back. The fabric: a luxuriant-soft broadcloth—in stripes of navy, burgundy or green. Also in solid shades. About $7 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

"No doubt about it, Watson, this scotch
is definitely Old Rarity."

"Old Rarity, you say."

"Observe the clear amber color. Neither smoky nor peaty. It's vibrantly clear."

"Clear, you say."

"Sniff the aroma. Obviously the barley was
roasted over slow peat fires in invigoratingly brisk sea air
at a distillery off the west coast of Scotland. The isle of Islay, I'd say."

"Islay, you say."

"But the telltale substantiation, Watson, is in the tasting.
This superlative blend of rare old whiskies
is obviously the work of a Master Blender."

"Mmmm."

"One thing more, Watson, which makes my deductions incontrovertible.
Look over there by the bookcase and tell me what you see."

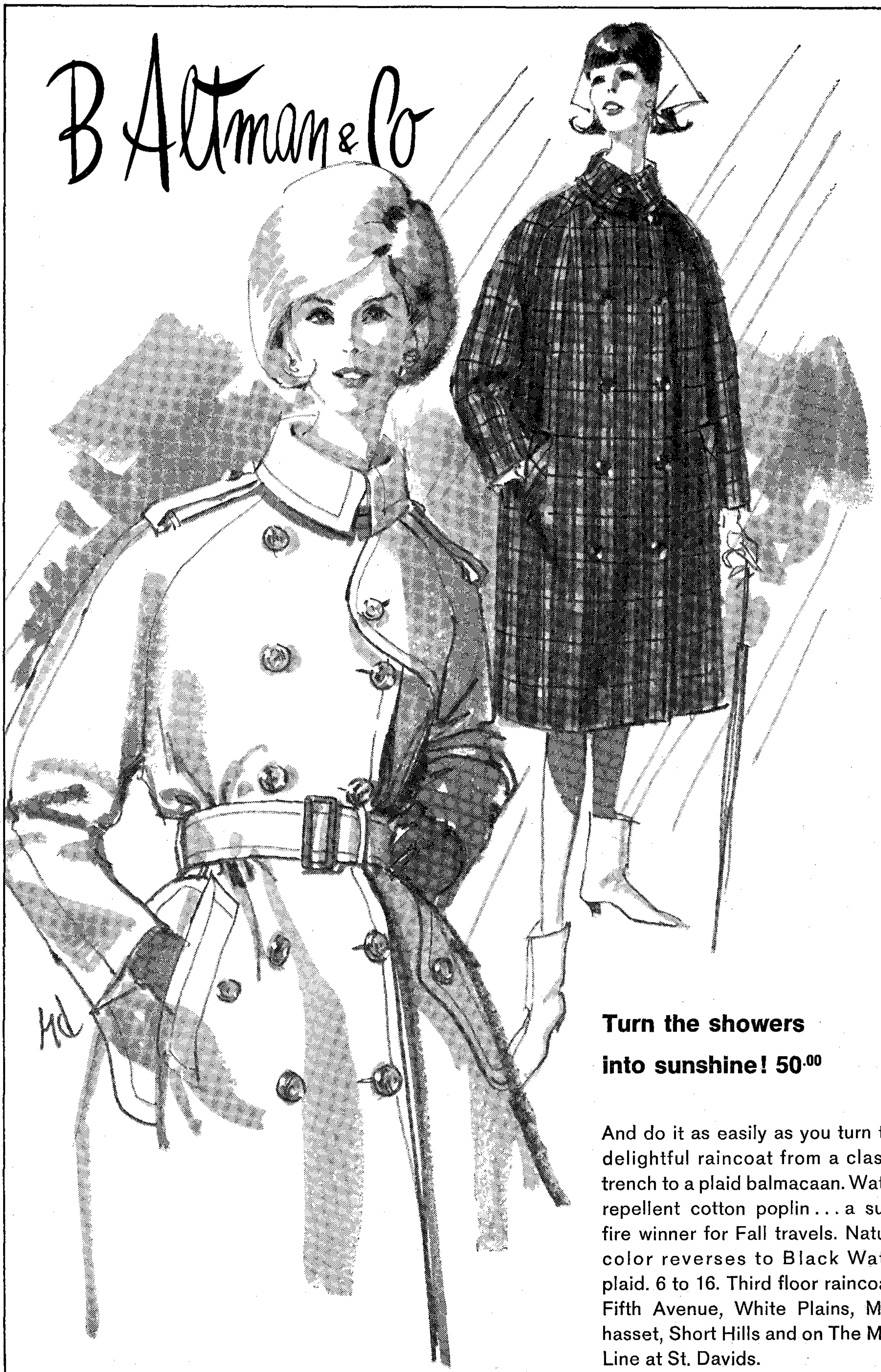
"By Jove! A bottle of Old Rarity
scotch. And a holiday gift package
of fashionable houndstooth design!"

"I guess that about wraps it up."

Old Rarity
Old Rarity
Scotch Whisky
Old Rarity

Imported by Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif. Sole Distributor for U.S.A., Blended Scotch Whisky 86.6 Proof

B Altman & Co



Turn the showers into sunshine! 50.00

And do it as easily as you turn this delightful raincoat from a classic trench to a plaid balmacaan. Water-repellent cotton poplin . . . a surefire winner for Fall travels. Natural color reverses to Black Watch plaid. 6 to 16. Third floor raincoats, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and on The Main Line at St. Davids.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS week's primary election has abruptly diminished the number of mayoral candidates and, in all probability, brought the political water-sports season to a close. Too bad! Too bad! In these dozen-odd cloudless weeks just past, the simultaneous water shortage and candidate superfluity have resulted in a marvellous flowering of campaign photographs and news stories that have been almost Biblical in their simplicity and their impact, thus demonstrating the profound inventiveness, mettle, and gratitude of politicians who have been presented with a Visible Issue. Ordinarily, an aspirant to City Hall must cook up his campaign out of such dour old ingredients as Fiscal Irresponsibility, Slum Clearance, and the High Cost of Living, and he can summon up no more than a wan, apologetic look of indignation when he poses for the photographers standing in front of a chart of the unfairly sliced budget pie, or pointing to a crack in a school basement, or hefting a disgruntled housewife's shopping basket of overpriced groceries. A water shortage, by contrast, is rich in imagery and suggests an almost unlimited variety of illustrated sermonettes on thrift, prodigality, self-control, selfishness, and so forth, all of them backed up by the unspoken threat of ultimate retribution through total dryness. How brilliantly our candidates seized their opportunity! Who will quickly forget the sight of William Fitts Ryan, deep in the craggy fastnesses of Central Park, indignantly pointing to that gushing grotto-spate of reservoir water just discovered by a plucky expedition of Reform Democrats? Or Paul O'Dwyer emerging, Mephistolike, from the hellish enclosure under the Flatbush Avenue station of the I.R.T., where he had found that two hundred and eighty-eight thousand gallons of pure, naturally fluoridated water were being pumped daily into a sewer? Our appreciation of these and similarly stark tableaux deepened as the summer wore on, and in time we acquired an Old Testament scholar's regard for each new Gustave Doré etching portraying one or another of our various prophets of desiccation apprehensively eying the rising flood of wasted water or howling amidst the ravens in the sere, crusted watercourses of the Catskills.

Now respectable autumn approaches, and most of the candidates with squashy, water-filled shoes have been eliminated; the survivors, no doubt, will merely debate the problem indoors. Summer's end, however, has left us with a list of water-shortage campaign photographs that we anticipated but never saw, and we hopefully pass these along to the remaining candidates for possible last-minute alteration and adoption:

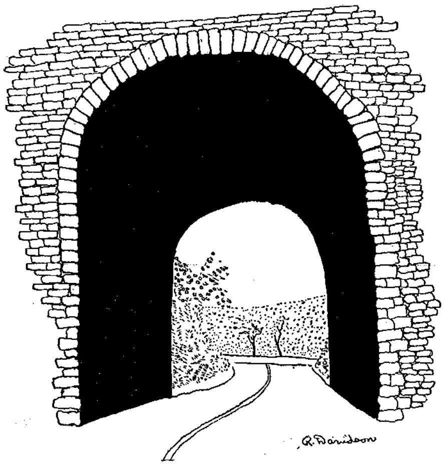
1. Abraham Beame towelling vigorously after taking a bath in Poland Water.

2. Mr. O'Dwyer seeding a cumulonimbus cloud from a small plane directly above Pocantico Hills.

3. Paul Screvane brushing his teeth with a 1961 Puligny-Montrachet, and thus delighting such disparate blocs as dentists, topers, French waiters, antifluoridation zealots, and Alfred Knopf.

4. Eric Hass, the Socialist Labor candidate, confounding Mayor Wagner, John V. Lindsay, and William F. Buckley simultaneously with photographs of a leaky showerhead in the Yale Club's squash-court shower room.

5. Any candidate lucky enough to be rained upon during an outdoor rally responding by tipping his head back, sticking out his tongue, and allowing the rain to fall into his open mouth. He is crying "Ahh!" We'd bet on *this* man for mayor.



RECENTLY, a *Times* editorial called our attention to the fact that the U.S.S.R. was planning to bestow names of its own choosing on the topographical regions of the dark side of the moon just photographed by its Zond III cameras, and chided the United States for neglecting to name those topographical regions of the moon and of Mars that were revealed to human eyes for the first time by its Ranger and Mariner cameras. The editorial served as a timely reminder that, without quite being aware of it, we have entered another crucial phase of the space race, which we might have lost at the outset by a mere oversight. The fruits of victory, however, can still be ours—or, at least, so we are persuaded when we recall the noticeable lack of poetry and daring displayed by the Soviet Academy of Sciences in 1959 when it christened the "continents" and "seas" brought to light by the U.S.S.R.'s second lunar shot. That cartographic endeavor produced only one name that could be regarded as in any sense inspired—The Sea of Dreams—the rest being on the order of Soviet Mountains. NASA could surely do better. How could we miss, with such wonderfully expressive names on this continent as—to pick a few at random—Toughnut Street, Scrouge Em Out and Hell for Sartin Creek, Seven Up Ravine, and Lake Chargoggaggoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaug (Algonquian for "You fish on your side of the lake and I'll fish on mine")? In any case, before putting a man on the moon we should certainly do what we can to make his surroundings as familiar and cozy as possible, and naming the topographical regions of his future habitat may not be a bad place to begin. In fact, this may be the best comfort we can offer him in advance of setting him loose on the lunar surface, with its sinking terrain and dust-swept continents, its gaping craters and waterless seas.

Full of Grace

LAST Sunday morning, a magazine called *Tuesday* made its first appearance in nine newspapers, ranging from New York's *Journal-American* to Los Angeles' *Herald-Examiner*, and as soon as possible we went over to *Tuesday's* offices, at 605 Third Avenue, to have a talk with its editor and publisher, W. Leonard Evans, Jr. Mr. Evans, a tall man of fifty with silver hair and a graying mustache, had just flown in from Chicago, where he lives, and where he supervises the production of *Tuesday*.

"Most of the news in the front pages of a newspaper these days is negative," Mr. Evans said. "For anything positive and reassuring, readers have to turn to the specialized sections. Before *Tuesday*, the only stories about Negroes were likely to appear in the front pages; that is, disaster stories. *Tuesday* is going to correct the balance a bit—be more stimulating and affirmative."

We asked Mr. Evans why a Sunday supplement should be called *Tuesday*.

"Well, I guess there are two reasons," he said. "Before the war, most Negro weeklies were protest publications, and they had to be published in the North. In order to reach the Southern communities by the weekend, they had to be printed and mailed on Tuesday. So Tuesday has always been a special day in Negro publishing. Then, there is that old legend, or poem, if you like: 'Monday's child is fair of face,/ Tuesday's child is full of grace.' I guess our main audience, although we hope to reach everyone, will be Tuesday's children."

We asked Mr. Evans why and how *Tuesday* was started in the first place.

"I got the idea in 1935," he said. "I was studying business administration at the University of Illinois, and for my senior thesis I wrote about the *American Weekly*, a Hearst publication. I wondered why there shouldn't be something along that line for Negroes. I went to Negro papers like the Chicago *Defender* and the *Amsterdam News*, asking them to try it. I got nowhere. I went to white advertising agencies, too, and everyone kept asking me to prove my point first—that there was a market—and then we could discuss strategy. Well, somehow I felt shortchanged. Then I did a variety of things—went to law school, became an importer of foreign newsprint, owned a laundry company, and, in 1943, joined the Army Air Forces. When I got out, in 1944, I joined Associated Publishers, Inc., in New York City, which represented twenty-six of the leading Negro newspapers in the United States. Then, in 1946, with Miss Gwynne Durham, I founded a Negro advertising agency, Evans & Durham. We were the largest agency in our field." Mr. Evans leaned back and laughed. "We didn't have much competition then," he said. "In 1949, we dissolved the agency, and I became an account executive with Arthur Meyerhoff Associates, in Chicago. That was the first time a Negro had been offered such a job. In 1953, we took over a network of fifty Negro radio stations—twenty-eight Southern, twenty-two Northern. We tried to have a positive editorial concept, not lead a social crusade. My father, an architect, was executive secretary of the Buffalo Urban League for thirty-seven years, so you see I have had plenty of contact with the civil-rights movement. But though I was sympathetic, I never joined any group. I thought it was equally important—maybe more so—to have black industrialists, who could give employment. After all, there are many roads that lead to Rome, and protest is only one of them. There will be twenty-eight thousand newsboys involved in the distribution of *Tuesday*, and when we get this thing going, we'll try to set up scholarship programs for the most gifted of them. Everyone makes his own kind of contribution. The important thing is for young people to have a choice."

We asked Mr. Evans when the idea of *Tuesday* really began to materialize.

"You can date a lot of things from the Supreme Court school-desegregation decision in 1954," he said. "Three months after the decision was handed down, the ratings of our radio stations in the South showed that our white audience was larger in many places than our Negro audience. Some of the white owners of Negro stations in the South began to invite me to lunch—not at hotels, of course, but at the office or in their homes. In 1955, we had to abandon the network, because companies were reluctant to advertise in the turmoil of desegregation. I became a travelling consultant for advertising companies, and I began to think about my old idea. Most Southern newspapers have Negro sections—births, deaths, engagements, that sort of thing. One night on a plane, in 1959, I thought, Why are there no Negro sections in Northern metropolitan newspapers? Only negative news, no positive communications. It was doing one ethnic group a disservice. I wrote myself a memo about it, and went to sleep. Some time later, I found the memo in my pocket. I thought, It's so simple there must be something wrong. But I talked about it to Mr. Meyerhoff, to Norman Strouse, of J. Walter Thompson, and to Patrick Gorman, a friend of mine at Schlitz, and they encouraged me. Sometimes the simplest things are the hardest to see, and take the longest. I went to thirty-seven major publishers, and I began to get contracts. Now we're in business."

Mr. Evans turned to a copy of *Tuesday's* first issue, which was lying on his desk. "We've got Negro editors and white, Negro writers and white, our stockholders are mixed, and so are our subjects. We didn't produce this with much advertising fanfare, and we haven't made a moralistic editorial statement. We're just out to integrate the positive news. We'll cover intellectual, political, and just plain entertaining stories. If we do a good job, we'll make money, and, what's more, I think we'll be filling a real need of American journalism as a whole."

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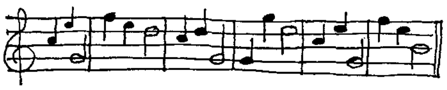
BRIGHT and early on the day after Labor Day, the following announcement, pencilled in a rustic hand, appeared on the village bulletin board in Amagansett: "They've Gone."

Haunted

THERE'S nothing we like better than a good ghost story, especially if the setting of the story is a romantic ruin, and still more especially if the ruin happens to be a local one. Thanks to the fiscal tic that causes New Yorkers to be constantly pulling the city down and putting it back up again, they produce, without taking thought, what amount to practically instant ruins, and of these by far the most authentic-looking yet achieved are those of the concourse of Pennsylvania Station, which, since it was designed to recall the Baths of Caracalla, in Rome, has taken on in the process of demolition the look of an enormously expanded Piranesi engraving. We're glad to say that against this seemingly antique background some seemingly supernatural force is at present offering connoisseurs of the ghostly the treat of a harmless, mischievous, and, up to now, insoluble mystery. At irregular intervals, from nobody knows what odd corner of the ruins, a tireless musical poltergeist daily contrives to have a certain sequence of notes sounded over the public-address system that, in the part of Penn Station still functioning, is intended to carry only the usual run of announcements about arriving and departing trains.

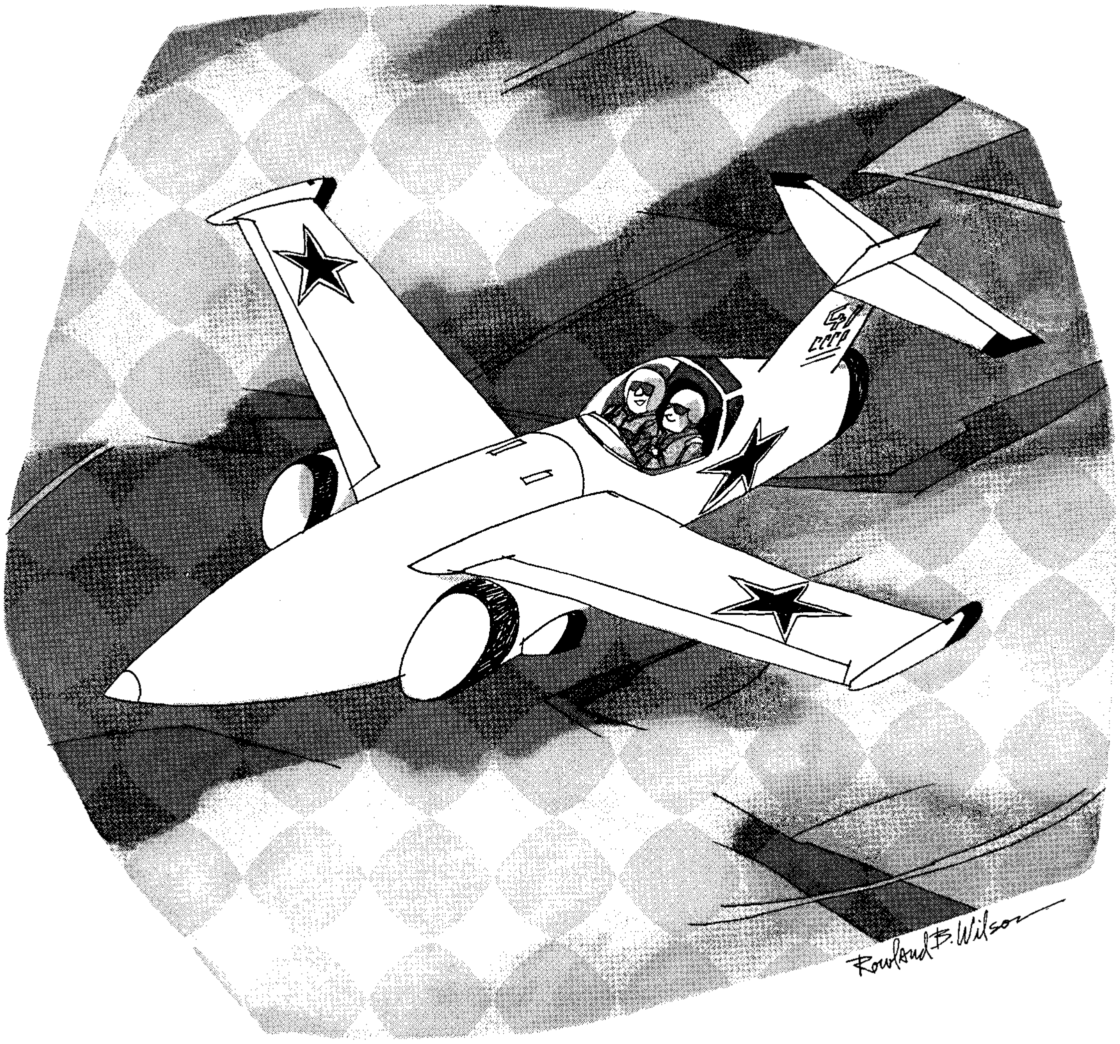
A friend having told us of the poltergeist's presence, we repaired at once to the station and, ascending a temporary stairway from the Long Island Rail Road waiting room, entered the steely, stony jungle of the upper level—a region of floating plaster dust, work lights, scaffolds, and incessantly barking jackhammers. We approached a gray-haired guard and asked him if he had ever heard the strange sounds reported by our friend. To our surprise, the guard's response was one of relief. For several weeks, he said, he had been hearing measures of music that sounded to him as if they were being played on a bass clarinet or a tuba. He hadn't mentioned the music to anyone, because he had feared that he might be the only person in the station who was hearing it. "Three notes, then an interval, then three more notes, and so on, bar after bar," he said. "You get to wondering if it isn't the voice of the station, moaning, 'Please help me! Please help me!' "

A few minutes later, over the din of the workmen digging and clawing away at the walls, we heard the eerie music for ourself. It repeated itself irregularly, and once we thought we had got the hang of it, we transcribed it roughly as follows:



That much accomplished, we made our way to a little elevated box of an office in the station which houses the p.-a. system, and rapped on a window to attract the attention of a lone man inside. With a disgruntled look, he opened the window. As soon as we mentioned the sounds, his vexation vanished. "I've heard 'em, all right," he said. "Sounds to me like it might be Muzak. Nothing to do with *my* equipment. Better ask the station master about them." Off we went to the station master's office, where an assistant said warily that the Pennsylvania Railroad's electricians had been working on the problem but so far had got nowhere. "We rearranged the amplifying system to compensate for the racket of demolition and reconstruction, but we're sure the sounds don't have any connection with the station itself," he said. "As for Muzak, the station doesn't subscribe, though it's just possible some Muzak is bleeding into the system from outside. But, if so, how come it's always the same kind of music?"

Next, we buttonholed an electrical engineer on the staff of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who proved to be as much mystified as everyone else but speculated that the exposing of the steel beams of the station might have turned it into a huge antenna, capable of pulling in the signals of a code being transmitted by some nearby military installation. Acting on that tip, we phoned the head of the Coast Guard Communications Center here, who said that the pattern of the sounds made it unlikely that they could form a code. Moreover, he told us, any military installations that might be sending messages or any transmitting stations that might be engaged in guiding planes and ships weren't able to produce signals that would reach Penn Station. He suggested that the tones might be coming from electronic control circuits for illuminated dioramas or animated signs in the station, so we called a representative of TDI, or Transportation Displays Incorporated, who said that no dioramas or animated signs were in operation in the station, because of the construction under way. *He* proposed that construction crews might be using walkie-talkies, which might be getting entangled with the amplifying system. We called the construction people, and they said not so. Why didn't we try the telephone people, instead? A Phone Company engi-



"*Let's buzz Checkpoint Charlie and shake up the stock market.*"

neer said he wondered whether monitoring equipment far out on the railroad tracks wasn't feeding a signal back to a control device in the station, simply to indicate that it was functioning properly. By then, we were convinced that we'd been looking for an explanation of the music in the wrong world altogether. After all, the beauty of a good ghost story is that it can't be explained, much less explained away. It's enough, surely, that the music exists—a ghost sound in the ghost of a building, in a city that doesn't believe in ghosts.

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THERE'S a restaurant in Manzanillo, Mexico, that includes on its menu this information, in English: "Side dish of everything—5 pesos."

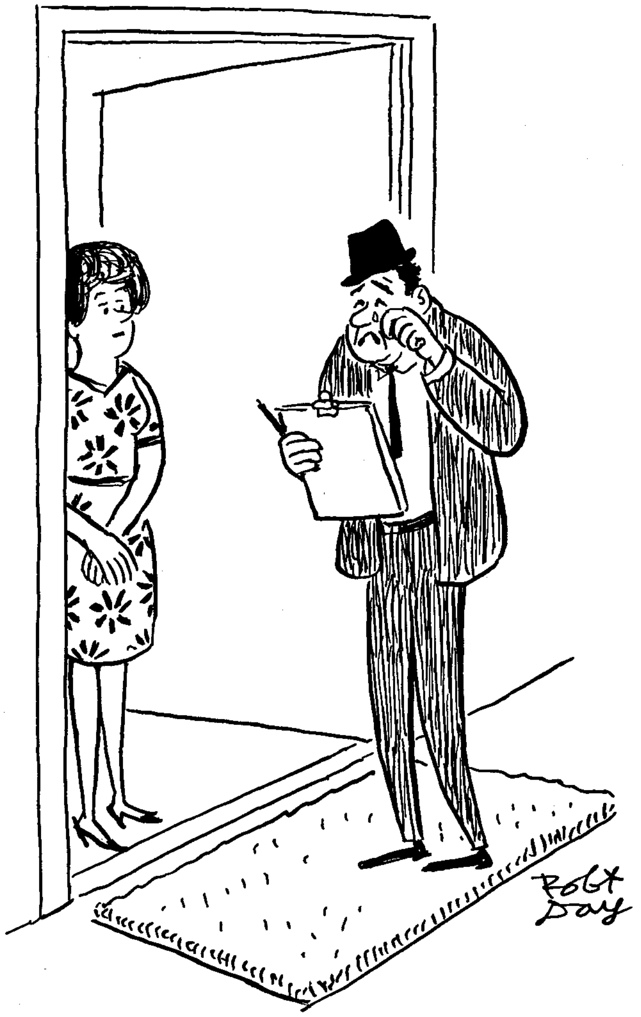
A Season for Kites

SURENDRA BAHADUR is a young Indian who runs, and is part owner of, a store called Go Fly a Kite, at 310 East Eightieth Street. On Saturday afternoons, he takes some of his kites to Central Park and flies them, giving instruction to anyone who follows along, or turns up, and cannot fly his own kite, and, as he says, indulging in the friendly course of sport with people who can.

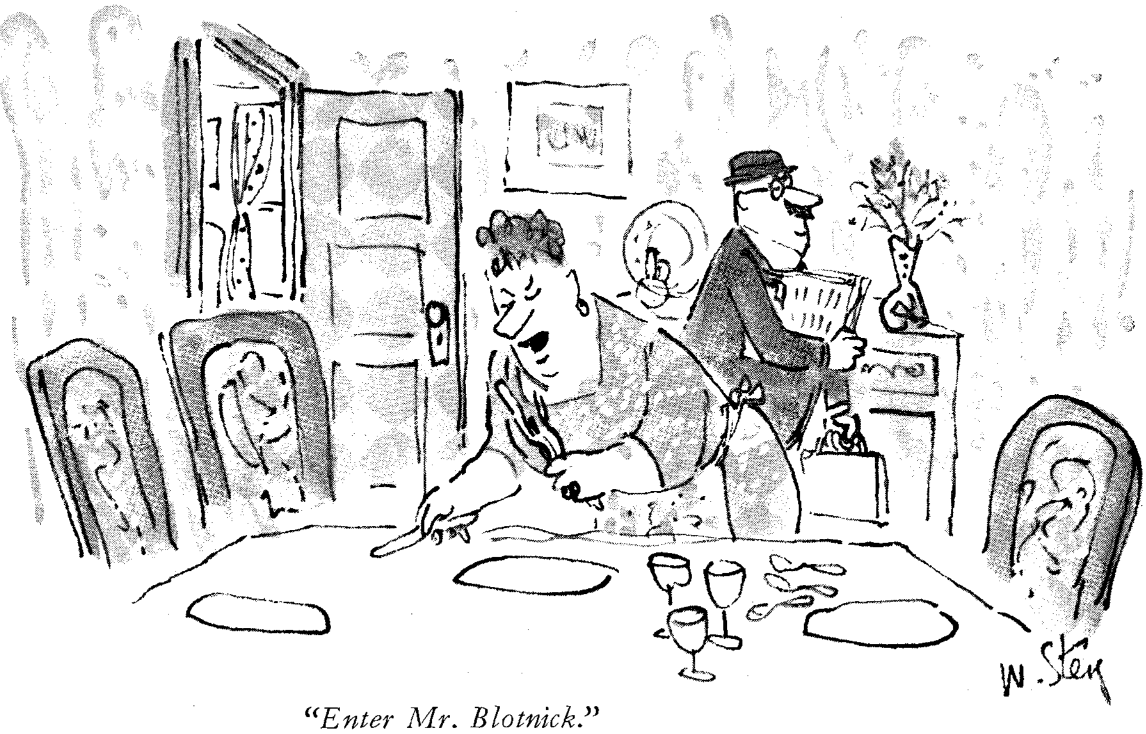
Go Fly a Kite opened in May, and Mr. Bahadur, who is here on an extended visit originally made on behalf of a knickknack-exporting firm that he owns in India, has a number of attractive Indian objects on hand, but the store, unsurprisingly, has been selling mostly kites. It is the season for kites. On a recent visit, we found Mr. Bahadur in front of his store, gently explaining to an elderly neighbor that the spot that Indian women wear on their foreheads is a sign of womanhood, not of class. He is a dark, slim young man with a wide smile and a gentle voice, and he was in his shirtsleeves. When the neighbor had moved on, he turned to us. "Our store stimulates much curiosity about India as well as about kites," he said, and led us inside. It is a small, narrow room whose walls, ceiling, and display window are papered with kites of many kinds. "We will try to expand next summer, to have all countries that have their own kites represented," Mr. Bahadur said. He pointed out some of the different kinds he already had, and the selection struck us as admirably complete. There were ordinary American kites with tails; box kites; a long, snakelike chain of discs, which Mr. Bahadur said was particularly difficult to fly; a "spacebird;" a bat; an owl; a hawk from Taiwan; and a whale and several fish that Mr. Bahadur said were Japanese and not really kites but wind socks, which fathers put up to celebrate the birth of a son. "This is a very famous kite," he said, showing us a colorful diamond shape of tissue paper. "Thailand. Very beautiful. I have flown kites since childhood. I'm a lover of kites. The Indian kite"—he pointed to some bright-colored one-and-a-half-foot squares of tissue paper not unlike the Thai kite—"can maneuver even against the wind, up, down, left, right, which is not true of any other kite." He picked up a small wickerwork rattle from a table. "We sell these, too," he said, and deftly pressed the wickerwork until he had made an opening, from which he spilled some shells. "When I was a child, our nurses used to get off the cart when we were all on a long trip, and pick straws from the ground to make these rattles. They would make them as they told us a story."

We asked for more information about Indian kites, and Mr. Bahadur told us they are called fighter kites.

"These small kites will fly up to two thousand feet, but after eight hundred or a thousand feet the weight of the string becomes a bother," he said, offering us a chair and taking one himself. "Since I have some little skill, I can maneuver. In my neighborhood, I have knocked with my kite on every window of one floor of the big apartment building across from my house. In India, there are two days a year, late in the summer, when the sky is full of kites—in the small towns, that is, because in the big cities kites are getting out of fashion. The girls wear colorful dresses, and in some parts of the country a girl puts a band of string around her favorite kite-flier's wrist as a sign of affection. The band is called *rakhi*. It is a sport to fight with the kites, to try to cut each other's string. A few blocks away, someone else is flying, and you meet in the air and maneuver. The length of string just below the kite is glass-coated, to cut the other man's string. It is a very skillful sport. You are running and wheeling and diving. Sometimes the kites are so high you can hardly see them, and your kite pulls so hard you must move very gently or break the string. The master is the man who flies his kite to four thousand feet. The pull is terrific at that distance, and you can't see the string. You can just see the kite. The expert can cut nine kites without fraying his own string. I have made my kite roll around the tail of string of a cut kite as it fell; I have caught two kites at once that way, but that is very hard to do, because the pressure of three kites on the string is great. But I want the people to learn to maneuver before fighting. I have taken the glass string out of the reels that we sell."



"I'm sorry to break down like this, but you're the first person who ever took any interest in who I favored."



"Enter Mr. Blotnick."

A well-dressed man strode through the door and looked about at the kites, and Mr. Bahadur rose. "I desperately need something for two little girls," the customer said.

Mr. Bahadur suggested a kite that was inexpensive, relatively indestructible, and easy to fly, but he said he had only one left, and the man looked unhappy. Mr. Bahadur pointed out a realistic-looking black hawk.

"Yes, it should be something pretty," the man said, and still looked uncertain. "You know, I've waved at you several times. Your kite has come by my window, making marvellous noises, and I've seen you on the street here."

Mr. Bahadur looked pleased. "They make a loud noise," he said.

"Just heaven," the customer said, and beamed.

"I have something that just came in," Mr. Bahadur said, going into a back room. He returned carrying several flat oval kites with bright streamers.

"Marvellous! That's what I really want!" the customer said. "You know, I've been wanting to have a kite party for the children one evening on my roof, and I hope you'll help us."

Mr. Bahadur said he was always glad to be of service, and the man left. So did we, after arranging to return the next afternoon when Mr. Bahadur was going to Central Park to fly some kites.

The following afternoon was warm, with a light, variable breeze. Our host met us at the door of his shop, carrying several kites, in a large square of cardboard and cellophane, and a flight bag. As we crossed Fifth Avenue, he pointed to a tall building. "Once, in the Park, I was flying a big kite, and I gave it to a man to hold while I helped his boy," he said. "He flew it very far out; he did not realize that the string sags, and also the wind changes, and you must take care. When I looked back, I saw my kite was twisted around this building. Everybody thought my kite was lost, but I made it go back the way it came, and bucked and dived it to keep it free of the building. When it got behind the building, I couldn't see it, of course, and sometimes I jerked the string to find out if the kite was still flying; I could tell from one jerk that it must be diving and from another that it was turning. It was a big kite that soared and made a lot of noise. I think the people in the building must still be wondering."

We headed for a corner of the Delacorte Theatre, beside the lake, and found a man there trying to get a kite up. It would go up a short distance, falter, and start to roll in faster and wider circles until it hit the ground. "There's not enough wind, and it keeps changing," the man said as we came up.

"Oh, yes, but you are making a mistake," Mr. Bahadur said.

The kite-flier seemed pained. "Look. It's northwest now," he said to us.

Mr. Bahadur tied a kite to his reel and held both in front of him. The kite fluttered in the wind, and he wiggled his wrist, whereupon it began to rise in rapid zigzags. In a minute, it was very high and began to roll about lazily. It was mauve, appeared diamond-shaped as it flew, and looked like a small hawk when its wings flexed under the pull of the string. A large black eye in a yellow circle was painted near the front. Mr. Bahadur pulled on his string, and the kite stopped rolling and shot off to the left, then back to the right. It swooped rapidly, making a whizzing, rattling sound. He dived it straight down over some children who were fishing, and wheeled it out just above their heads and over the water. "I will show you something," he said, bringing the kite whiffling back over the children's heads. It slowly settled to the ground, and fluttered there like a wounded bird. Suddenly it rose again, swooping straight up. Mr. Bahadur grinned, and said, "No one believes a kite can do this, but, you see, it can."

Presently, people began to gather. Two couples with children arrived and were allowed to fly the kite. After some discussion, the husbands went off to buy a kite of their own. Their wives improved the time by keeping the children from running over the kite string. A child's kite was brought up for inspection; it wouldn't fly. Mr. Bahadur pronounced the string too heavy for the kite. He got it into the air, but it wouldn't stay up, or rise again, without constant coaxing. The wind died, and Mr. Bahadur coaxed his own kite for ten minutes before finally bringing it down. We thanked our host for the demonstration, and left him surrounded by questioners.

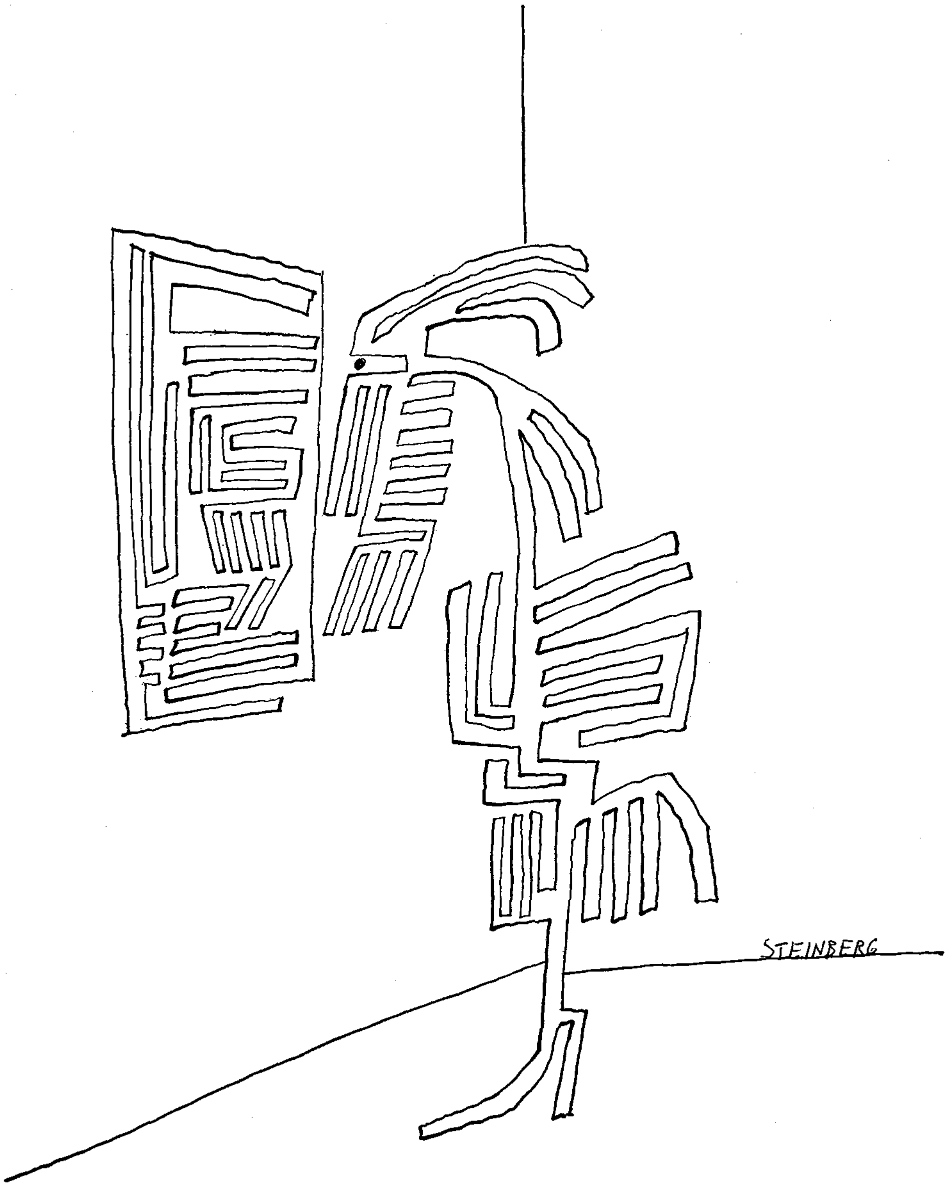
Realistic

A SUBURBAN mother of our acquaintance has been dutifully supplying her various sons with various costume materials for their various crazes through the years. First it was tattered sheets for Superman capes, then old fur pieces for Davy Crockett hats, and, not so long ago, overbleached Levis for TV cowboy characters. Now, she reports, her youngest son goes straight to his own closet, dons his Sunday best, and shines his shoes, and then, sticking a dandelion in his buttonhole, emerges into the world of back-yard play as James Bond—Agent 007.

NO AUTOGRAPHS, PLEASE—I'M INVISIBLE

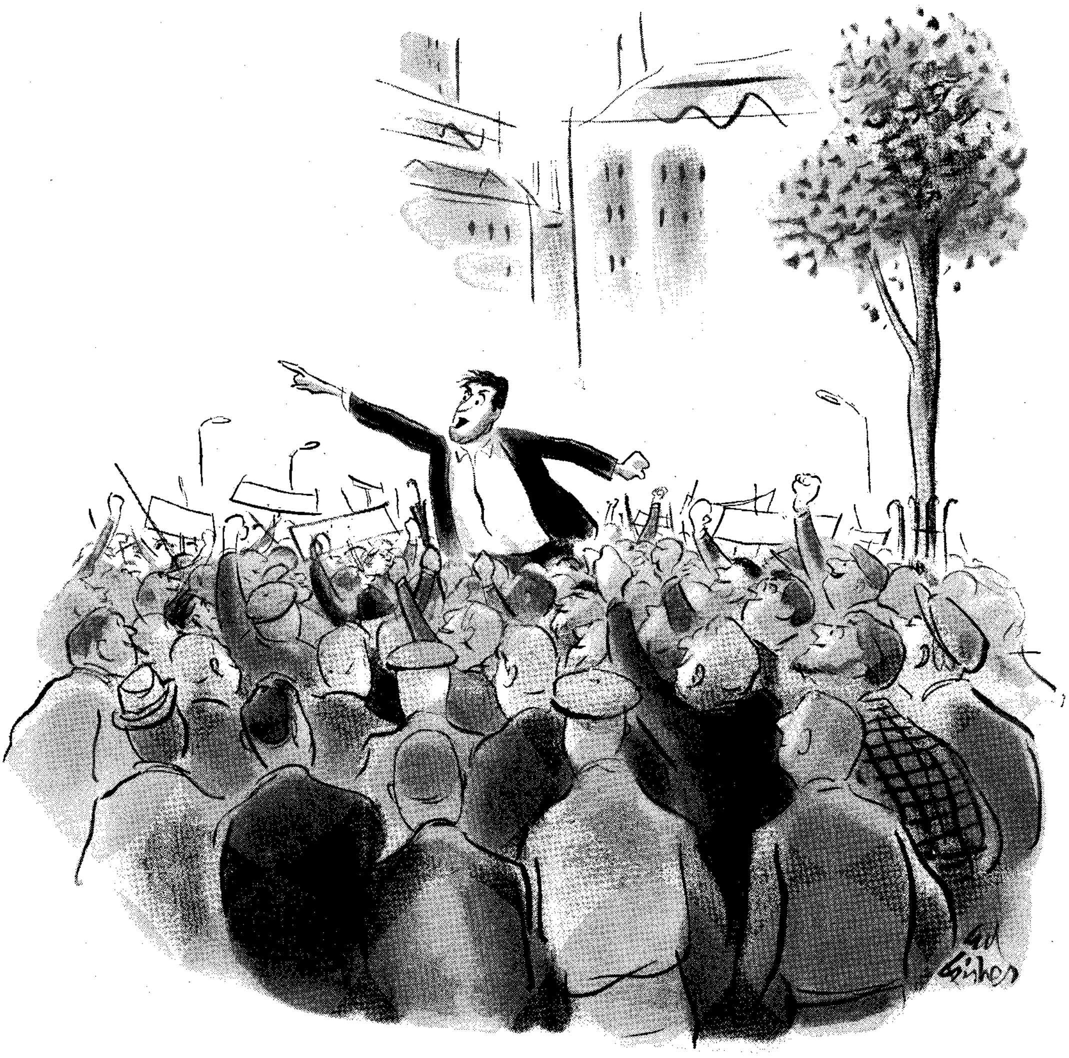
I WOKE up with such a sense of jubilation on that Monday morning in London a few weeks ago, such a positive leap of the heart, that for a moment, paradoxically, my buoyancy frightened me and I wondered if I was ill. From where I lay, shrimplike, in my hotel bed, I could see rain pelting against the window and a leaden oblong of sky; it was the kind of mournful, oppressive day to instill the darkest of premonitions, and yet I felt an inexplicable urge to rejoice. Then it all came back to me in a rush: My mission was completed. Somehow—by what herculean effort I couldn't recall—I had wallowed through two guest shots on the B.B.C.'s newest television program, an enterprise I had undertaken as a lark and inflated into an ordeal. If anyone remembered the fatuities I had mouthed on the broadcasts, I reflected, it mattered not a tinker's damn. I had successfully resisted the impulse to scream or faint while the cameras were trained on me, I hadn't uttered any conscious obscenity or gross insult to the Crown, and I now had twenty-four hours of unclouded leisure before flying back to New York. What better way to inaugurate it than with a really hearty English breakfast of kippers, toast with marmalade, and tea? I was so jaunty as I reached for the phone that I all but dislocated my shoulder.

In the three-quarters of an hour it took to fill the order, my mood of elation wilted appreciably, and the food did little to compensate. The fish was leathery, the toast burned, and the tea pure gall, but I clung to a rosy, objective view of myself, dawdling in a dressing gown over the agony column of the London *Times*, and the thought of how much envy the scene would inspire in friends back home revived my spirits. To further hearten me, a whole slew of acquaintances who had seen the programs rang up with invitations to drink or dine. Dizzied by my unwonted popularity, I accepted all of them indiscriminately, and then, of course, spent thirty frantic minutes disentangling the skein and alienating the people I had to put off. By the time my social calendar was organized, I had whipped myself into a state of tension worthy of a ranking débutante. How obtuse of me, I thought, not to have foreseen the consequences of being a TV personality! In all likelihood, I would be pestered everywhere I went today—stared at in shops, besieged for autographs, embraced by normally reserved beauties with flawless English complexions whom I had captivated with my sparkle. I wondered whether I oughtn't provide myself with a pair of smoked glasses, but vetoed the idea on consideration; they would only make me even more conspicuous.



Surprisingly enough, the day wore away with a minimum of the turmoil I anticipated. An actor friend I encountered lunching at the Ivy, a chap usually well informed about the arts, never once mentioned television—though I deftly led the conversation around to it several times—and I was forced to conclude that he was too jealous of my impact to refer to it. The tobacconist in the Haymarket who sold me a pound of Turkish gave me a long, penetrating stare that plainly indicated he had seen me somewhere but couldn't quite place me. I hung over his showcase of pipes for a minute or so to refresh his memory, and at last his face cleared. Excusing himself, he asked if by any chance I was connected with a firm of exterminators in the outer suburb of Tooting Bec. At Marshall & Snelgrove's department store, where my wife had enjoined me to apply for a particular type of blouse, I was certain that a floorwalker recognized me, because I intercepted a wink he gave one of the salesgirls. When I raised my eyebrows inquiringly, though, he turned pink and moved off, doubtless overcome by shyness. Nothing your average Englishman abhors more than sentimental fuss.

By and large, my euphoria persisted all afternoon, until about seven, when I was having a drink with a couple named Brian and Lucy Mossmount at their flat in Eaton Square. What impelled me there I can't for the life of me imagine; my only link with Mossmount, a stockbroker and big-game hunter, was that he had once offered



"Wreck their phony culture! Fold! Spindle! Mutilate!"

to arrange a tiger shoot for me in Cooch Behar, a project I never had the slightest intention of pursuing. Present also were a vinous elderly peer called Lord Harlequin (or so I gathered in the flurry of introductions) and the latter's date, Miss Teddy Pangborn, a flashy American blonde with an unmistakable aura of the theatre.

"We were discussing your TV show before you got here," Mrs. Mossmount was quick to enlighten me. "*None of us saw it but* Brian, and he hated it—didn't you, darling?"

"Well, not altogether," said my host generously. "I thought you scored once or twice, old man, but you missed all kinds of opportunities. Mind if I particularize?"

I assured him that criticism, however niggling, was meat and drink to me, and he embarked on a painstaking dissection of the program, tinged with more than an implication that Scotland Yard was lax in permitting me to leave the country. Luckily, His Lordship had meanwhile started a sulphurous discourse in which he excoriated the Labour Government for the scarcity of grouse, and Mossmount relinquished his hold on me. In the conversational realignment that ensued, I found myself tête-à-tête with Miss Pangborn. My supposition was correct. She was a graduate of American musical comedy, it emerged, and she had momentous news to impart of the local entertainment scene.

"Listen, there's a night-club act you absolutely must see before you go home," she said vehemently. "Juno the Magnificent—this *brilliant* transvestite at the Club Mephisto. Grumps—Lord Harlequin, that is—and I are catching the one-thirty show. Why don't you join us?"

I explained that I was on my way to a dinner party, that I proposed to be in bed as close to midnight as possible, and, finally, that wild horses could not persuade me to attend any such display. "I've seen all the female impersonators I want to," I said. "Julian Eltinge; Bert Savoy; Karyl Norman, the Creole Fashion Plate—"

"Now, it's no good sulking—I've made up my mind," she overrode me. "I'll pop around at eleven to fetch you wherever you're dining. What's the address?"

"Jeffrey Cracknell, 62 Kensington Place," I blurted, and the minute I did, could have bit my tongue off. The realization that I had deliberately jeopardized myself appalled me, but the party was dissolving and my entreaties to Miss Pangborn went unheard. In the cab that bore me to Kensington Place, I evolved a scheme to outwit her. I would feign a headache on reaching the Cracknells', perhaps even a slight temperature, and, toward the end of the meal, escape on the plea that I was *hors de combat* with some fearsome malady like blackwater fever. As it turned out, I never got the opportunity; the diners were already midway through their first course when I entered. Amid considerable raillery, the burden of which was that TV stars could hardly be expected to arrive on time, like ordinary mortals, I was wedged between an emaciated matron aglitter with diamonds and a bearded exquisite in an advanced state of disdain.

"So you're the television chap they were talking about earlier," my foppish neighbor remarked, studying me out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh?" I asked. "What was their reaction?"

"Well, I shouldn't press the point if I were you," he said. "Tell me, do they pay you pots of money for that sort of thing?"

"It varies. I usually get eighty to ninety thousand pounds for an appearance."

He blinked at me. "Fancy that," he said. "Are you sure you're not pulling my leg?"

"I wouldn't dream of it," I said. "You look so fragile it'd probably break off."

"My word," he said. "I say, you Americans do indulge in the most extraordinary flights of fancy."

The lady on my left, by contrast, presented no problem; I aroused so little curiosity in her that she ignored me altogether, even when I politely inquired whether her diamonds were genuine or paste. Since this was the one conversational ploy that occurred to me at the moment, I murmured, "Ish ka bibble," retired into my shell, and finished the meal in silence. As the evening progressed, however, and the hour of Miss Pangborn's arrival drew nigh, I became increasingly nervous. I visualized her, clad for some reason in a form-fitting gown of gold sequins, bursting in with the announcement that she was carting me off to see a transvestite, and I felt I could never survive the humiliation. It was too late for specious excuses about chills and fever. I must bolt; let the Cracknells think what they pleased. With a studied casualness born in youth of slavishly imitating Lowell Sherman, I rose, stifling a well-bred yawn, and drifted into the hallway. Then, whisking my hat and mackintosh from the coat tree, I slid noiselessly out the door, raced down three flights of stairs, and ran straight into the arms of Miss Pangborn on the sidewalk.

"My dear, what divine timing!" she chortled. "You remember Grumps—that's Lord Harlequin—of course? Well, the poor thing passed out at dinner. I had the most dreadful job getting him home. So-o-o," she went on coyly, "I guess you're elected to take me to the Club Mephisto, or do you find my company too painful?"

It was useless to cry out, to beat my fists against the inevitable; I was trapped, and there was no choice but to submit. I numbly followed Teddy, as she insisted I call her, into her miniature sedan, and we whizzed off to Soho. Thanks to her penchant for shortcuts through alleys, mewses, and arcades, we fluthered over the entire West End en route to our destination, but a really gratifying surprise, for beyond my wildest hopes, greeted us. The club was chockablock, its entrance ringed by two dozen would-be patrons voicing their frustration. In vain, Teddy pleaded for admission, asserting that I had come all the way from New York to see Juno the Magnificent; the management was adamant.

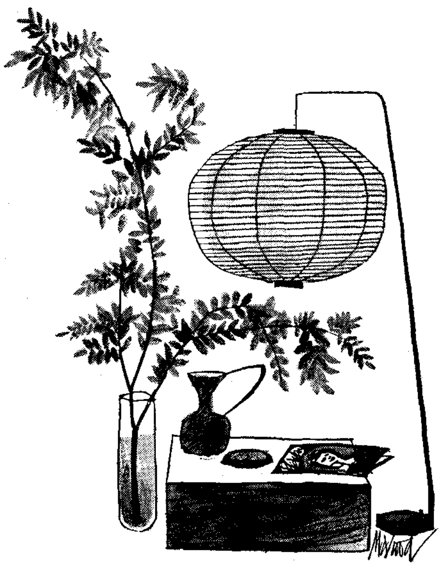
"A rotten shame," I commiserated as we crawled back into her car. "Ah, well, those are the breaks. And now, if you'd be kind enough to drop me at my hotel—"

"I'm *hungry*," Teddy whimpered. "Grumps keeled over before I had a single thing to eat. Let's go get a snack somewhere."

"In London? At this time of night?" I chuckled derisively. "Don't be absurd. There's no such place—take my word for it."

"Oh, but there is," she said brightly. "A marvellous new spot—the Club Oriflame, on Curzon Street. You'll adore it."

Short of wresting the gearshift from her hands, I used every conceivable form of suasion to make her ferry me home—wheedling, bullying, pathos verging on tears—but nothing availed. I knew for a certainty what awaited us at the Club Oriflame; I could have drawn a picture of the knifelike croupiers, the chemin-de-fer and blackjack layouts, the doctored roulette wheel. As though hypnotized, I heard myself being introduced to the sleek, villainous proprietors as a prominent Hollywood playboy, and, bleating like a sacrificial lamb, I followed Teddy to the crap table. She hadn't the slightest inclination to gamble, she protested, she merely wanted to watch until our steaks were ready, but when the brigand in charge of the dice signified that her turn had come she underwent a magical change of heart. I needed no coaching in the role expected of me. Even before she could exclaim in chagrin at having left her money in another bag, I had withdrawn a fistful of fivers and was pressing it on her. Contrary to my misgivings, however, Fortune smiled on my companion. She made four straight passes, amassing a hillock of chips I estimated as representing well over two hundred pounds. I earnestly besought her to quit before her luck ran out, and was rewarded with a glance that contained hardly a trace of recognition. Here was my chance to flounce out in pique, though, truth to tell, I was loath to flounce without recovering my grubstake. I decided to present Teddy with an ultimatum.



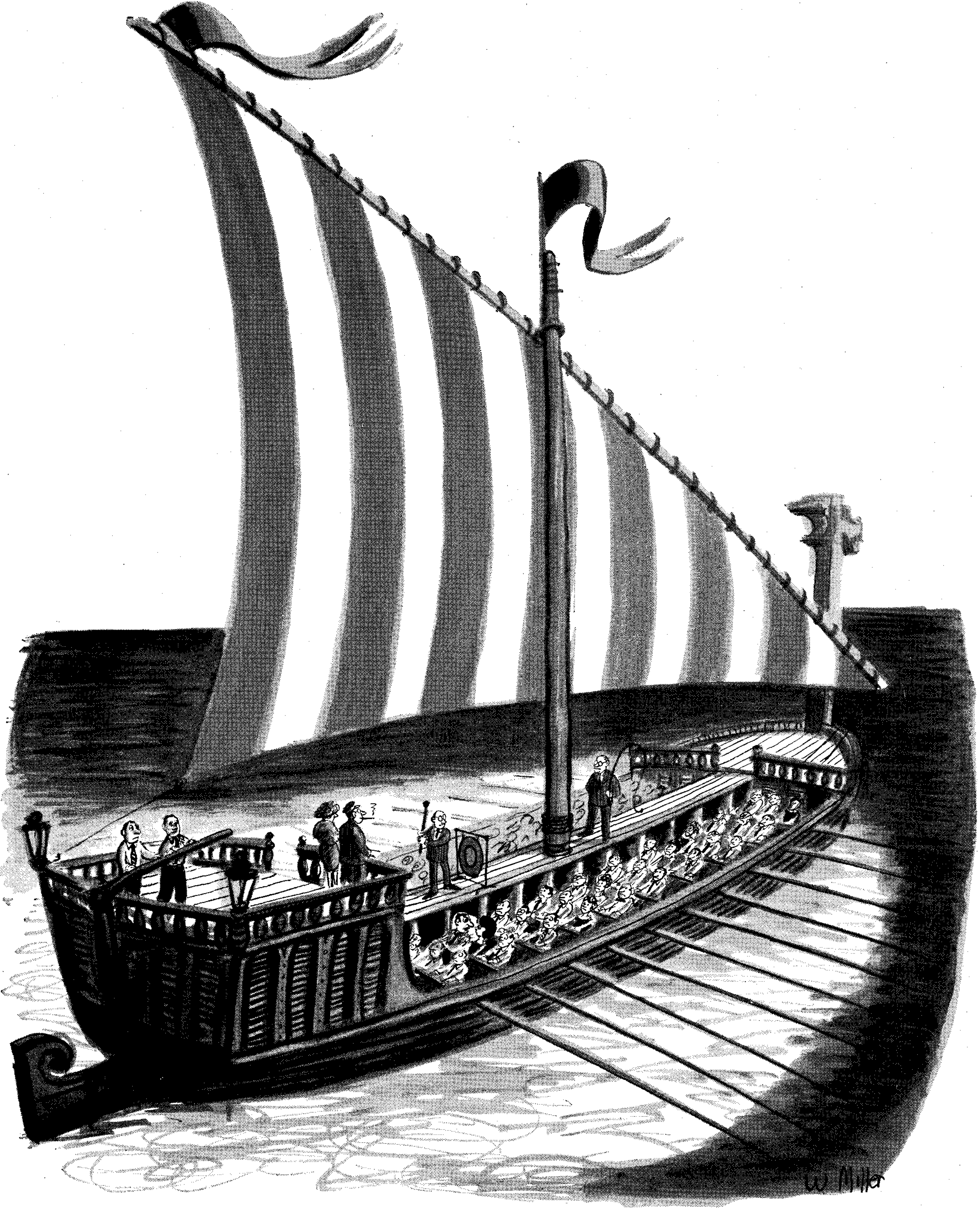
"All right for you, Miss Wisenheimer," I said. "I'm going into the dining room back there, and if you don't show up in ten minutes I start eating without you. Is that clear?"

"Like crystal, honey," she said, and scooped up the dice. "O.K., anyone; I've got fifty quid that says I can roll a six. Am I faded?"

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, O COMMENTATOR, IN THY FLIGHTS

There is almost no major-league city in which I have not sat around a hotel room with time to spare,
And innumerable are the ball games I have listened to on the air.
Innumerable also are the announcers who of ineptness are the quintessence,
Although they have the virtue of recalling to me the vanished and sometimes golden days of my pre-adolescence.
Their terminology was stale even when the natty fan in moments of ecstasy stamped on his brown derby hat;
I get the feeling that either Dick Rover or Napoleon Lajoie will be next at bat.
I hear the rattle of tin Lizzies and flivvers
When I am told that the hurler kicks, rocks, and either deals or delivers.
I am again a tan-cheeked boy with no socks
When the gardener first backpedals, then commits a miscue, and allows the runner to dent the platter as Pale Hose bow to Bosox.
It's a brand-new ball game and I am an openmouthed child
When with two on, two out, and a count of two and two I learn that it's deuces wild.
I will say for the announcers that in Latin-American pronunciation they are completely or even too completely versed.
It gives me infinite pleasure to know that Hozay is on third, Hayzoos is on second, and—shades of Abbott and Costello—Hoolio's on first.

—OGDEN NASH



"I don't know how you feel, but I hate these company outings."

• •

She was, and so was I when the headwaiter shook me awake at three-fifteen; in fact, I scarcely knew where I was until his bill put me *au courant.* The two bottles of Veuve Clicquot it listed baffled me at first, but, after jogging his memory, he recalled that Miss Pangborn had charged them to me on her departure. As the man pocketed his tip, I noticed that he was regarding me fixedly. Suddenly a gleam lit up his features and he leaned toward me with a confidential smile. "I beg pardon, sir," he said, "You're American, aren't you?"

I nodded.

"And didn't I see you on the B.B.C. this weekend?"

I nodded again.

"Well, sir," he said. "You may think it presumptuous of me, but I'd like to offer you a suggestion or two on how to improve your act. First of all . . ."

—S. J. PERELMAN

LOVE AND WISDOM

MY mother died of a renal disease when I was eleven, leaving my father and six sons. When I was nine, the local welfare agency had placed the three youngest in a foster home in Rock Point, a village just west of here on the Connecticut shoreline. The agency had acted on neighbors' reports of negligence. I was third-oldest, and glad that I did not have to go. My mother had become ill when I was six. Since then, I had been virtually my own boss. I thrived on my small-city life of freedom among the tenements, alleys, and back lots, in movie houses, on the sidewalks, the docks, the beaches. I enjoyed reading whatever I could get my hands on and as late as I chose in the back bedroom of our long, dirty apartment. I wrestled with my next-older brother, moved through the warmth, order, and security of school as though life had meaning and coherence, and played games—from king-of-the-mountain to near-endless bouts of Monopoly on rainy days—with my neighborhood friends, who were Syrian, Italian, and Irish. We were Greek.

The week after my mother died, my two older brothers, afraid and bereaved, and I, who felt only confused, were sent to a suburb of Boston for a week, to live with a distant cousin from Greece while my father settled his affairs. All I remember about that trip is that I couldn't wait to get home again.

My father—tired, thin, paler even than he usually was—met us at the train and took us home. The change he had wrought in the apartment was unbelievable. The walls were painted in light colors, fresh curtains hung at the tall windows, bright flowered linoleum and pieces of new furniture decorated every room, and everything was clean. It was as though my mother's sickness had been synonymous with disorder, and now that she had died squalor had miraculously disappeared.

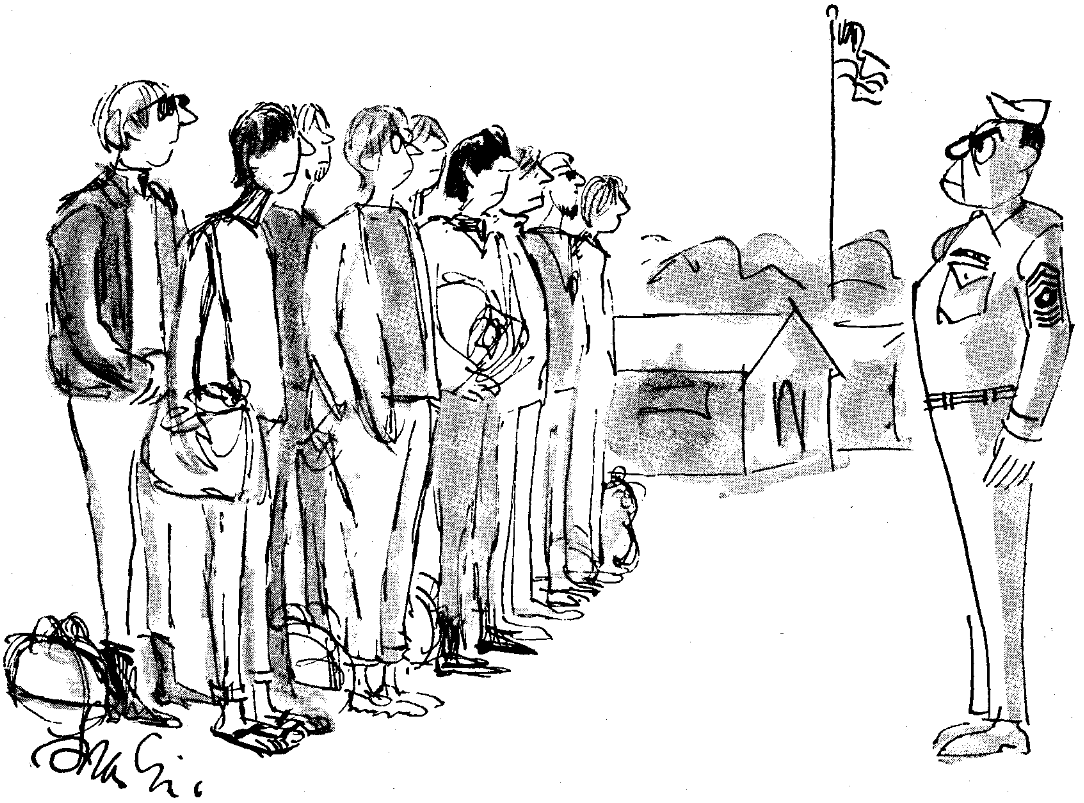
I went through the house like a bird in a sudden Eden. My two older brothers followed, and I couldn't understand their silence, their brooding. I didn't know, and I didn't find out until I was grown and respectful of the memory of my mother, what an attractive, good person she had once been; my brothers were remembering shadows of her when she had not been haggard and unkempt and miserably bitter.

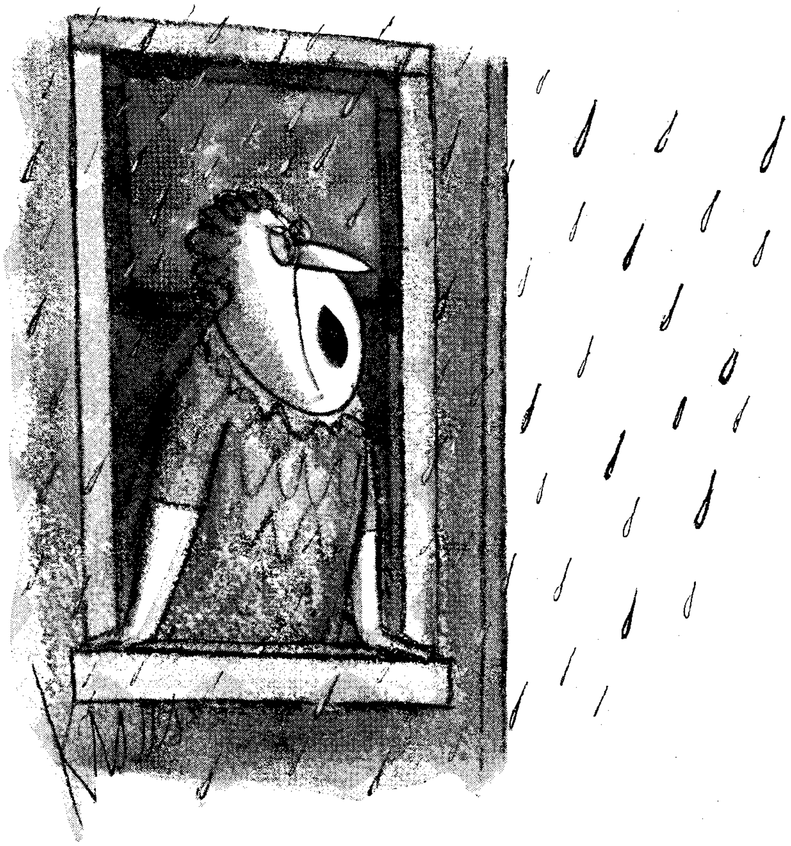
My father told us to remain in the apartment for a while—he would be back shortly. We groaned, anxious to go out and play. At noon, he returned with a woman and told us that she would be taking care of us. Then he went back to work in his diner, which he still runs, twenty years later, even though there is hardly enough business to bother. Always a solemn man, he never spoke of my mother, never expressed—in our presence, at least—guilt, loneliness, or grief.

Like other men who had come from Greece to America, he used his wife harshly without knowing it was wrong. Here in a strange America, in the depression, my mother had no family to turn to for solace or courage. And possibly my father came to neglect the two qualities that had (according to stories I've heard since from relatives) enchanted him—her shyness and her stark, untampered-with Mediterranean beauty—so that she gradually lost them both. Once she was totally destroyed, my father closed up his life, opened his diner, and went faithfully to work ten hours a day, seven days a week, providing for his children, and did absolutely nothing else.

The woman he left that noon to care for us introduced herself as Ellen Slocum. She asked us our names. We told her in order: Themis Vallas, Michael Vallas, and Terry Vallas. She said that she was sorry about our mother, that she well understood, having cared for her own poor mother when everyone else in the family had deserted her, until the end. Ellen told us that she would be cooking our meals and taking care of our beds and clothes. I think I was spellbound by even that much concern. She wanted to know if we had had our lunch. When we said no, she clucked her gums together and worked her mouth so that a fat little mole danced up and down on her dark cheek. She said something about not having asked our father if there was anything in the icebox. My oldest brother said listlessly that there were some eggs and Greek cheese. I can still remember his face that day; it was melancholy, lost—a dark, strong replica of our mother's face.

Ellen asked what Greek cheese was like. She hadn't any "notion" about Greek food, she said. She was a Yankee—her no-good father had been an Indian, and her mother Scotch-Irish American. Themis got the little wooden vat of cheese out of the refrigerator and pried open the top with a table knife. Ellen, wrinkling her leathery face so that her gums showed and her dull black eyes disappeared under the flesh of her high cheeks, said that it stank and she wasn't going to cook that stuff. We didn't





“It’s about time!”

• •

say anything. She put her hand on my head gently and rumpled my hair a little, almost caressed it, and asked if I didn’t think the cheese stank, too. I looked at my brothers, and they looked back at me. I didn’t answer. Themis, who was fifteen, volunteered to cook. He said that for his part he *loved* Greek cheese. Michael instantly agreed. I still said nothing. Ellen told us to wash our hands if we were to eat.

We went through the long dark hall back to the bathroom, smirking and giggling as we went. Wash our hands to eat? What for? What were we—sissies? In the bathroom, Themis quietly announced that he didn’t like her. Michael didn’t either. I said that she was chubby, and we went back to the kitchen. Themis got the food ready, scrambling the cheese and eggs together in olive oil. I had always loved this food. When Ellen put it on the plates, she let us know once more that it certainly stank. She smoothed the back of my hair as I ate, and smiled at me. She said, “Don’t it stink, Terry?” I looked at her, then at my two brothers across from me, and, somewhat ruefully, said yes.

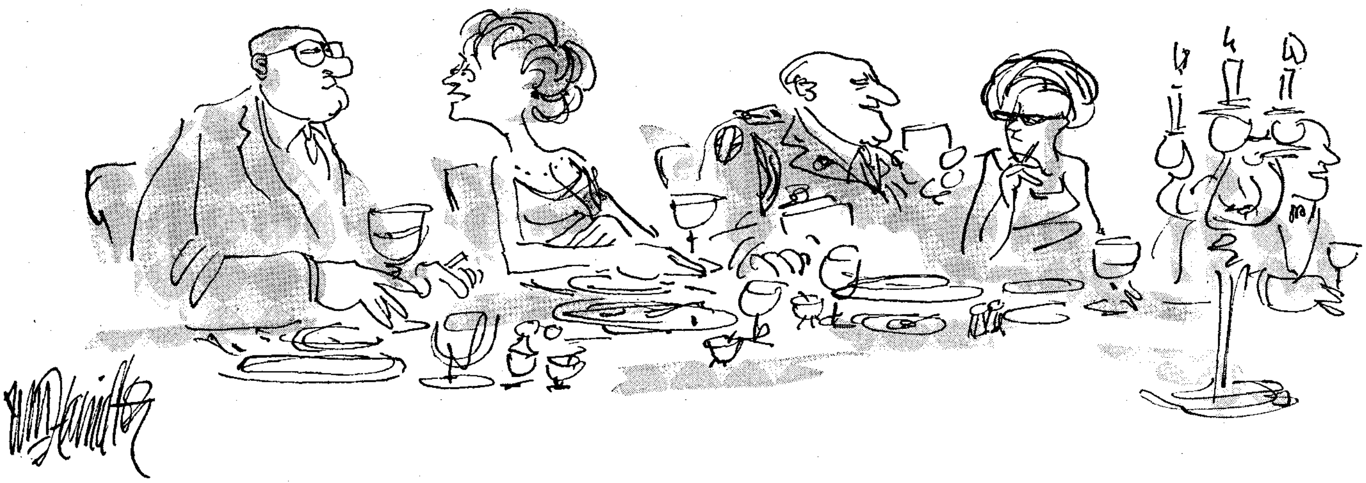
LIFE fell into an incredibly organized pattern of school, normal meals, and sleep. I hardly ever saw my father. My brothers soon became alienated from me and from the house. Ellen gave orders, shouted curfews (which my brothers chafed at bitterly), and took excellent care of us. After a couple of months, at the request of the welfare agency and in response to my own pleadings, she moved from her uptown furnished room and came to live with us.

I devoured her love like a savage. My brothers were strategic enemies, my father was a stranger. Until then, I had been a cunning man-child who had learned at first hand the indifference of the world, and somehow I knew even then that Ellen had not. She was a naïve fifty-six-year-old spinster, with rough working hands, and black wiry hair mixed with gray, which she wore pulled back in a thick bun. Whatever she said, I vocally agreed with her. She said that men were no good, and I agreed. They were out for one thing only. I agreed. My father was stupid to have made that poor woman have all those children. I agreed.

Ellen took me places—on excursions to the five-and-ten, to an Irish-maid friend’s apartment for tea, to the movies, to a lonely cemetery three miles away, where she trimmed her mother’s grave. For these outings, she wore a cloth turban and black thick-heeled, perforated shoes, and she carried a cloth bag. Holding her hand as we plodded down the hot streets, I exulted without knowing why—until a friend approached, when I undid my hand from Ellen’s as unobtrusively as I could and felt embarrassed at my clean, mended clothes and new straw cap with its stupid little visor. My friend, as bedraggled as he had ever been, and I grumbled hello at each other and passed. Once he had disappeared, I took Ellen’s hand again, smoldering in a sense of betrayal, of lost liberty and fun, of a shuddery thankfulness for Ellen. The last feeling usurped the others, wrenched me from a random field, and stabilized my life.

Ellen took me a few times to visit her younger sister, Mabel. She and her husband lived on a farm eight miles east of here. A town boy, I soaked up everything: lumbering dumb cows with their saliva hanging in silver threads, black-and-white stodgy bony calves, goats with horns that were hot and rough to the touch, flocks of noisy grubbing chickens, waddling dirty white ducks, potent dungheaps, scooped salt licks, and the yellowish intense stony hills that were used for pasture. I drank ice-cold goat’s milk, helped Mabel’s husband make butter, and examined with private joy the colors and smells in the vegetable and flower gardens. On the way home on the bus after one of these visits, I put my head against Ellen’s arm. Looking out at the black sky full of stars, I told her my secret—that I was going to be a doctor someday. She seemed happy and encouraged me; she said that it would mean a lot of hard work. In the dark bus, getting sleepy, I said that it was so much fun to go places with her. Wearily, she said it was more fun to get home.

Home had become a warm and real place, and I spent most of my time there. Ellen washed and ironed and told me about working in a thread mill all of her young years, to take care of her mother. She sang songs like “Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie” and “School Days” as she made strawberry shortcake, or cooked hot dogs, waffles, and Canadian bacon, or poached eggs for our tea. She spent some of the money my father paid her on this food and on our excursions, and she gave me pocket money out of her own pay, too. Evenings, while she sewed or embroidered, the sound of her vaulted wooden radio filled the living room with “Dr. Christian,” “It Pays to Be Ignorant,” “Suspense,” “Lux Radio Theatre,” and “The Lights Along the Shore.” The last was a local Methodist-church program of hymns, announcements, get-well wishes, and sermonettes by the Reverend Francis Parkman Lake, who spoke in a voice I can still hear—resonant, strong, deep. It made me feel that



"You're with the Rand Corporation? Oh, yes, that's megadeaths, isn't it?"

• •

there could never possibly be anything wrong again.

There *was* nothing wrong for a while. Perhaps Ellen occasionally punished me, and taught me manners that seemed useless and tedious. But she also bought me whimsical games and coloring books, watercolor sets, a pair of roller skates, which I had for two years desperately wanted and now ignored, and wonderful books to read—"Black Beauty," "Robinson Crusoe," "Hans Brinker." And she took care of me when I was sick, and made me laugh whenever life was bleak.

I was content in all of this lavish life, never letting on to her that even though on the surface I had become a spoiled sissy, I was still a tough conniver, with as many old-time rotten words in my mind as ever, with a desire still to be part of the neighborhood gang and, like all the boys I knew, to swipe trinkets, destroy property, raid the few pear trees and grapevines we knew about, and indulge with them in sexual reveries far beyond our years. But the sacrifice of these pleasures was easy when they were weighed against warmth and care.

AFTER a year, all harmony ceased. I should have been prepared. The chaos of the past should have kept me on guard. In May, just as I turned twelve, my father announced that he was going to take in a Greek woman to care for us. And it happened at a time when Ellen was disgusted with my brothers.

Michael had been breaking the curfew and secretly smoking; she had found half a pack of cigarettes in his dungarees in the laundry. But Themis was the real thorn. In a rage, he had forced her out of his room one Saturday morning when she told him to get up because she wanted to wash the sheets. "You just want to lie in there thinking dirty things!" she accused him. Themis didn't get angry easily, but I can see him that day, tall in his underwear, his face troubled with sleep and adolescent hurt. He shouted at her to get out of his room and stay out, her and her dirty mind. He slammed the door. I could hear him whimpering, and I grieved for him as Ellen trembled on her way down the hall, scolding about a "dirty picture" she had discovered in his bureau. She took my hand and pulled me along, and I felt anguish. I wanted to say that he was right, that she shouldn't have said that stuff to my brother, but I kept quiet, and loyalty and treason raised hell together inside of me. She hollered that she was leaving—she couldn't stand this insolent brat any longer who thought he was so "goddam handsome," or the other one, either, who was so "ornery" and disobedient.

At that, I put my arms around her warty, puffy neck and begged her not to go, ever, and never to leave me alone. I squeezed her corseted frame, I kissed her and cried, and she calmed me and gave me her word.

My father's decision moved swiftly through the house. In two weeks, Ellen was gone with all of her things. She had taken a position as housekeeper to an old couple in Rock Point. The world was disorder again. I realized that I was not the conniver I had assumed. Through kindness and order and discipline, I had actually learned to love someone. I brooded, desolate, in the back bedroom.

Summer came, and with it the old Greek woman. She was very kind, the godmother of my youngest brother. I tried to respond to her kindness, but it was no use. My father said that he wanted our home to be a *Greek* home, that we were to go regularly to St. Basil's Greek Orthodox church and have Greek food and talk Greek in our house. One Sunday, we had *moussaka* for dinner. I left it, whining for waffles or hot dogs or strawberry shortcake. I said that Greek cheese stank. My father slapped me. My brothers made disgusted faces and shook their heads. I thought they all hated me. The Greek woman tried to console me, but I ran out, took a bus to Rock Point, and visited Ellen in the funny house where she was staying. Among other things, the living room contained a grandfather's clock, a horsehair couch, tiffany-glass lamps, a Morris chair, and a small, light-walnut foot-pump organ. I ate Ellen's homemade applesauce and ginger cookies, and listened politely to the feeble couple she was taking care of. They went off to lie down, and Ellen and I went upstairs to her room to talk. There was a drowsy, ticking silence. Sitting in a rocker on a braided rug, I told Ellen about my life without her. She said that she was unhappy, too. We wept, we embraced for a moment, trying to press the loneliness of life out of us in the silent, sun-filled room.

After, I walked in the heat down the highway half a mile to visit my brothers in the foster home. They were growing fast. The family melancholy seemed stamped into them beneath the veneer of play and fun. They began to understand that I was their brother. The foster mother, a widow whom they called Miss Ruth, seemed pleasant enough; I didn't know yet that she ruled by fear. Going home on the bus, I got the idea that I should live there. It would mean a restricted life again, but I would be near Ellen.

The next week, I went to the welfare office, found the social worker I remembered from the year before, and sat down to complain. I told her that the Greek woman was leaving (she was sick and did leave shortly after) and that there would be no one to take care of us. The social worker said that they had no intention of leaving me home anyway; I was vulnerable—whatever that meant.

My father got hold of me next evening and, pulling at my ear, asked why I had been complaining. My brothers called me a squealer. I said I didn't want to live in this lousy house anymore. My father shook me hard, his bony face and angry gray eyes close to me. He said to grow up, that I was a spoiled baby, and now look what I'd gone and done: the welfare office was going to place me a hundred miles away in a technical school for boys, to learn a trade.

A technical school for boys! A trade! I was going to be a *doctor*. I had made that decision at the age of nine while watching the family doctor attend my mother, and it had stuck. Nothing was going to interfere, either with that desire or with my desire to be near Ellen. I went to the drugstore, telephoned Miss Ruth, and asked if I might be permitted to live there. A few more nights of swollen sorrows, a couple of visits more to the foster home and to the welfare office, and it was arranged. The night before I left home, my father and my big brothers got me in the kitchen. They said that I was consigning myself to a prison. They begged me to stay home, promising an allowance, all the books I wanted, the free life. And they pleaded with me to tell the meddlesome welfare office that I had been foolish, that I was all right and could live perfectly well at home. I wouldn't listen. I thought it was a plot—that they knew I wanted to be near Ellen and were out to ruin my plan.

I moved into the foster home with cardboard boxes full of clothes, books, and playthings. I felt lost and guilty, but somehow incredibly hopeful. After all, Ellen was half a mile away, and I wasn't at some technical school a hundred miles from home.

I VISITED Ellen often during August. In September, when school opened, Miss Ruth said that I could see Ellen just on weekends, and only in the foster home. Ellen came and sat sulking, visiting in a kitchen full of children. She stayed long, and at the end of her visit kissed me. I drew back a little, confused, while Miss Ruth sat watching with a deadly expression on her face. For there was no love in the foster home.

The next day, Miss Ruth asked me if I had ever slept in the same bed with Ellen. I quite innocently said that I had. If I had a cold, she rubbed my chest with Vicks ointment, put a piece of flannel over that, and kept me near her to give me medicine. And a couple

ARIES
TAURUS
PLEIADES
PERSEUS
ALGOL
Double Cluster
CAMELOPARDALIS
CAPELLA
AURIGA
ALDEBARAN
ERIDANUS
ORION
RIGEL
BETELGEUSE
LYNX
GEMINI
CASTOR
POLLUX
LEPUS
MONOCEROS
PROCYON
CANIS MINOR
SIRIUS
CANIS MAJOR
CANCER
The Beehive
URSA MAJOR
POINTERS
LEO MINOR
F B Modell

"Harry! Come out here a minute!"

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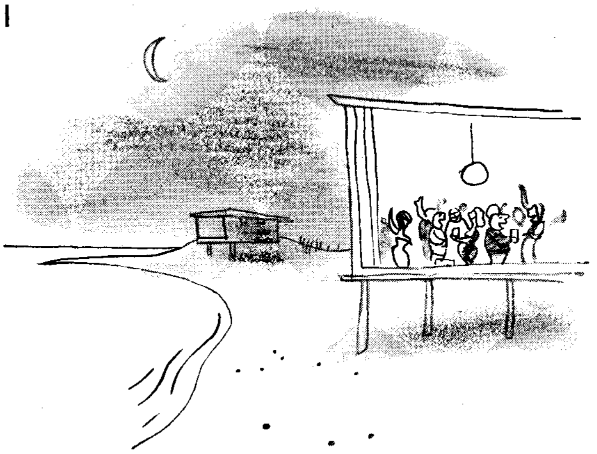

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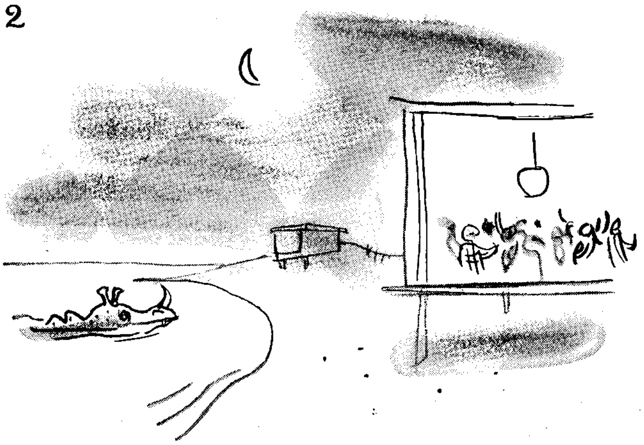

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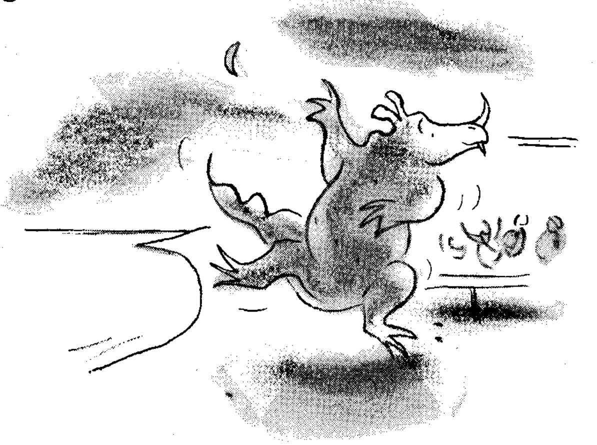

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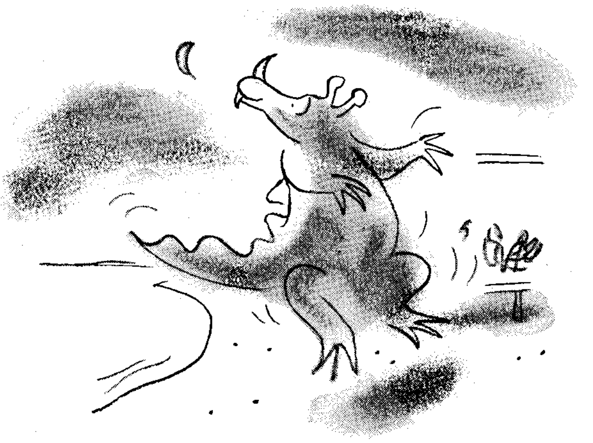

of times I'd had violent nightmares and got into her bed for the rest of the night. As soon as I told Miss Ruth, I knew I had admitted to the wrong thing. My innocent sleep, along with the great constant concern and praise I had for Ellen, and the presents from her I showed my little brothers (and gave them as I grew detached and older), convinced Miss Ruth that Ellen was unhealthy for me. Finally, she concluded that Ellen had a motive, and she barred her from visiting altogether. Ellen was using me, Miss Ruth said, waiting for the day when I would be old enough to support her in her old age. I thought that was preposterous, but I didn't dare say so. The technical school loomed.

Ellen tried to call me on the telephone. Miss Ruth, maneuvering to establish discipline, intercepted all calls and forbade her to talk to me. The foster mother, so abstract in my mind now, a white-haired, faceless woman in a cotton housedress, sat there in her mahogany dining room holding the phone, with the morning light coming through lace curtains illuminating her as if she were a huge Flemish scullery maid in an oil painting. She said into the phone, with a Yankee twang, that Ellen absolutely could never see me again and that was final. Then, triumphantly, she told me that if I ever conspired to see Ellen and she found out about it she'd immediately have me sent to the technical school. Later that day, Miss Ruth said, "You don't feel bad about not being able to see her, now, do you?" I said no. She said that I knew Ellen was not good for me, didn't I? I said yes.

That night, unable to sleep, I sat in the dark at the dormer window of my room upstairs and stared at the stars bunched up over the road where I knew Ellen lived with no one who cared about her. Another betrayal. And this time because of that goddam school. It had become a threat to my life, a permanent Damocles' sword, and I fell under the spell of it even to the point of a final betrayal.

One afternoon late in September, I was walking home from school down a narrow country road. I was with a few other seventh-graders. A crowd of shouting small children was behind me, my younger brothers among them. I thought I heard my name called faintly. I turned but saw no one. I heard the voice again. It came from the bushes, a tall grove of lilac on the side of the hot tar road. "Terry," it said. "Here." I saw Ellen crouched in the mass of twigs and leaves. She beckoned. Was it a sad dream? The blood was drained from her face. She looked like a scared, turbaned witch crooking her finger at me. In a paroxysm, I loved her and I feared her. I wanted to talk to her, to tell her so many lonely things, but my brothers, the other children—someone would tell. That school! I kept going. I ran out ahead of the crowd, down a long hill, green tin lunchbox banging hollow against my leg. The leaves were beginning to turn, the sky was stark blue, the cicadas and crickets were screaming in the dry brush. I can still smell the hot wild grapes on their yellowing vines that clung to the trees along the road. Sweating, I reached the main highway. My side hurt. I ran past sculptured blasted-granite ledges, motionless oak trees, road banks. I kept saying in my mind, "I'm sorry, I couldn't help it, I had to. . . . I'm sorry, I couldn't help it, I had to. . . ."

I turned into our little road, went inside the house. I called Miss Ruth. She was down in the cellar, canning tomatoes. I took the stairs three at a time. Struggling for breath, I told her what had happened. "You did the right thing," she said, her hair a massive spun-glass halo as she sat in a black

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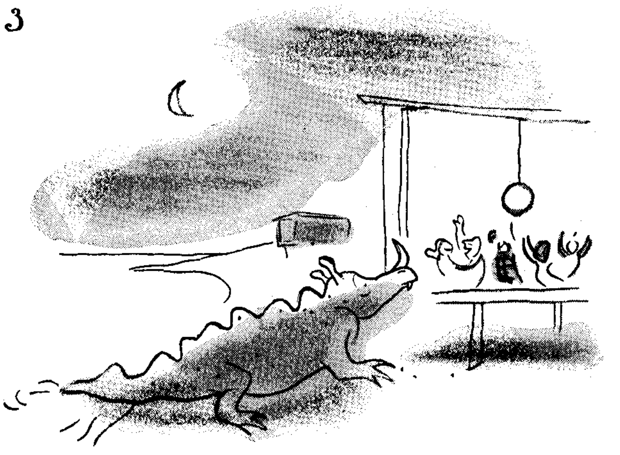

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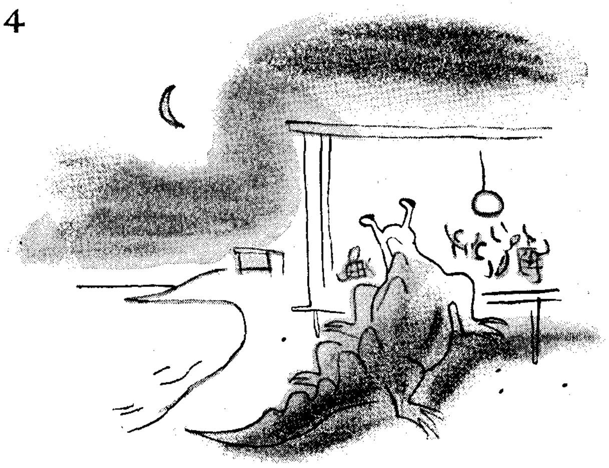

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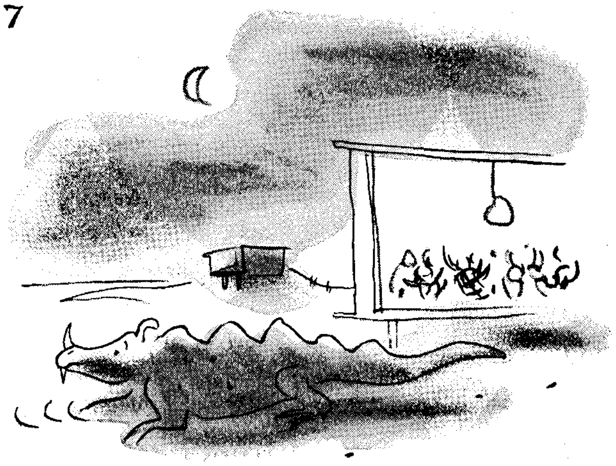

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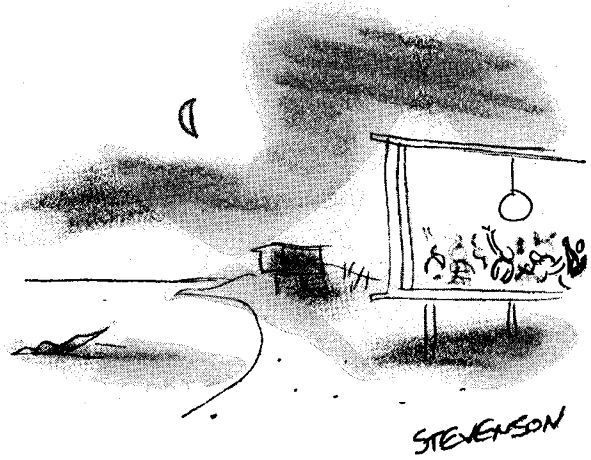


chair, holding a big wooden ladle. I knew I had not done the right thing, and I shivered in the dark cellar.

Fifteen minutes later, after my brothers had come clattering in and been told to be quiet, we watched through a tiny dirty window as Ellen marched by between two groups of schoolchildren on the highway. Her head was erect and thrust a little forward. The cinder-block wall before me looked thick and constraining. Yet a small part of whatever soul I had left went through to Ellen as she disappeared behind the elderberry bushes on the corner.

Two days later, I received an unsigned letter from her. I can still see the words in her strange cuneiform hand:

> You are a skunk Terry and so is the woman who is staying with you. You forget all I did for you when you had no one.

With the letter was a black-and-gray school photograph of me at eleven, torn into small squares.

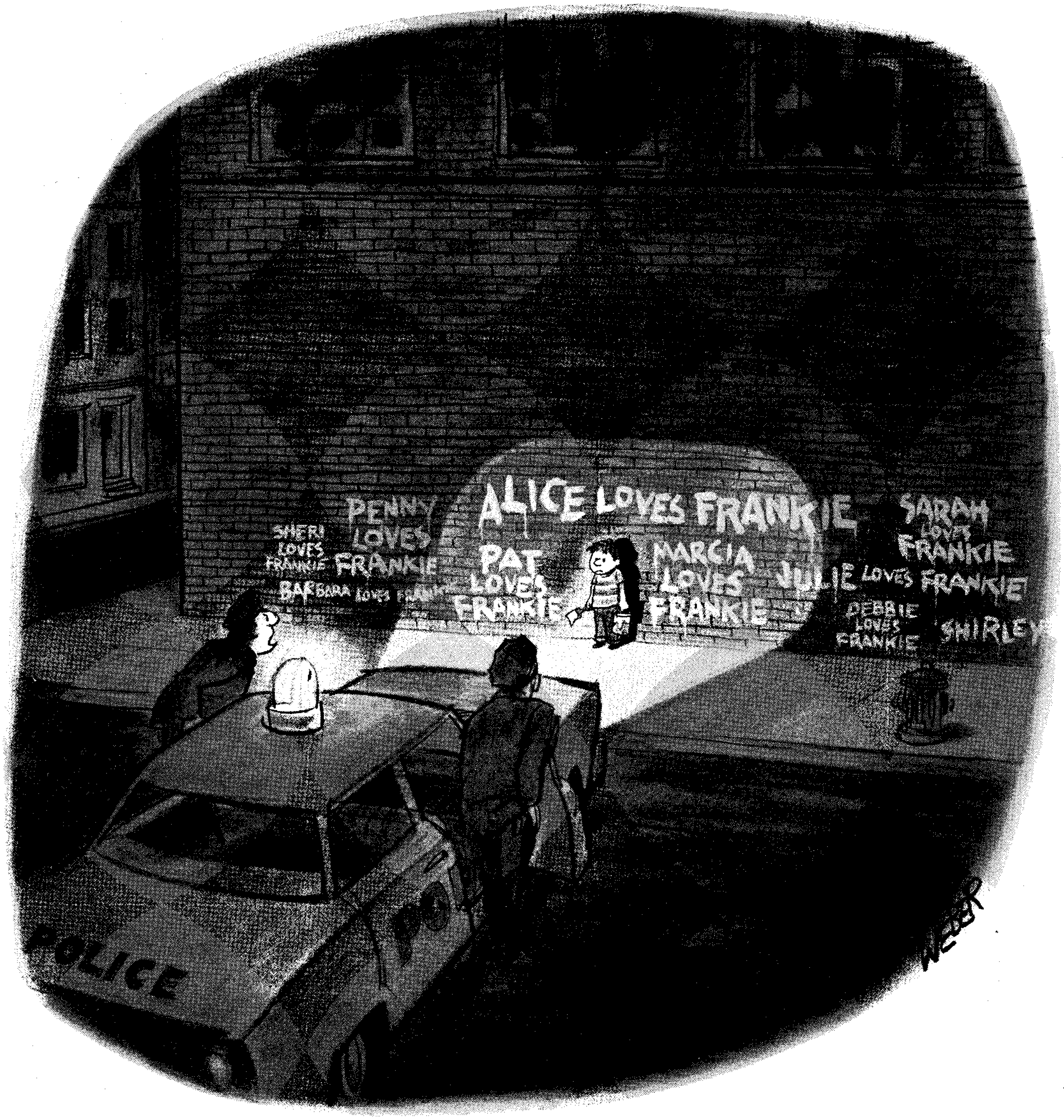
AFTER almost six years of a totally suppressed life, I was allowed, with my younger brothers, who were all teen-agers, to return home to my father. I had learned to love only books and the natural, physical world of flower, tree, bird, and sky. My big brothers were both married and gone. My father was still silent. That year, I was accepted into college, and the threat of the technical school was gone forever.

I never did become a doctor. In college, all the fragments of my life, the chipped bones of loneliness, of betrayals and schemes for survival, piled up in a mocking skeleton to haunt me. The chaos of early years bloomed, repeated itself in lapses of discipline, fleshing out that skeleton. I had a bad time with drink, and rough affairs with girls. In retrospect, I can see that I was lucky to have got through four years.

I didn't see Ellen from the time I was twelve until I was twenty-one. When I was about fifteen, I learned from the old couple in Rock Point that she had left them abruptly a few years before and had gone housekeeping someplace else; they didn't know where, and I was afraid to make any effort to find out. Then one day, just before leaving home for my senior year of college, I was walking down the main street of our town and I met Ellen's sister, Mabel. She looked exactly as she had the afternoons Ellen had taken me to visit her, with her freckles, rimless glasses, and fading red hair contained in a thick, shimmering hairnet. I remembered the farm vividly and told her so. After the usual polite questions, I asked for Ellen. Mabel said that for the past three years Ellen had been at Laurel Heights. That was a shock. Laurel Heights was a euphemism for the poorhouse. I said I was sorry. I didn't know what to add to that. Mabel said that her husband wouldn't let her have Ellen at the farm, because she'd grown so ornery. I said that I would keep in touch with Ellen from now on.

A few days later, I took a walk to the vicinity of the poorhouse. The building sat high on a hill, and I could see the top of it floating above everything. The day was mellow, languorous. Thinking about Ellen, I recalled a narrow-minded, cantankerous, mysterious woman who had loved me as a child and whom I had betrayed. The memory invoked that other September afternoon, and the odor of ripe wild grapes suddenly hung among the ragweed and sumac growing between the low store buildings I was passing.

The huge, brick, columned edifice came into full view. I tried to keep going; I tried to promise myself that I would visit Ellen some other day. But I pumped up the hill, walked along a


PENNY LOVES FRANKIE
SHERI LOVES FRANKIE
BARBARA LOVES FRANKIE
ALICE LOVES FRANKIE
PAT LOVES FRANKIE
MARCIA LOVES FRANKIE
SARAH LOVES FRANKIE
JULIE LOVES FRANKIE
DEBBIE LOVES FRANKIE
SHIRLEY
POLICE
WEBER

"O.K., Frankie, the jig's up!"

• •

gravel drive, and went into the building through wide screen doors. I spoke to a nurse. She directed me to the solarium and gave me a bed number. I entered a big room filled with sunlight and the smell of alcohol and urine; two rows of white enamelled-metal beds lined the walls. I went down the wide aisle between them and stopped before the number the nurse had mentioned. There, in a high bed, under a white spread, lay a flat, wide old woman with single-braided gray hair. The familiar mole and warts were on her wrinkled face and neck. Her eyes were closed.

I went up beside her. There was a tall fan buzzing in the corner. Under it, a thin, white-haired man in a blue-and-white striped seersucker robe and white cotton pajamas sat in a maple platform rocker, reading a newspaper with elaborate dignity. I looked at Ellen, pale and still. Gently, I touched her pasty arm, and her eyes opened. They were as black as ever, but watery, and purplish around the rims of the irises. "Ellen?" I said, trembling.

She looked at me with no understanding.

I repeated her name. Then I said, "I'm Terry."

She looked very hard at me. Her brown lips moved. She said in a weak, saliva-clotted voice, "Terry?" She began to cry.

I took her bony hand and held it tight. She squeezed my hand hard, as if she were using all the strength she had.

I thought, This sonofabitching bastard life. I tried to contain myself, to be cheerful. I spoke about the nice weather, and said that it was a nice place and I was sure they were taking good care of her. There was a lot of silence. And then I heard myself saying, "I'm sorry, I couldn't help it, I had to."

She wept again—soundlessly, more intensely. I kept saying, "I'm sorry," but now I meant that I had spoken.

She blew her nose with a tissue I gave her from the metal stand beside her bed. Finally subsiding, she said softly through her gums, "Are you a doctor now?"

I had forgotten that dream two years before. I said not yet but that I was going to college.

She said she was happy, that I'd come a long way. She tried to lift herself closer to me, but couldn't. She said that she was in bed all the time now because her legs had given out from walking all her life. She tried to smooth her hair. As soon as she had her strength back, she said, she'd go to work again.

I heard this as I stood in silence and the fan buzzed, the proud man sat with his paper, someone moaned, someone else babbled. I saw that Ellen was going to sleep. I told her that I was leaving, and that I would come back again when I could to see her. I took her hand and looked at it as I held it. The skin was soft—not as I remembered. I kissed her on the forehead, and when she let go of my hand I walked out, waving stupidly as I went. After the light of the solarium, the hall was dark and cool and blurred.

AT Christmastime that year, while I was home on vacation, one evening my father turned from the TV set and said what was for him a volume of words. He spoke in Greek. He said, "Do you remember that woman, Eleni, who used to take care of you when you were small? She died last month—or was it the end of October. Her sister stopped by the store. She said to be sure to tell you Eleni was glad you went to see her in the hospital."

Bright images moved and sounded on the TV screen. I remembered the hot and dusty cemetery where Ellen's mother was. I asked if Mabel had said where Ellen was buried.

My father answered, "She said to tell you, if you asked, 'Potter's Field.'" The words came out in broken English, innocently, as if Potter's Field were a designated locus, a place that could contain the human heart.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

COMING BACK TO AMERICA

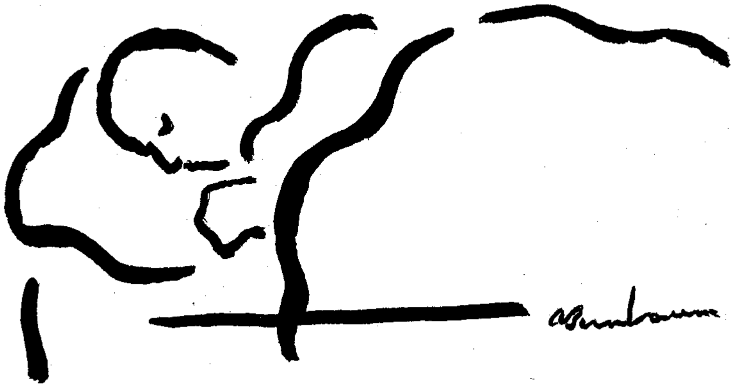
We descended the first night from Europe   riding the ship's sling
Into the basement. Forty floors of home weighed on us. We broke through
To a room, and fell to drinking madly with all those boozing, reading
The Gideon Bible in a dazzle of homecoming scripture   Assyrian armies
The scythes of chariots blazing like the windows of the city   all cast
Into our eyes in all-night squinting beams of unavoidable violent glory.
There were a "million dollars in ice cubes" outside our metal door;
The dead water clattered down hour after hour as we fought with salesmen
For the little blocks that would make whole our long savage drinks.
I took a swaying shower, and we packed the whole bathroom of towels into
Our dusty luggage, battling paid-for opulence with whatever weapon
Came to hand. We slept; I woke up early, knowing that I was suffering
But not why. My breath would not stir, nor the room's. I sweated
Ice in the closeness   my head hurt with the Sleep of a Thousand Lights
That the green baize drapes could not darken. I got up, bearing
Everything   found my sharp Roman shoes   went out   following signs
That said SWIMMING POOL. Flashing bulbs on a red-eyed panel, I passed
Through ceiling after ceiling of sleeping salesmen and whores, and came out

On the roof. The pool water trembled with the few in their rooms
Still making love. This was air. A skinny girl lifeguard worked
At her nails; the dawn shone on her right leg in a healthy, twisted flame.
It made me squint   slick and lacquered with scars   with the wild smoky city
Around it   the great breath to be drawn above sleepers   the hazy
Morning towers. We sat and talked. She said a five-car wreck
Of taxis in Bensonhurst had knocked her out and taken her kneecap
But nothing else. I pondered this   the sun shook off a last heavy
Hotel   and she leapt and was in the fragile green pool as though
I were still sleeping it off eleven floors under her; she turned in a water
Ballet by herself   graceful   unredeemable   her tough face exactly
As beautiful and integral as the sun come out of the city. Vulnerable,
Hurt in my country's murderous speed, she moved   and I would have taken
Her in my arms in water throbbing with the passion of travelling men,
Unkillable, both of us, at forty stories in the morning   and could have
Flown with her   our weightlessness preserved by the magic pool drawn from
Under the streets   out of that pond   passing over the meaningless
Guardrail   feeling the whole air pulse like water sleepless with desperate
Lovemaking   lifting us out of sleep into the city summer dawn
Of hundreds of feet of gray space spinning with pigeons now under
Us   among new panels of sun in the buildings blasting light silently
Back and forth across streets between them: could have moved with her
In all this   over the floods of glare raised up in sheets   the gauze
Distances where warehouses strove to become   over the ship I had ridden
Home in riding gently   whitely   beneath. Ah, lift us, green
City water, as we turn the harbor around with our legs   lazily changing
The plan of the city with motions like thistles   like the majestic swirling
Of soot   the winged seed of pigeons   and so would have held her
As I held my head   a-stammer with light   defending it against the terrible
Morning sun of drinkers   in that pain, exalting in the blind notion
Of cradling her somewhere above ships and buses   in the air like a water
Ballet   dancing deep among the dawn buildings in a purely private
Embrace of impossibility   a love that could not have been guessed:
Woman   being   idea   temple dancer   tough girl from Bensonhurst
With a knee rebuilt out of sunlight   returned-to amazement   O claspable
Symbol   the unforeseen on home ground   the thing that sustains us forever
In other places!

—JAMES DICKEY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A THIRD STATE OF EXISTENCE



IN April, 1952, at the University of Chicago, a graduate student of physiology named Eugene Aserinsky noticed that periodically during the night the eyes of people who are asleep move rapidly for several minutes. The movements first showed up on an early-model polygraph that Aserinsky was using—they were recorded by means of tiny electrodes taped near the subject's eyes—and Aserinsky's first reaction was that the machine must be broken. When he finally walked into a room where a subject was sleeping and looked for himself, however, he was amazed to find that his observation did not depend on machinery; he could quite easily see the eyeball bulges darting around under the lids. Difficult though it was for Aserinsky to believe, hundreds of years of scientific research had failed to uncover a phenomenon that can be observed by an insomniac watching his wife sleep in the light of early morning. Most scientists first learned of the movements in September of the following year, when, in a section in the back of *Science* magazine called "Technical Reports," there appeared an article entitled "Regularly Occurring Periods of Eye Motility and Concomitant Phenomena During Sleep." The article—written by Aserinsky and Nathaniel Kleitman, a distinguished physiologist and student of sleep in whose laboratory Aserinsky had been working—reported on some remarkable findings gathered from people who had been awakened and questioned during the night. "Of twenty-seven interrogations during ocular motility, twenty revealed detailed dreams," Aserinsky and Kleitman wrote. "Of twenty-three interrogations during ocular inactivity, nineteen disclosed complete failure of recall."

Aserinsky's discovery and the discoveries that quickly followed it in Kleitman's laboratory represented one of the rare instances of a scientific breakthrough that opens up an entirely new field of research. There had previously been some reports of slow, pendular eye movements, related to the other movements of the body during the night—Aserinsky was studying these when he made his discovery—and it was later found that as early as 1892 a psychologist named George Trumbull Ladd had speculated that the eyeballs might move during dreaming. By 1953, however, Ladd's speculation had long been forgotten, and the standard scientific belief was that the eyes were in a position of rest during sleep. In demonstrating that this was not true, and that the movements that did occur indicated that a dream was taking place, Aserinsky and Kleitman provided scientists with their first opportunity to identify and study dreaming sleep. Not surprisingly, it turned out to be an opportunity to discover that practically everything that had been believed about the cause and nature of dreaming was not true.

Despite the dramatic appearance of this opportunity, scientists seemed in no hurry to take advantage of it. After Aserinsky obtained his doctorate, he turned to more orthodox physiology, one reason being that the physiology departments that hire researchers seemed to believe that the study of sleep and dreams, while interesting, was not quite a proper pastime for a respectable physiologist. Kleitman, who had often seemed to be alone in the field during forty years of research, was about to retire. From 1954 to 1957, just about the only researcher in the country studying Rapid Eye Movement Sleep (or REM Sleep, to use the acronym that is common among researchers) was a nearly indefatigable medical student named William Dement, who had come to Kleitman's laboratory to do research a few months after Aserinsky first noticed the eye movements. In the three years he remained at the lab (while completing both his M.D. and a doctorate in physiology), Dement began to investigate the basic questions raised by the discovery: Just what is dreaming and what is its function? Most of what was learned up to 1958 about the implications of Aserinsky's discovery can be found in Dement's Ph.D. thesis. In it, he states, "In the development of nearly every new discovery, the initial dramatic observation is followed by a period of painstaking, often tedious investigation to complete the details of the description." Dement's work in those years was undoubtedly painstaking and tedious, even for somebody as fascinated by the phenomenon of dreaming sleep as he was. To this day, sleep research remains one of the most wearing kinds of scientific research, with practical problems that only begin with the necessity of staying awake all night in order to observe somebody else sleep. The field still consists mostly of young men—often sleepy young men—whose occupational difficulties include wives irritated by constant absences, eyes strained from trying to make some manageable record from the tracings on miles of graph paper, and social lives haunted by questions about whether or not dreams are in color. These hardships alone might have been enough to keep some people out of sleep research, but, according to Dement, the problem in those early years was mainly that "physiologists weren't interested in dreams and psychiatrists weren't interested in research."

Dement's completion of the details was an extraordinary start in the attempt to find out what it was that Aserinsky had discovered. For a number of years, scientists had used the electroencephalograph, or EEG—which traces brain waves on graph paper in much the same way that an electrocardiograph traces heart action—to divide sleep into stages of "depth." The division was made to account for the differences in voltage and frequency between the brain-wave pattern of a sleeping person and the pattern of the waking brain—from a "light" stage that was almost the same as being awake to a "deep" stage characterized by a much less active pattern. Dement used the same method; he and Kleitman divided sleep into four stages. But by keeping the electroencephalograph on all night instead of merely taking samplings, he discovered that the stages were not caused, as had previously been thought, by a person's awakening, or nearly awakening, during the night and then gradually falling back into "deep sleep;" instead, the stages occurred every night in a predictable cycle. Dement discovered that the eye movements occurred only in Stage 1, when the brain-wave pattern most resembled the waking pattern. In fact, except for a brief appearance of Stage 1 without eye movements at the beginning of sleep, Stage 1 sleep and dreaming sleep were identical. By remaining awake all night two or three times a week, Dement eventually saw enough sleep recordings to create a simple, predictable pattern for the phenomenon that had so long been considered fortuitous. He knew that dreaming occurred about every ninety minutes, that it could be identified both by a Stage 1 brain-wave pattern and by eye movements, that it lasted for periods that became increasingly long during the night but averaged about twenty minutes, and that each period consisted of several dreams, usually separated by some movement of the body and a brief moment of wakefulness. He found, in other words, that everybody has approximately four to seven periods of dreaming sleep during the night, taking up about twenty per cent of sleeping time and accounting for ten or twenty separate dream episodes.

Dement's research contradicted most of the commonly held notions about dreams. Freud had said that dreams existed to provide a safety valve for the fulfillment of some indestructible instinctual drive, such as hunger or sex, and that they were "the guardian of sleep" in that their stories disguised unacceptable wishes well enough to prevent the anxiety that would otherwise cause arousal. The regularity of dreaming that Dement found did not argue for such a theory, nor did his finding that dreaming did not preserve sleep, for people almost invariably woke up briefly during a dream period. Dement's findings seemed to disprove flatly the extension of the guardian-of-sleep theory to mean that dreams occurred in order to explain away any noise or discomfort that would have awakened the sleeper if it had not been surrounded with a story. He had some success in modifying dreams once the Rapid Eye Movement period had started (people who were squirted with water might dream of sudden rainfalls, leaking roofs, or being squirted with water), but he found that it was impossible to bring on a dream by disturbing a sleeper if the sleeper was not already in a REM period. He also disproved the notion that dreams were caused by gastro-intestinal distress brought on by the eating of the previous evening—an opinion held by what is occasionally called the cheese-and-pickle school. Dement found that the dreaming cycle began approximately every ninety minutes, cheese and pickles or no cheese and pickles.

The dozens of awakenings made in these early studies verified the original finding of Aserinsky and Kleitman that if people were awakened during a REM period they could be expected to recall a dream four times out of five. Of course, Dement, who has always been a man of scrupulous skepticism, never accepted the existence of dream recall as being equivalent to the existence of dreams. Theoretically, all dreams could be invented by people as they woke up. However, in his experiments in the Chicago laboratory he found it increasingly difficult to doubt that rapid eye movements were indeed an indication that dreaming was taking place, and that the action of the dream was not instantaneous, as had once been thought, but lasted as long as the REM period lasted. The fact that some dream reports were gathered during non-REM-period awakenings—they were relatively few and usually much less vivid—suggested that some mental activity more abstract than dream adventures took place during the non-REM period, although some of the reports were obviously memories of dreams from the previous REM period. The most interesting evidence that Dement found to support the existence of dreams was a correlation between the dream narrative and the way the eyes moved. Merely by studying the polygraph record of how a person's eyes moved during a dream, Dement could predict in most cases whether or not the dream content had been particularly active. One night, he noticed that a subject was having a series of uninterrupted vertical eye movements, and he decided to awaken subjects from then on whenever their eye movements were consistently vertical or consistently horizontal. He found five more examples of consistently vertical eye move-

"Isn't that odd? I found the French *__very__* *approachable."*

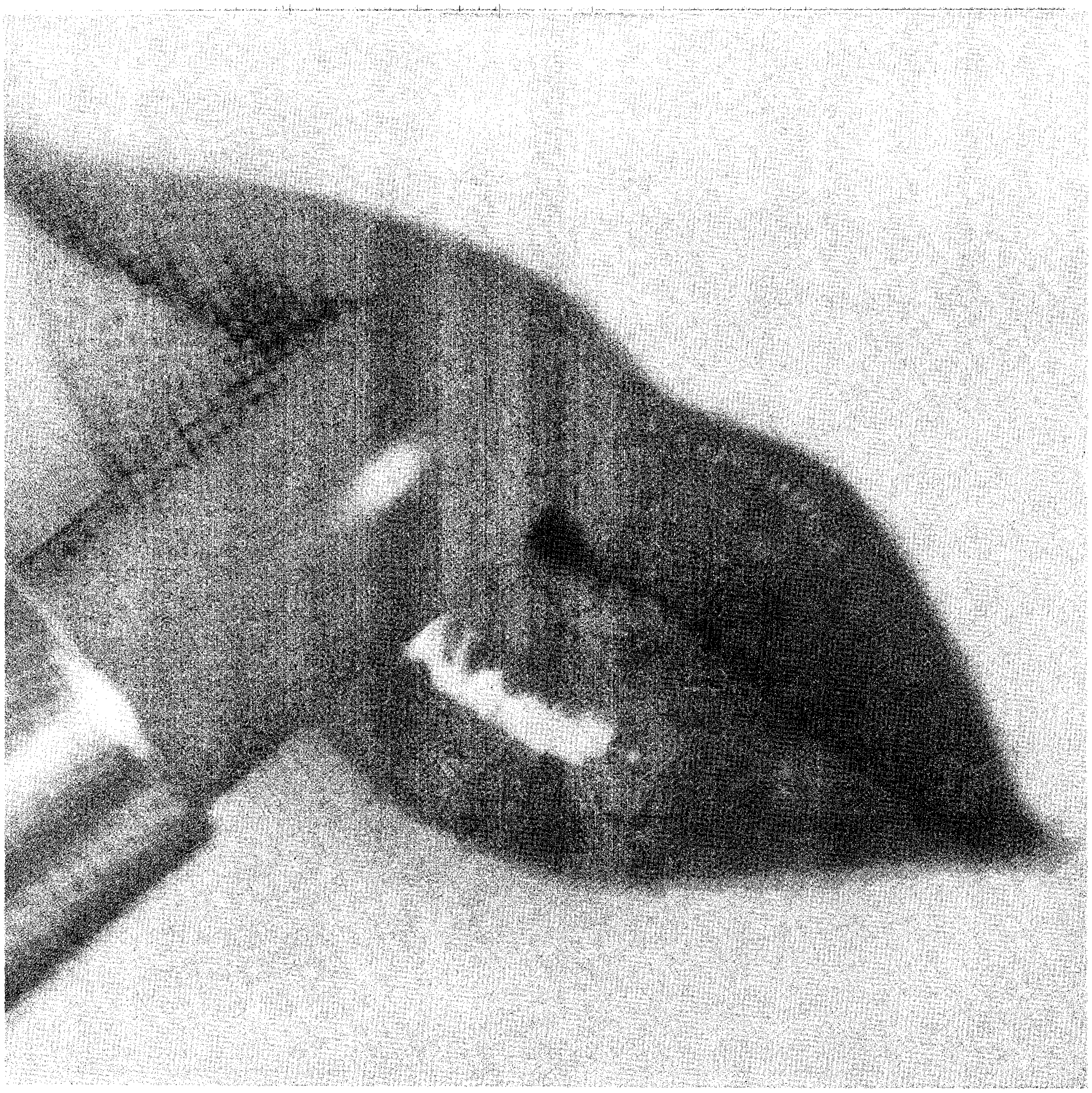
"Have you noticed how he's begun to call himself 'we'?"

• •

ments. The subjects recalled standing at the foot of a cliff and looking up at climbers and down at some equipment; climbing up a series of ladders and looking up and down; throwing basketballs at a net; looking at the top of some stairs; and watching leaflets floating down from a blimp. Dement found one case of steady horizontal movements. When the subject was awakened, he reported that in his dream he had been watching two people throw tomatoes at each other.

A FEW other young scientists joined Dement in the Chicago laboratory in the late fifties, and in 1961 one of them, Allan Rechtschaffen, suggested that there were enough people in the field to warrant a meeting for standardizing procedures and comparing notes. About thirty sleep researchers attended a conference organized by Rechtschaffen and Dement in Chicago, and they founded the Association for the Psychophysiological Study of Sleep. As studies in the years that followed continued to indicate what a great variety of things there were to learn about the phenomenon that Aserinsky had discovered, so many scientists became interested in Rapid Eye Movement Sleep that there is now no doubt that a field of research exists where none existed before. This year's conference of the A.P.S.S., held in Washington in March, was attended by a hundred and thirty people, many of them representing laboratories that have four or five other researchers. (One of the people who attended it was Aserinsky, who had returned to the field after a ten-year absence.) For the fiscal year 1964, the National Institute of Mental Health, which until 1957 had awarded no grants for the type of all-night sleep research that interests most A.P.S.S. members, supported fifty projects relating to sleep or dreams, with grants totalling two million dollars—five per cent of its grant budget.

The routine for somebody participating in a sleep-and-dream experiment has changed little since the first group of medical students and other volunteers began to spend their nights in Kleitman's laboratory at the University of Chicago. The basic tool is still the polygraph, and the irregular lines made by the pen as the paper runs through the machine remain the basic form of communication between someone who is asleep and a sleep researcher. A person's brain-wave pattern is still the standard measurement of his sleep, but, depending on where electrodes are attached, the polygraph can also record his eye movements, his respiratory rate, his muscle tone, and just about any other physiological activity the researcher wants to measure. For instance, a researcher who is concerned with how a subject's eyes move during a dream ordinarily tapes about a dozen electrodes around the eyes and head. A multicolored tangle of thin wires runs to a machine in another room, where brain waves are recorded by some pens and eye movements by others. The electrodes take about twenty minutes to apply, but most people find the tape and wires no great hindrance to sleep, though subjects often have what sleep researchers call a "first-night effect," characterized by fitful sleep and, oc-



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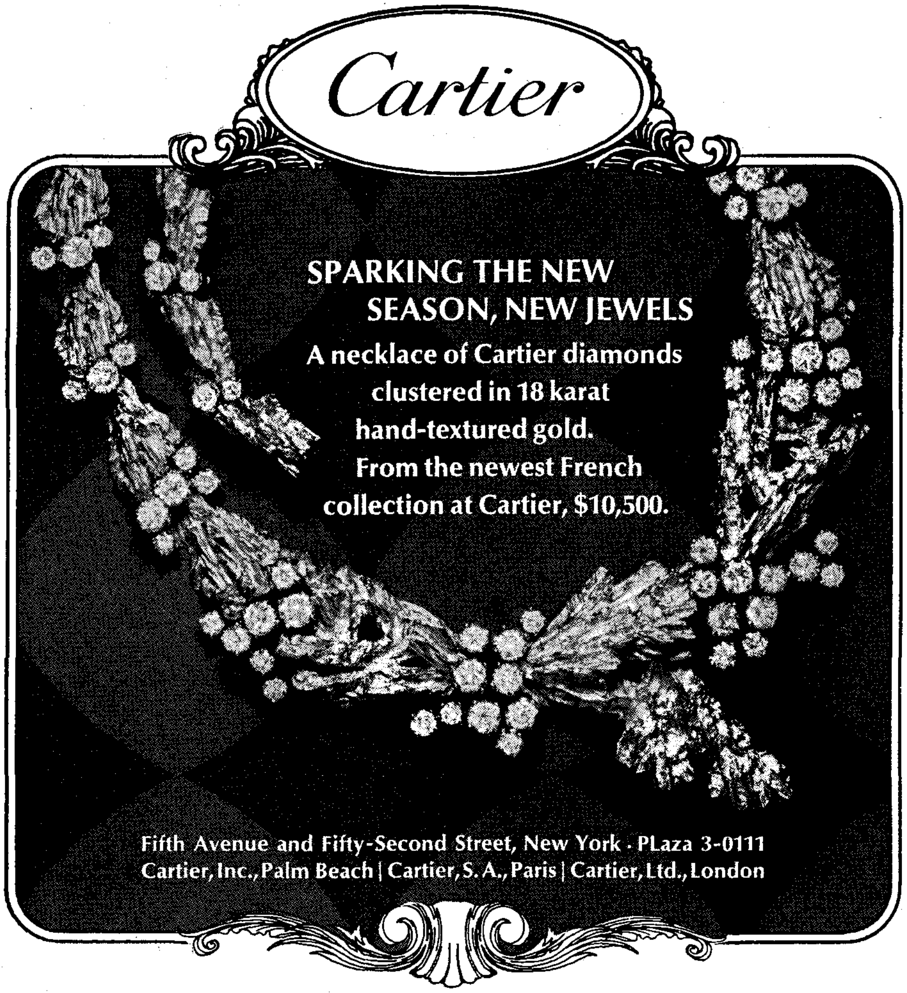
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casionally, by dreams about being in a sleep laboratory.

People who participate in experiments that require being awakened and questioned about their dreams often regard the experience as fascinating and somewhat eerie. They find it strange at first to be awakened by a researcher who knows for certain that they have been dreaming. There is also something slightly disquieting about being able to recall a dream in the smallest detail. Sometimes, at the moment of awakening, the dream seems to be slipping away—as often happens in the morning—but it usually comes back in great detail, especially if the researcher is asking questions about it. The ability of some people to recall a dream at such times is extraordinary. Dement awakened one subject after twenty-three minutes of Rapid Eye Movement Sleep and collected a dream that took fifteen hundred words to recall, with passages of detail like the following:

> As we were going into a bus, John didn't have any change and I gave him some from my purse—John was my escort. He didn't say anything the whole time, he was just with me. I had one dime, a quarter, a couple of nickels, and about fifteen pennies. Although I wanted to take the nickels, in the rush I was going to take the pennies. But John didn't want to take the pennies and I got very upset. Then it finally dawned on me that on this bus we could only ride for two stops and then we had to take a crosstown bus, and for the crosstown bus obviously we needed to save six pennies for the transfers. After we were on the bus, the bus driver abruptly got out of his seat, to everybody's dismay, and he turned around and said, "Hey, ladies and gentlemen, taking care of the coin box is more important than driving. It's a psychological experience."

Obviously, some people are much better than others at remembering dreams, but only a few fail to recall dreaming at all if they are awakened in the middle of a REM period. Not long ago, a young psychiatrist asked Dement, who is now at the Stanford Medical School, if he could spend a night in the sleep laboratory. The psychiatrist was undergoing his own psychoanalysis and, to his knowledge, he had never had a dream. Dement agreed, and one night the psychiatrist showed up at about midnight at a laboratory Dement has made from a suite of offices he rents in a one-story medical-and-professional building near the Stanford Medical Center. Tony Greenberg, a medical student who worked as a laboratory assistant for Dement, taped electrodes on the psychiatrist's head, showed him into a room that had been made over into a

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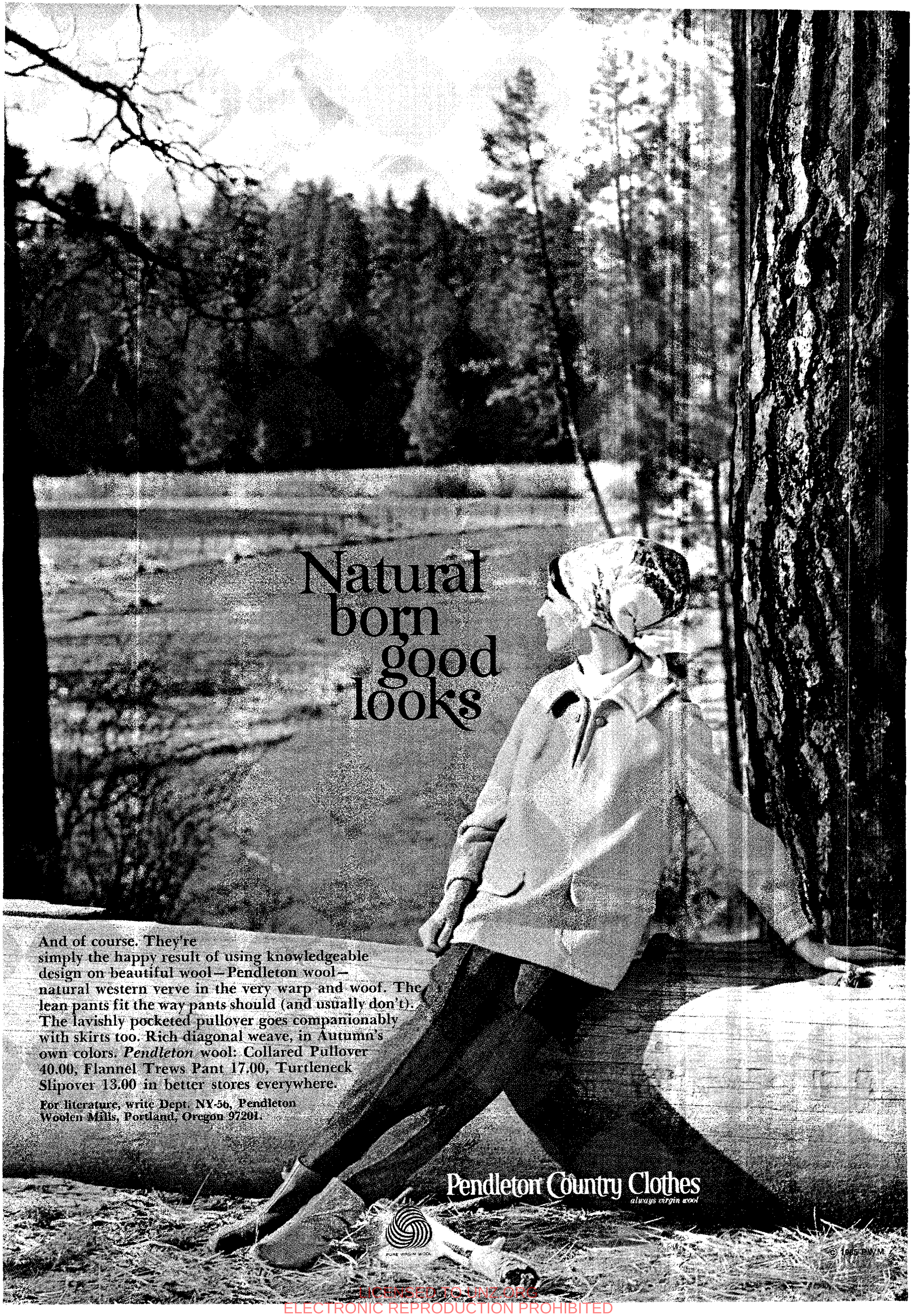
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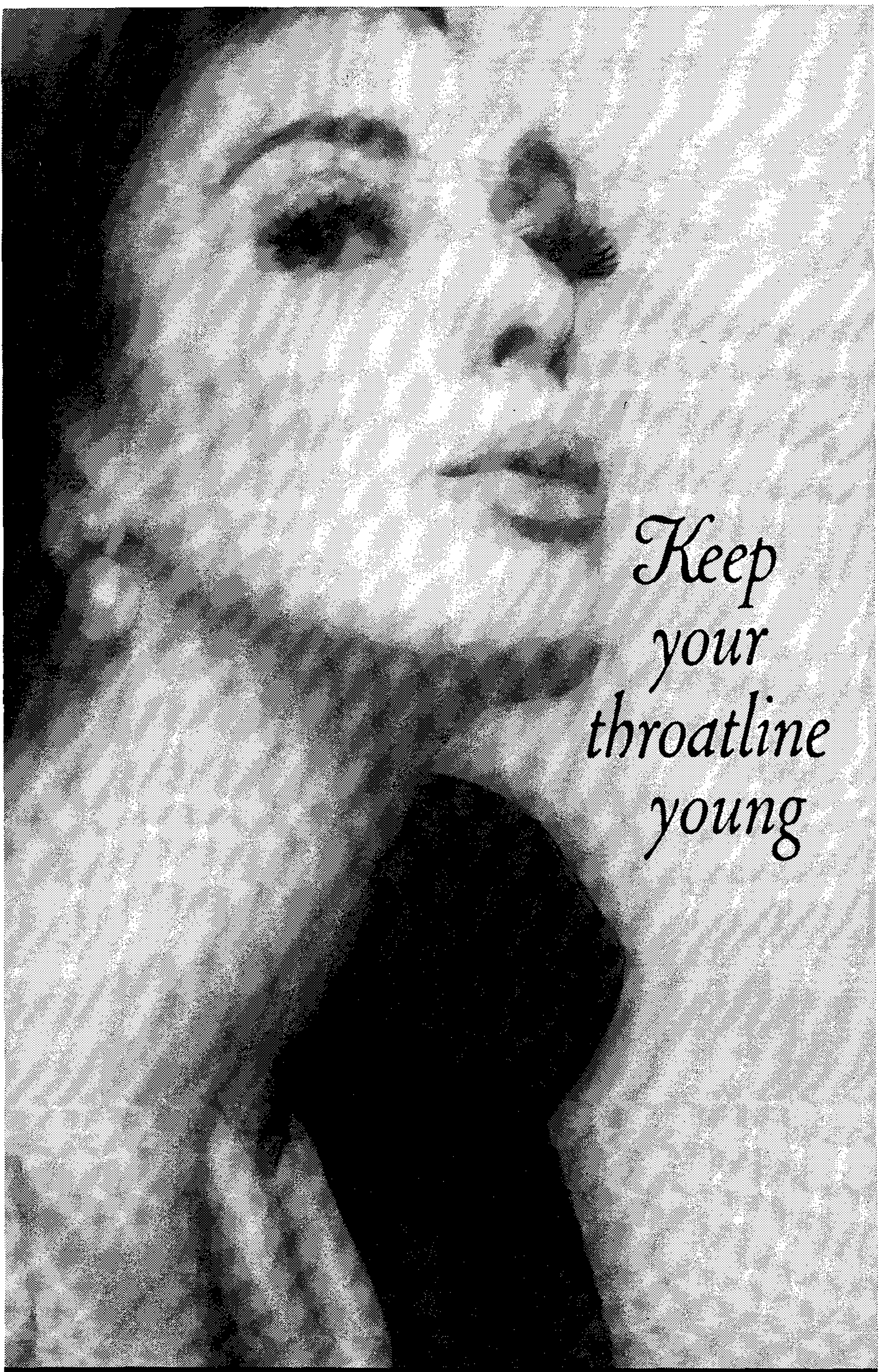
simple but comfortable-looking bedroom, set a tape recorder near the bed, wished him a pleasant night's sleep, and returned to his electroencephalograph. From the machine, Greenberg could see that the psychiatrist was having difficulty falling asleep, but then the tracings showed that he was drifting off, the steady pattern of the pens occasionally being interrupted by furious movement as he turned in his sleep. About an hour and a half after the psychiatrist had gone to sleep, the characteristic brain-wave pattern of Stage 1 sleep started to show up on the graph paper, and, simultaneously, the electrodes taped near the sleeper's eyes began to record movements. Greenberg waited for two or three minutes, to make certain, and then went in to wake up the psychiatrist. When Greenberg returned, he said, "At first, he said he wasn't dreaming, just thinking. Then he said, 'Wait a minute. I remember a conversation.' Somebody had called him 'a sad son of a bitch.' " Greenberg smiled like a proud parent and added, "His first dream."

THE use of the sleep laboratory as a tool for psychoanalysis is not typical. A feeling of never having dreamed is relatively uncommon, and few psychiatrists have felt that the details of dreams are important enough to warrant awakenings during REM Sleep. Dr. Frederick Snyder, a research psychiatrist at the National Institute of Mental Health, has said, "The first reaction to the discovery was that it would provide a tool for psychiatrists who are interested in the content of the dreams. But it turned out that the biological phenomena associated with dreaming sleep are so compelling themselves—you can learn so much about these phenomena, there is such richness of opportunities—that a lot of the investigation has turned to the strictly physiological. There are all kinds of articles on this subject that don't even mention dreams." Snyder and other researchers have been fascinated by the changes, whether or not they are related to dreams, that take place in the body during REM periods—what Aserinsky and Kleitman referred to as "concomitant phenomena." Even research into dreaming itself has been concerned less with the significance of the dream content than with how and why dreaming takes place—and even if dreaming takes place.

The most ambitious investigation of the implication that Dement had uncovered when he found his subjects looking up and down cliffs and watch-



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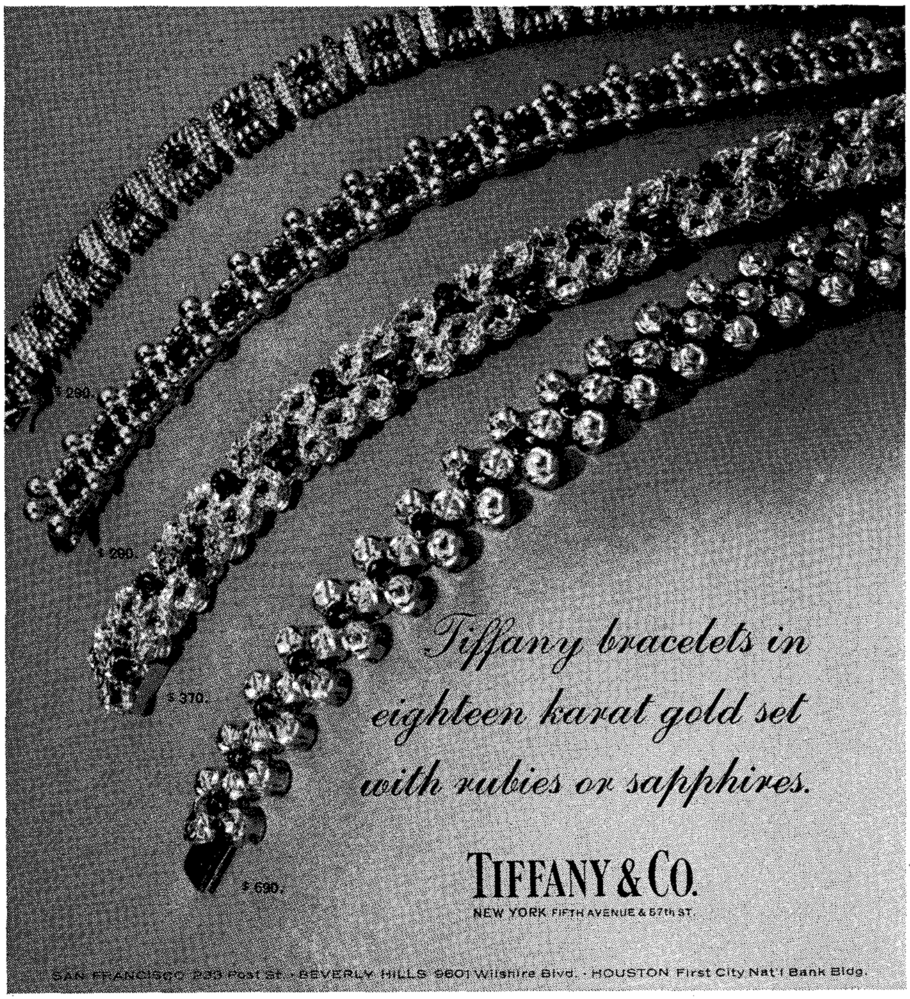
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ing people throw tomatoes at each other—the implication that eye movements are caused by the sleeper's looking at whatever he is dreaming—was reported in 1961, in a paper whose senior author was Howard Roffwarg, a young psychiatrist at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, and on which Dement collaborated. The paper described an experiment in which Roffwarg awakened people who were in a REM period, asked them to describe the last seconds of their dreams, and then tried to predict what eye-movement pattern should be reflected by the polygraph, which was manned by a second researcher in another room. (A third and a fourth researcher, not present at the awakenings, later compared the prediction and the graph.) Seventy-seven dreams were recalled with what the subjects considered "high clarity," and Roffwarg's prediction of what the eye movements should look like on the graph was rated "good" in about eighty per cent of them. Roffwarg's conversation with one of the subjects makes the method seem remarkably simple:

SUBJECT: Right near the end of the dream I was walking up the back stairs of an old house. I was holding a cat in my arms.

ROFFWARG: Were you looking at the cat?

No, I was being followed up the steps by the Spanish dancer, Escudero. I was annoyed at him and refused to look back at him or talk to him. I walked up as a dancer would, holding my head high, and I glanced up at every step I took.

How many steps were there?

Five or six.

Then what happened?

I reached the head of the stairs and I walked straight over to a group of people about to begin a circle dance.

Did you look around at the people?

I don't believe so. I looked straight ahead at the person across from me. Then I woke up.

How long was it from the time you reached the top of the stairs to the end of the dream?

Just a few seconds.

From that discussion Roffwarg predicted, "There should be a series of five vertical upward movements as she holds her head high and walks up the steps. Then there should be a few seconds with only some very small horizontal movement just before the awakening." The polygraph corroborated his prediction.

The idea that rapid eye movements are caused by the sleeper's looking at his dream has since been made less tempting by a number of contradictory findings. Dement has not even ruled out the possibility that cause and effect are reversed—that the eye movements are

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more or less fortuitous, and the dream is an effort of the mind to account for them. (This theory might explain why some dreams are so disjointed.) It has been discovered that newborn babies experience eye movements—Roffwarg eventually discovered that newborns spend approximately half of their sleeping time in REM Sleep—and eye movements have been observed in several other situations in which "visual dreaming" is not likely to be taking place. Still, Roffwarg and Dement are satisfied that "looking at dreams" can happen—which, in their terms, is quite different from saying that it always happens—and the speculation that follows is that the brain can act in the same way during a dream as it would during a waking experience.

In the study of eye movements, the problem of gathering a large enough sampling to be significant—a problem that has always been present in sleep research—has been particularly severe. A subject could spend quite a few nights in the laboratory without dreaming about an experience that called for eye movements characteristic enough to be identified conclusively. Dement is now coöperating with a Stanford psychologist whose specialty is hypnosis in conducting an experiment that calls for planting a posthypnotic suggestion that would bring a dream involving easily discernible eye movements. He looks on it as one more attempt—ten years or so after the first one—to find out if dreams really exist. "The best evidence we have that the dream report is a real report of an ongoing experience is still its relation to the eye movements," he says. "If that connection is tenuous, the fact that we dream is tenuous. We're stuck with a bunch of verbal reports. The question is really more complicated than 'Do dreams cause eye movements or do eye movements cause dreams?' There is evidence that under normal conditions people watch what they dream, but that doesn't mean that blind people don't have eye movements. It means that, as usual, you haven't as tight a little case as you might hope for. The only thing we've shown is that there's a correlation between eye movements and dream narratives. We just have to go back to the laboratory and try to find out more."

Now in his mid-thirties, Dement is an informal, enthusiastic man with close-cut hair, who often dresses in khaki pants and a crew-neck sweater. Although he is the most prominent REM Sleep researcher in the country, he is even less certain about most aspects of REM Sleep than he is about

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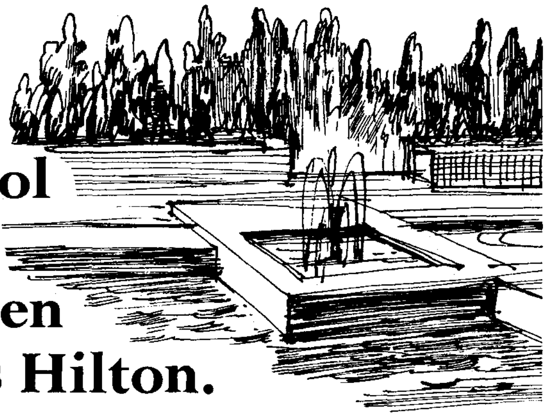

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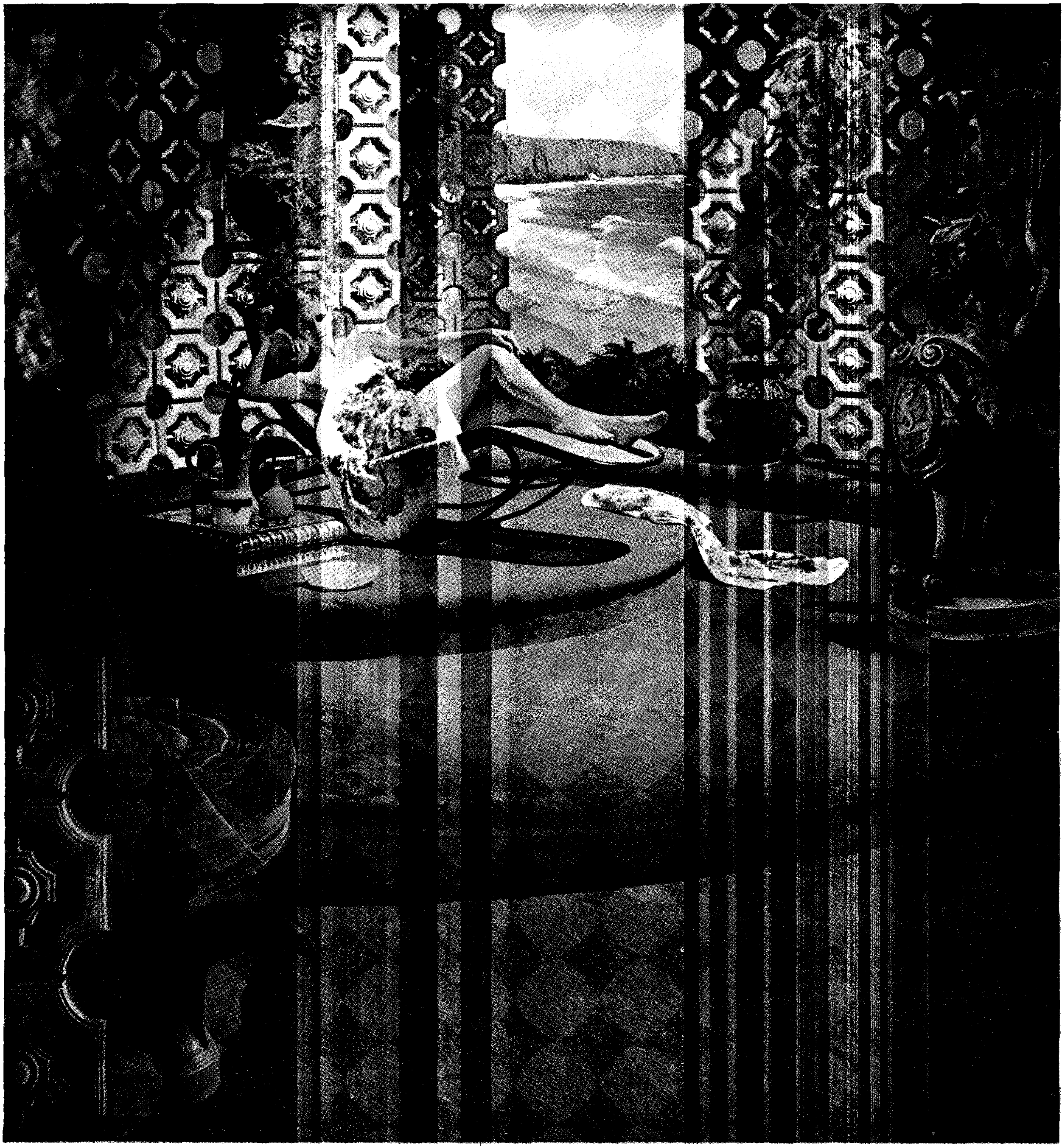

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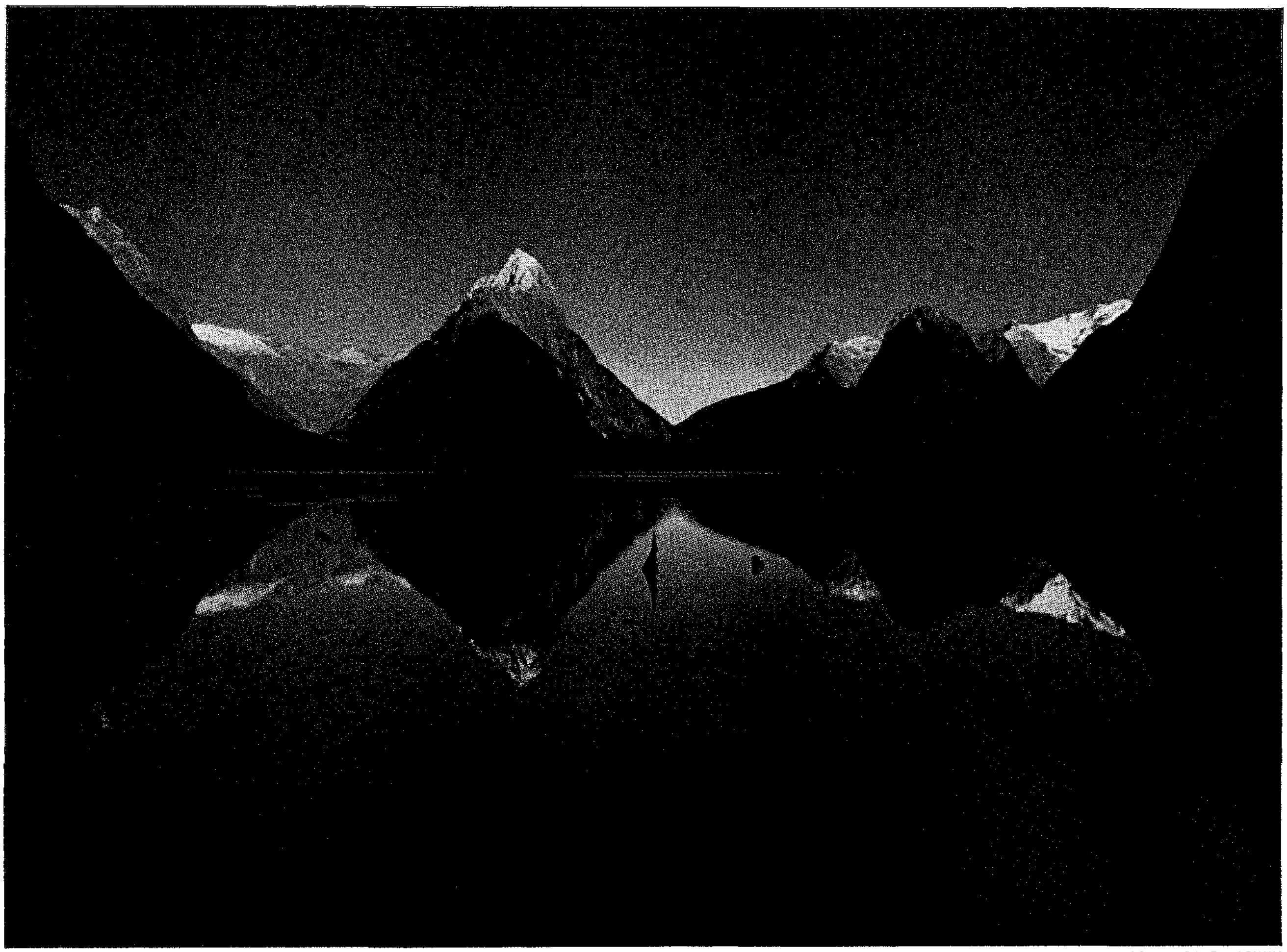

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the existence of dreams. In weaker moments, he admits that it is reasonable to assume that dreams exist. "But we really never know anything for certain," he says. "There's always another level. The difference between a scientist and a non-scientist is just how much one takes for granted. A scientist is one who is happy with uncertainty." In the years since the first studies in Chicago, Dement has had enough uncertainty to keep a scientist nearly ecstatic, and he has discarded any number of tempting theories—some of them his own—that would have accounted for what Aserinsky saw. One of his first concerns was to investigate possible clinical implications in the similarity between the hallucinations of dreaming and the hallucinations of insanity. The first all-night electroencephalographic recordings that uncovered so much about the pattern of dreaming sleep were made at the Manteno State Hospital, near Chicago, where Dement was trying to find out whether the percentage of sleep that schizophrenics spent dreaming differed greatly from the normal percentage. He found that it did not. There was no doubt that the sleep of people with mental problems was disturbed—and it could be assumed that they lost a higher percentage of dreaming sleep than of ordinary sleep, since they often woke up early in the morning, when they would normally be in the longest dream period—but Dement was unable to see any simple diagnostic connection between dreams and mental illness. His interest in the possible consequences of Aserinsky's discovery for mental illness has continued, but little of his research has been purely clinical. "Although you like to stress clinical consequences on grant requests, it's really hard to separate clinical and basic research," he says. "You can't really study heart disease; you study the heart. If you come to something, you stop and concentrate on it. We're studying the nature and function of Rapid Eye Movement Sleep."

Dement is often tempted to stop and concentrate on something; there are few aspects of sleep and dreams in which he cannot see possibilities for years of fruitful research. "There are a lot of science-fiction aspects to this, for instance," he said not long ago. "How in the world do we see what isn't there? How does the brain seem to react to a dream the same way as it would to a waking experience? How do we get into a state where we fool ourselves into believing that what we see is real? Is the answer that there's

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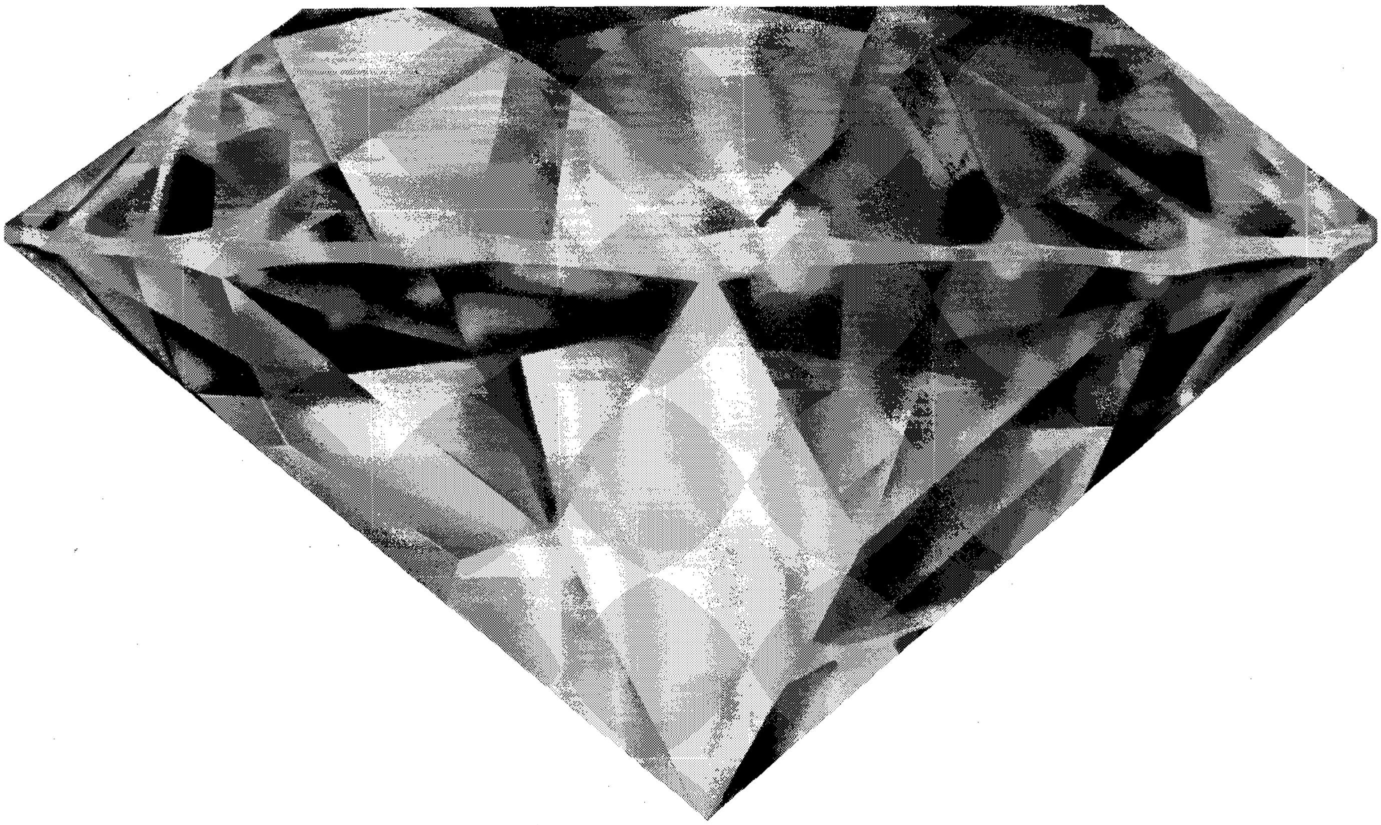

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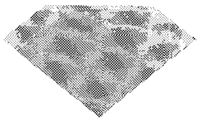
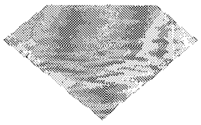
	Graduated College	1,070,000	42.5%
	Attended College 1-3 Years	594,000	23.6%
	Graduated High School	544,000	21.6%
	Attended H. S. 1-3 years	**288,000	**11.5%
	Did Not Attend H. S.	** 19,000	** .8%
**Number of cases too small for stability		2,515,000	100.0%

	VERBAL INTELLIGENCE	WSJ COVERAGE (NUMBERS)	% OF WSJ's TOTAL AUDIENCE
	Superior	1,065,000	42.3%
	Above Average	813,000	32.3%
	Average	482,000	19.2%
	Below Average	**155,000	** 6.2%
**Number of cases too small for stability		2,515,000	100.0%

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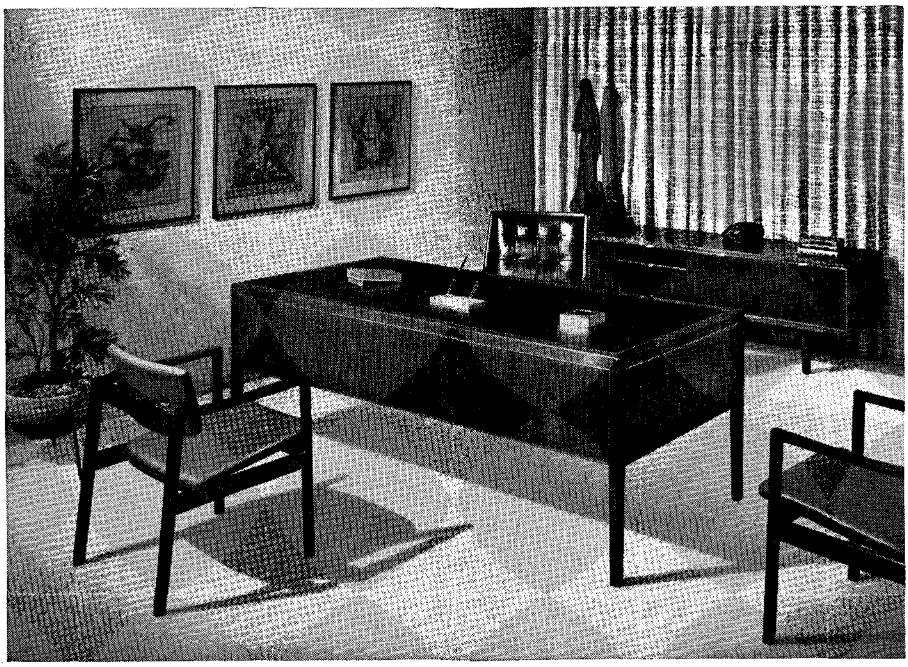

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no difference? If so, what effect does what we experience have on our waking state? If you suddenly found you didn't like a certain cheese, could it be that you dreamed something terrible about the cheese? Or you see somebody and you don't feel very friendly toward him. Could it be that you had a dream in which he was some sort of villain? If it's the equivalent of a real experience, can we control the choice? If somebody's life is impoverished, and it's partly that he needs a mother, could we perhaps find the stimulus that would provide a mother in his dreams? All these things seem more interesting to me than whether we see dreams in color." Dement is interested in that, too. He participated in an early experiment on the incidence of color in dreams, which indicated that at least four out of five dreams contain some color and that asking questions about color can be useful in helping people remember details of their dreams.

Dement's name has been connected with experiments in almost every aspect of Rapid Eye Movement Sleep, but his compelling interest has remained quite fundamental. He has tried to find out why dreaming sleep exists, and his principal method has been to see what happens when it is not permitted to exist. "I think my wife thought of the idea originally," he says. "It's really quite simple. Say, for instance, somebody operated on a brain and found a lump of gold in the pineal gland. Then he looked at another brain and found another lump of gold. And another, and another. How would you explain it? Not by chance. So the first thing you do is to take the lump of gold out and see what happens without it. This is the level we're at now."

In 1959, Dement began trying to deprive people of their dreams. His first attempt was at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, where he served his interneship and worked with Dr. Charles Fisher, a psychoanalyst. It was immediately apparent that while dream deprivation might be simple in theory, it was not simple in execution. First, each subject had to sleep in the laboratory for several nights, so that Dement could record his base line—his cycle of REM and non-REM Sleep under normal conditions. Then, for a period ranging from two to seven nights, Dement and his colleagues would awaken the sleeper every time they were convinced by the electroencephalograph and the eye-movement pattern that he was dreaming. At the end of the deprivation period,

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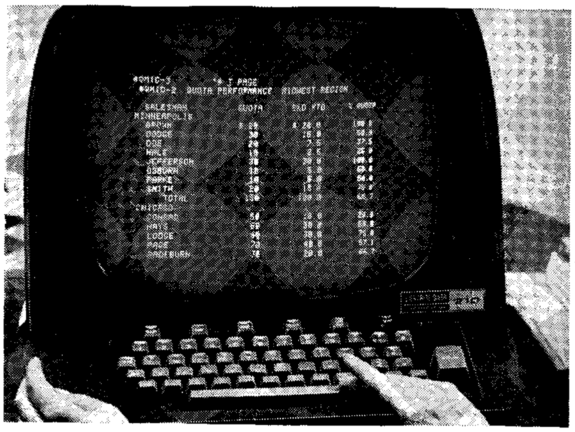

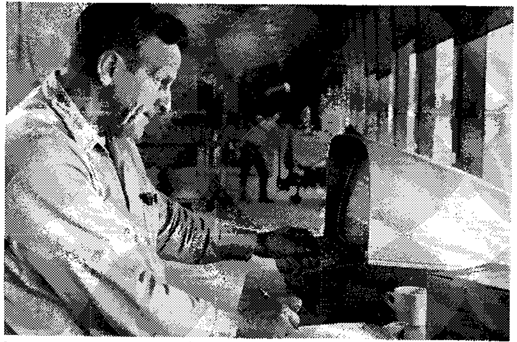

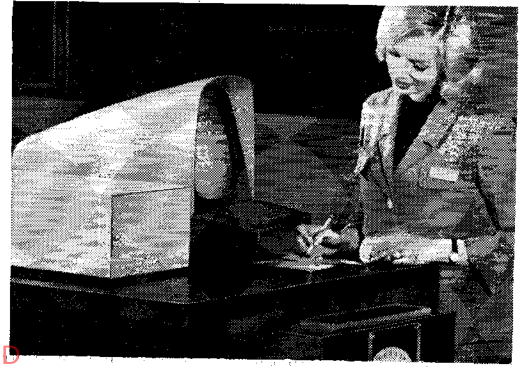

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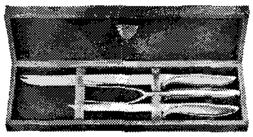

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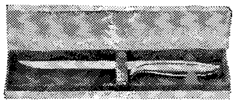

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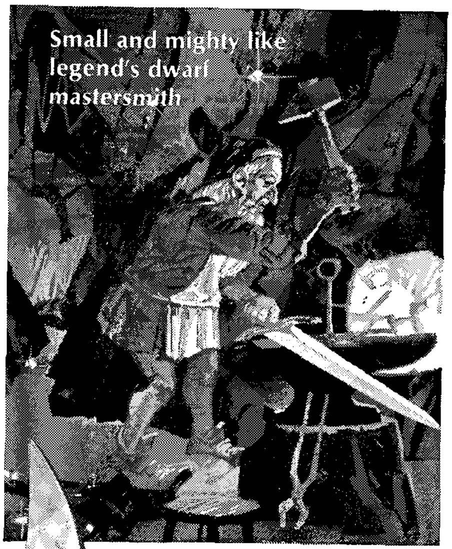
the subject's sleep would be recorded in the laboratory for several "recovery nights" to see how his sleep pattern had been affected. Then the entire process would be repeated with awakenings during non-REM Sleep, to make certain that whatever effects were observed stemmed from a lack of dreaming sleep rather than from having any other kind of sleep disturbed. In most cases, the subject spent twenty or thirty nights in the sleep laboratory, either sleeping peacefully while his brain waves and eye movements were recorded or being shaken awake by Dement or one of his helpers.

Dement's most startling discovery was that anyone deprived of dreaming sleep made every effort to make it up. Ordinarily, a subject would have to be awakened five or six times the first night to deprive him of dreaming sleep, and after each awakening he would begin the normal sleep cycle that eventually resulted in a REM period. When he had had four or five nights of deprivation, however, he would have to be awakened twenty times. The more dreaming time he was deprived of, the faster he tried to dream. In the recovery nights, moreover, the subjects increased their dreaming time to as much as forty per cent of their total sleeping time, apparently trying to compensate for what they had lost.

There also seemed to be some effect on the waking behavior of people who were deprived of dreams. Dement originally used twenty subjects in the experiment, and he reported that in most cases "psychological disturbances such as anxiety, irritability, and difficulty in concentrating developed during the period of dream deprivation, although these were not catastrophic." Some of the subjects—including Dement himself, who was the fourth person deprived—seemed to develop a greater appetite after some loss of dreaming, and Fisher thought that the dream fragments Dement had interrupted contained an abnormally high number of oral images. At the time, it seemed reasonable to interpret the results as demonstrating a need to dream and as supporting, to some extent, Freud's theory that dreams provide a safety valve for instinctual desires that would be unacceptable in the waking state—particularly the infantile oral drive. From Freud's theory, it would follow that if the safety valve were shut off, dreams might break into the waking state in the form of hallucinations, or that the effort to suppress them might bring enough strain to cause psychosis. Fisher went as far as to say



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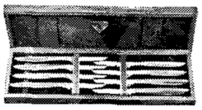

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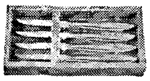

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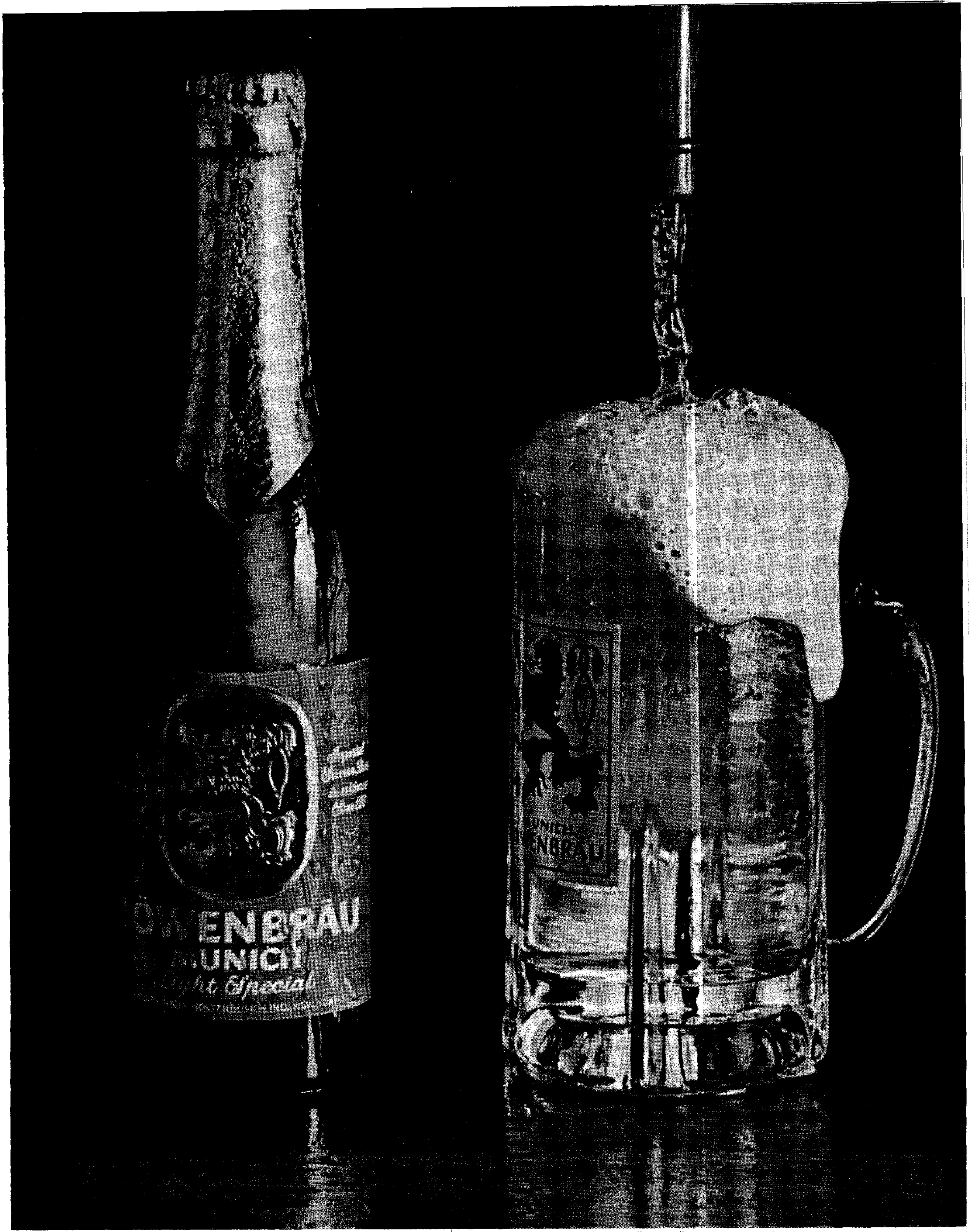
that dreams permit "each and every one of us to go quietly and safely insane every night of our lives."

Dement, however, suspected that the psychological effects he had observed were not necessarily significant, and his suspicion was increased when a twenty-first subject was added to the study. With the other subjects, the goal had been five nights of deprivation, but the final subject, a young artist, had volunteered to undergo long-term deprivation until, in Dement's words, "dramatic changes occurred." The problems involved in conducting the experiment were, of course, magnified. The other subjects had been cautioned not to sleep outside the laboratory, but Dement thought caution might not be enough for a person deprived of dreams for a longer period. As a safeguard, he gave the artist a watchman's clock that had to be punched every fifteen minutes. Every evening, the artist brought the clock in, properly punched, but after four or five nights during which he had to be awakened more and more often to prevent him from dreaming, his attempts to dream began to level off. Dement suspected that the artist was using an alarm clock to wake him up every ten minutes, so he could punch the watchman's clock, or that he was having the clock punched by someone else. The only way to make certain that he remained awake during the sixteen hours he was out of the laboratory, it was decided, was to have someone watch him constantly. The observer could also watch for any personality changes, and this was the reason given to the artist for the decision to provide him with a constant companion.

The task of observer fell to Joseph Muzio, who was then a research assistant at Mt. Sinai and is now working with Roffwarg at the New York State Psychiatric Institute. Muzio was actually a personal friend of the artist, and his experience led him to adopt a policy of not recruiting friends as subjects for experiments. "We didn't see each other much after it was all over," Muzio recalled recently. "It was a pretty terrible experience. It was summer in New York, and we would just wander around—take walks or drives or go down to the Battery and watch the ships. We couldn't go to the movies or the theatre, because I was afraid he'd fall asleep when I wasn't watching. We tried spending a couple of evenings with friends, but he was getting pretty irritable and it wasn't very pleasant. Also, there was constant tension because of his attempts to sleep. He'd make me go up to the Bronx with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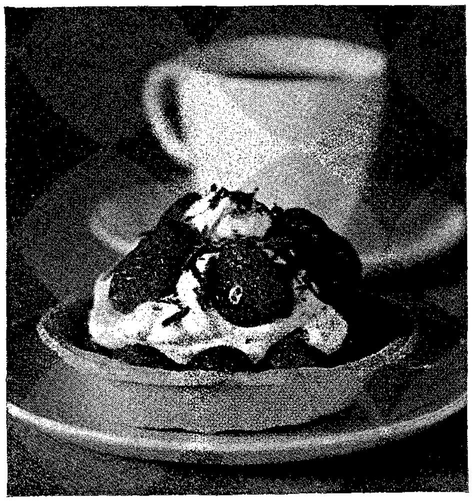

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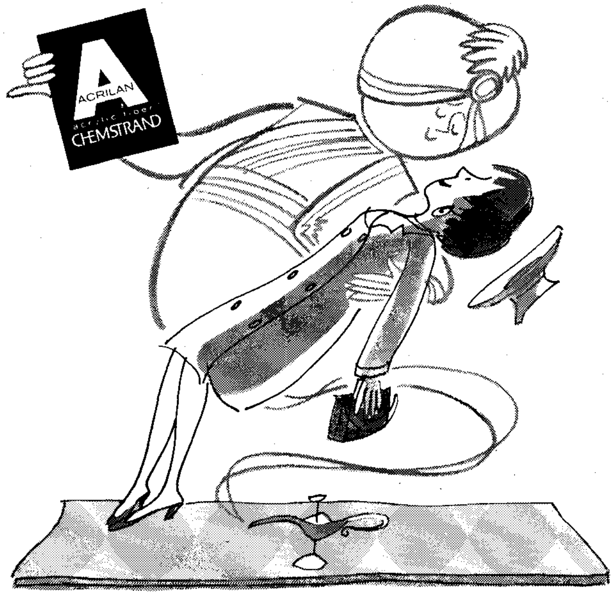
him to get his car fixed, and then, whenever I'd have to get something done, he'd refuse to go but tell me to go ahead and guarantee he wouldn't go to sleep. He'd try to get away by telling me he wanted to be alone with his girl. He'd go for hours without saying anything. It's bad enough spending sixteen hours a day with *anybody*, but he wasn't even good company."

The artist proved to be as much of a trial at night as he was in the daytime. As soon as Muzio began watching him all day, the number of awakenings necessary to keep him from dreaming at night increased to more than thirty. The pressure to remain in dreaming sleep was so great that even shaking him or screaming "Fire!" in his ear would not wake him. In his report, Dement wrote that after thirteen nights of deprivation "the experiment had to be halted because it had become absolutely impossible to awaken the subject and interrupt the dream periods." He continued, "Eye movements could be temporarily halted by struggling with the subject, hoisting him upright, shouting in his ear, etc. (although this never produced a waking EEG), but as soon as the stimulation ceased the eye movements resumed. The only way dreaming could be stopped was to drag the subject out of bed, walk him around until he was awake, then keep him awake. In other words, total sleep deprivation."

Although, as Muzio had learned, the artist's disposition was hardly improved by his experience, the important finding was that there were apparently no psychological changes more significant than those Muzio noticed. Moreover, there was no way of knowing whether the minor personality disturbances that did occur were due merely to the loss of sleep. The artist was certainly in no mood to volunteer to spend another thirteen nights in the laboratory, for non-REM awakenings, and another thirteen days with Muzio. Dement knew that the deprivation had not been complete—some dreaming could take place while the experimenter made certain from the brain-wave and eye-movement patterns that dreaming sleep had begun—but he calculated that the artist had been deprived of about seventy per cent of his dreaming sleep. "We have not yet been able to demonstrate that the integrity of the waking personality is dependent on the nightly occurrence of dreaming," Dement concluded, considering all twenty-one subjects together. "All we can say with assurance is that a curtailment of dreaming brings about an increased tendency to dream. If dreaming is a psychological necessity, it may take



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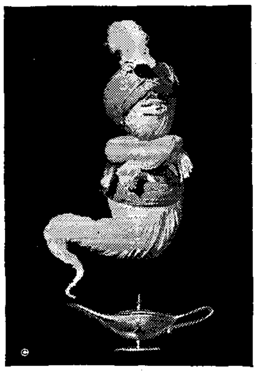

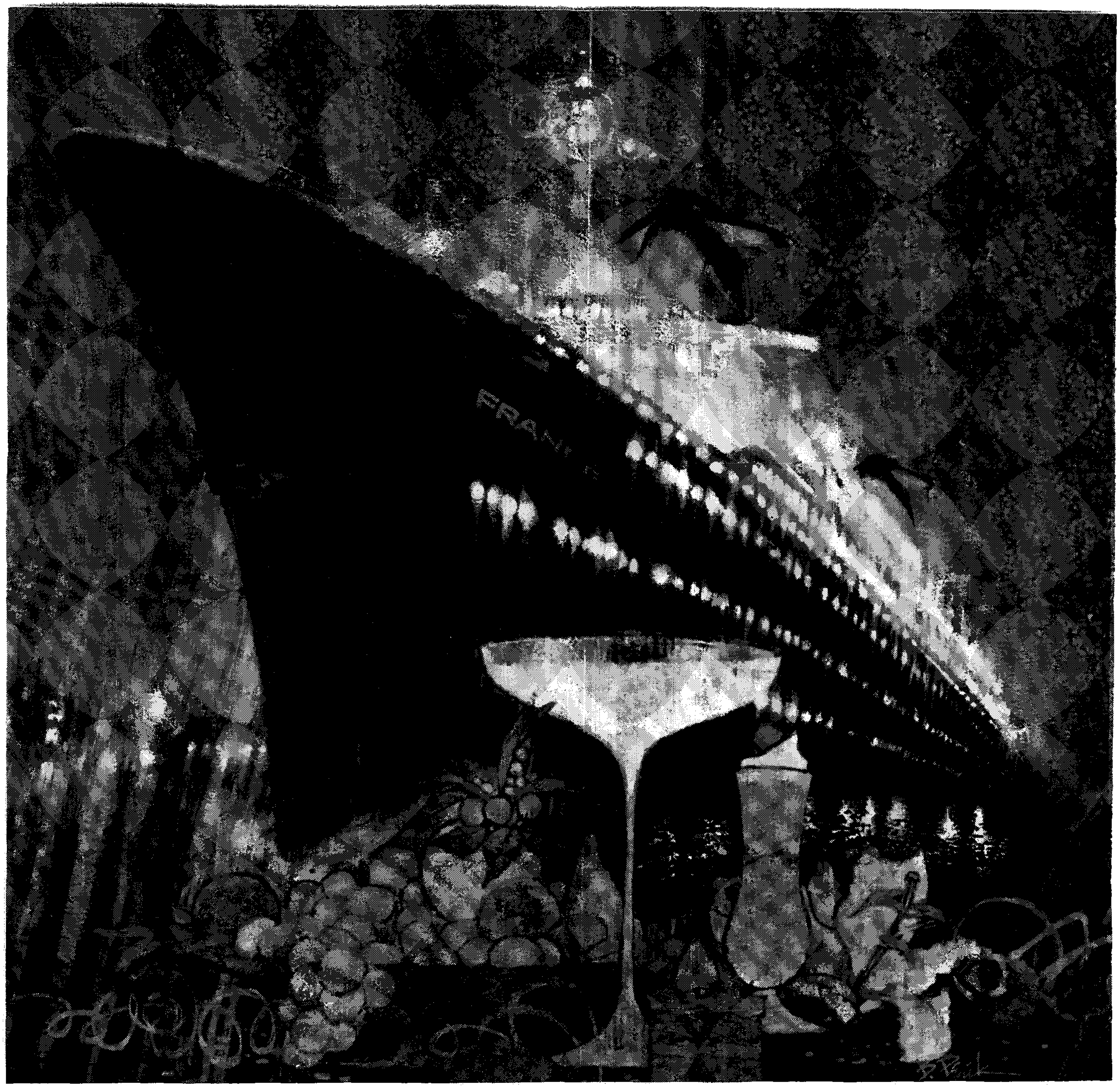

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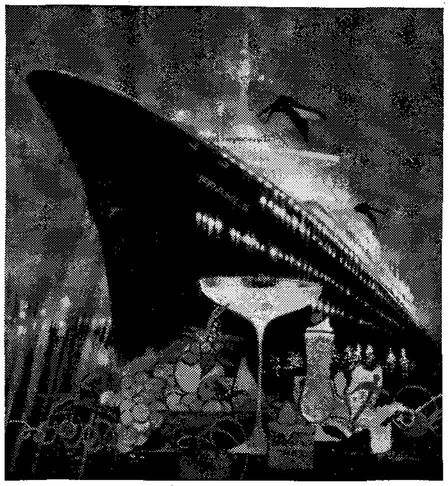

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longer periods of deprivation to demonstrate the effect, perhaps twenty to thirty nights."

The discovery of the regularity of the subjects' attempts to make up dreaming sleep, following on the discovery of the regularity of the dream cycle under normal conditions, cast further doubt on a strictly psychological interpretation of Dement's first deprivation experiment. Also, evidence was mounting that there was more to REM Sleep than dreaming, and that Dement's subjects had therefore been deprived of more than dreams. Snyder, for instance, had found that there were marked changes in respiration, heart rate, and systolic blood pressure at the onset of REM Sleep. At the beginning, Aserinsky and Kleitman had noted that changes in heart rate and respiratory rate accompanied rapid eye movements, but early research had tended to explain this as a result of dreaming. Gradually, though, changes that could not be accounted for by the presence of dreams were being discovered. While Dement was helping a friend with an experiment, he discovered that cats have the same rapid eye movements as human beings, and that the movements occurred during a characteristic brain-wave pattern that was even more similar to being awake than Stage 1 sleep in human beings was. (In fact, researchers in the past who had recorded the brain waves of sleeping cats had always assumed that they *were* awake when that pattern appeared.) Other researchers found the same periodic occurrence of REM Sleep in monkeys, rats, possums, goats, and every other mammal studied, and in every case the REM Sleep was accompanied by marked physiological changes. One of the most important changes was discovered by Michel Jouvet, a researcher at the University of Lyon, who was experimenting with cats. Jouvet was puzzled by the fact that although the brain was as active during REM Sleep as it was during wakefulness, the body was quiet—a contradiction that led him to call the REM period "paradoxical sleep"—and he reasoned that communication to the muscles must be specifically inhibited. That led to the discovery that during REM Sleep—and not during non-REM Sleep—all muscle tone disappeared, leaving a cat as limp as a rag doll. (Jouvet eventually found the mechanism that was blocking the message from the brain to the muscles during REM Sleep, and he was able to cut it off in some experimental cats; at the Washington A.P.S.S. conference he showed an amazed audience of researchers a film of sleeping cats pawing and

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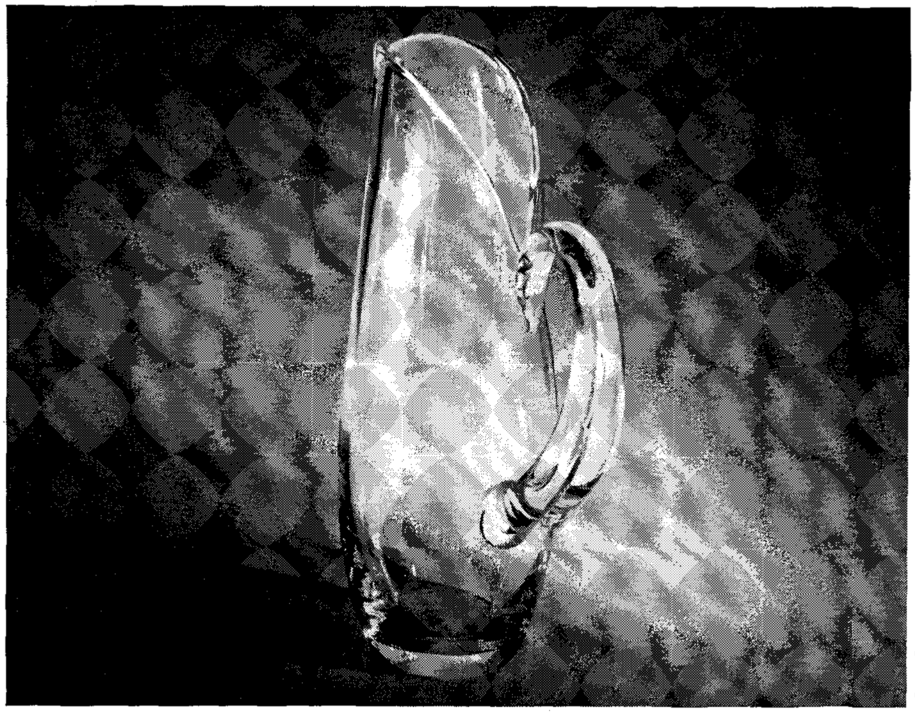

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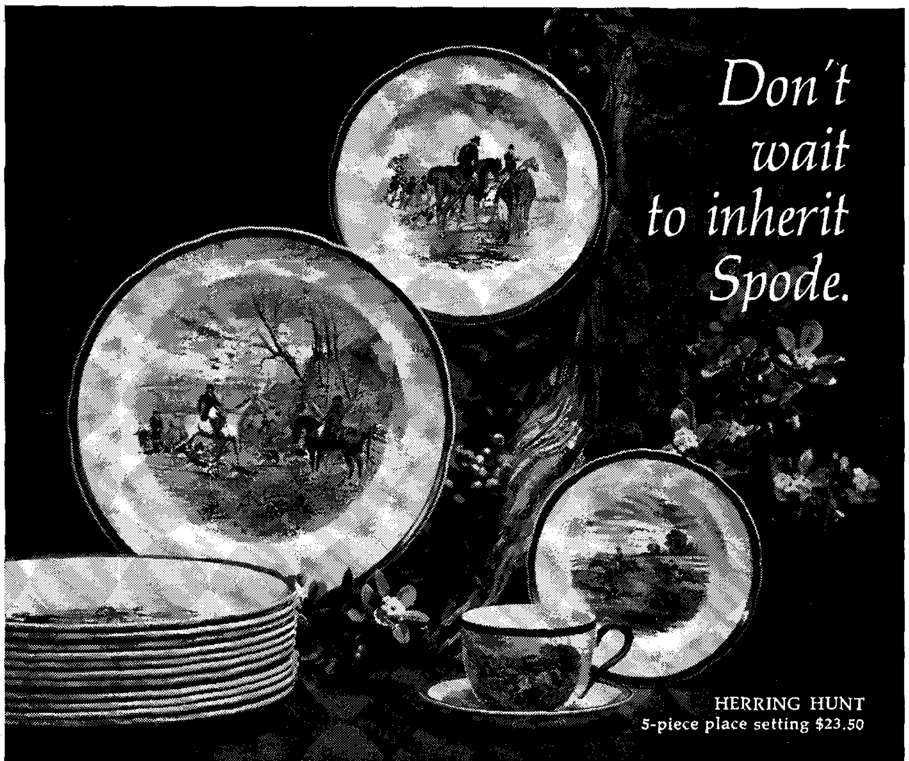

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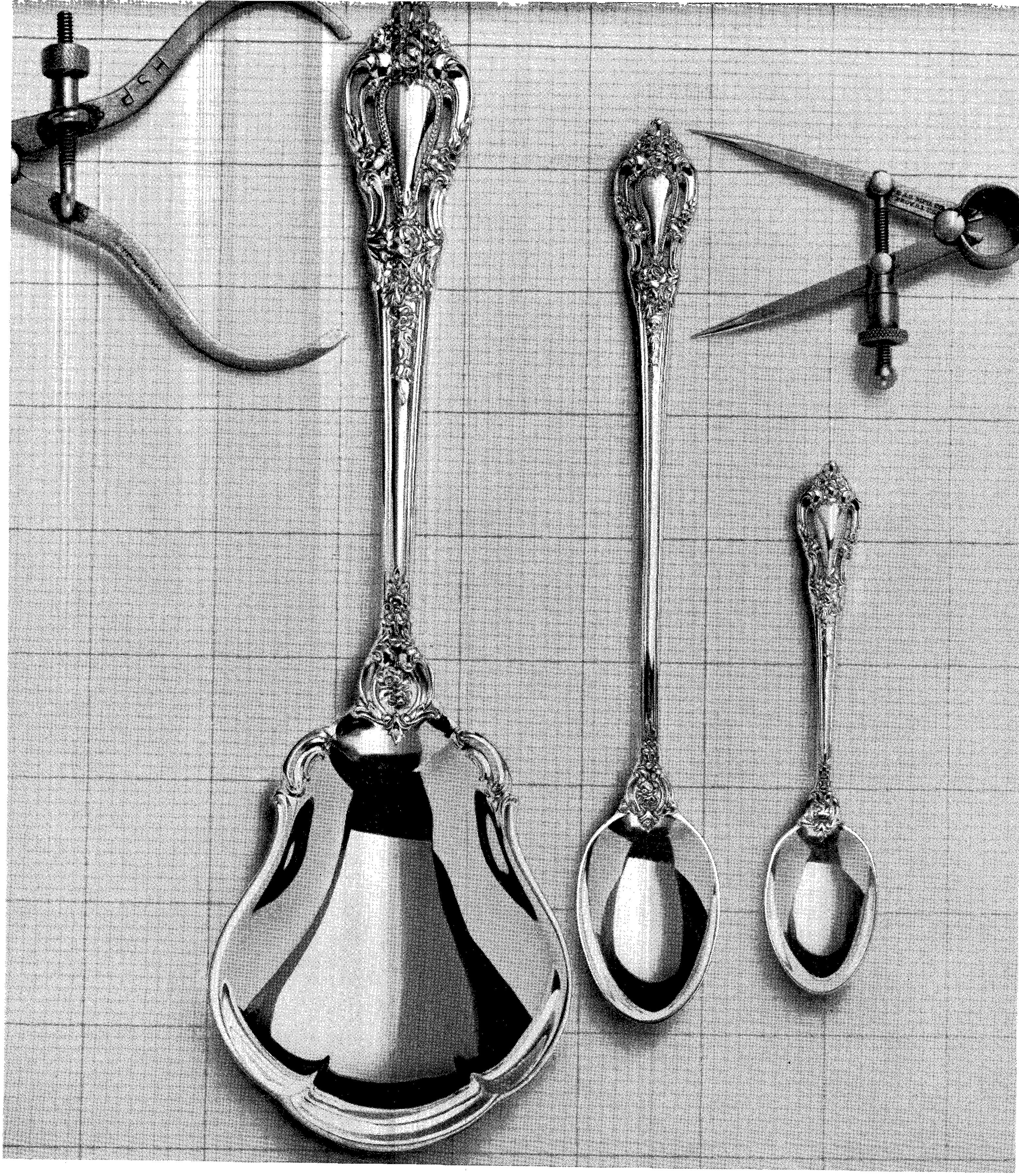
hissing at imaginary enemies as they acted out their dreams.)

So many physiological differences between REM and non-REM Sleep were eventually reported that Dement said, "It is likely that as research proceeds, every bodily function studied will show some kind of characteristic change in association with the occurrence of REM Sleep." The evidence was growing that what Aserinsky had discovered was not merely the presence of dreams but the existence of a different type of sleep, which was not dependent on dreaming. The most telling evidence was provided by Jouvet in 1961, when he managed to separate the two types surgically. Jouvet showed that a cat continued to have "paradoxical" sleep if various parts of the brain were destroyed, including the cortex, which would be necessary for what is ordinarily considered dreaming. However, when a section of the brain stem called the pons was partly destroyed, REM Sleep was eliminated and non-REM Sleep went on as before. Later, Jouvet deprived a decerebrate cat of REM Sleep and found that the number of awakenings necessary for deprivation still increased rapidly.

Ten years after Aserinsky's discovery, sleep researchers had amassed enough evidence to speak of a breakthrough as important as the original one. "It has become apparent that instead of only one kind of sleep, we are now quite justified in distinguishing two kinds of sleep," Dement said at a conference in Lyon in 1963. "Furthermore, it is altogether possible that these two kinds of sleep may perform *different functions.*" He had by now concluded that a strictly psychological interpretation of the results of REM Sleep deprivation was erroneous. "We were looking for the wrong thing in the first experiment," he says. "We thought that we were only depriving the subjects of dreaming and that whatever effects showed up were caused by lack of dreaming. But we were really depriving them of the state of dreaming sleep. At the time, we thought that dreaming was the important thing, but we've learned that it's the state of dreaming sleep that's important."

Researchers—who, after all, go to sleep like everyone else every night (or some nights, if they're sleep researchers)—did not find it easy to discard the assumption from their personal experience that all sleep is more or less the same. In the early sixties, though, they began to speak of REM Sleep as a third state of existence—one that had been hidden by night but actually might have



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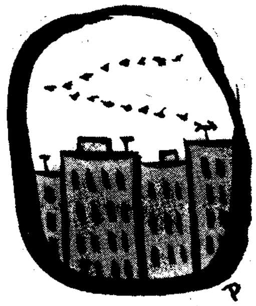
no more in common with ordinary sleep than with being awake. The concept was magnetic to researchers, particularly physiologists. "It's as if it were suddenly announced that a foot beneath the Atlantic, one hundred miles from the Statue of Liberty, there was a continent," says Snyder. "It's like our continent in some ways, but in many ways it isn't, and in some respects, perhaps, it's the way ours used to be. To me, it's somebody saying there's a third state of human existence that wasn't known before, and we can investigate everything about it."

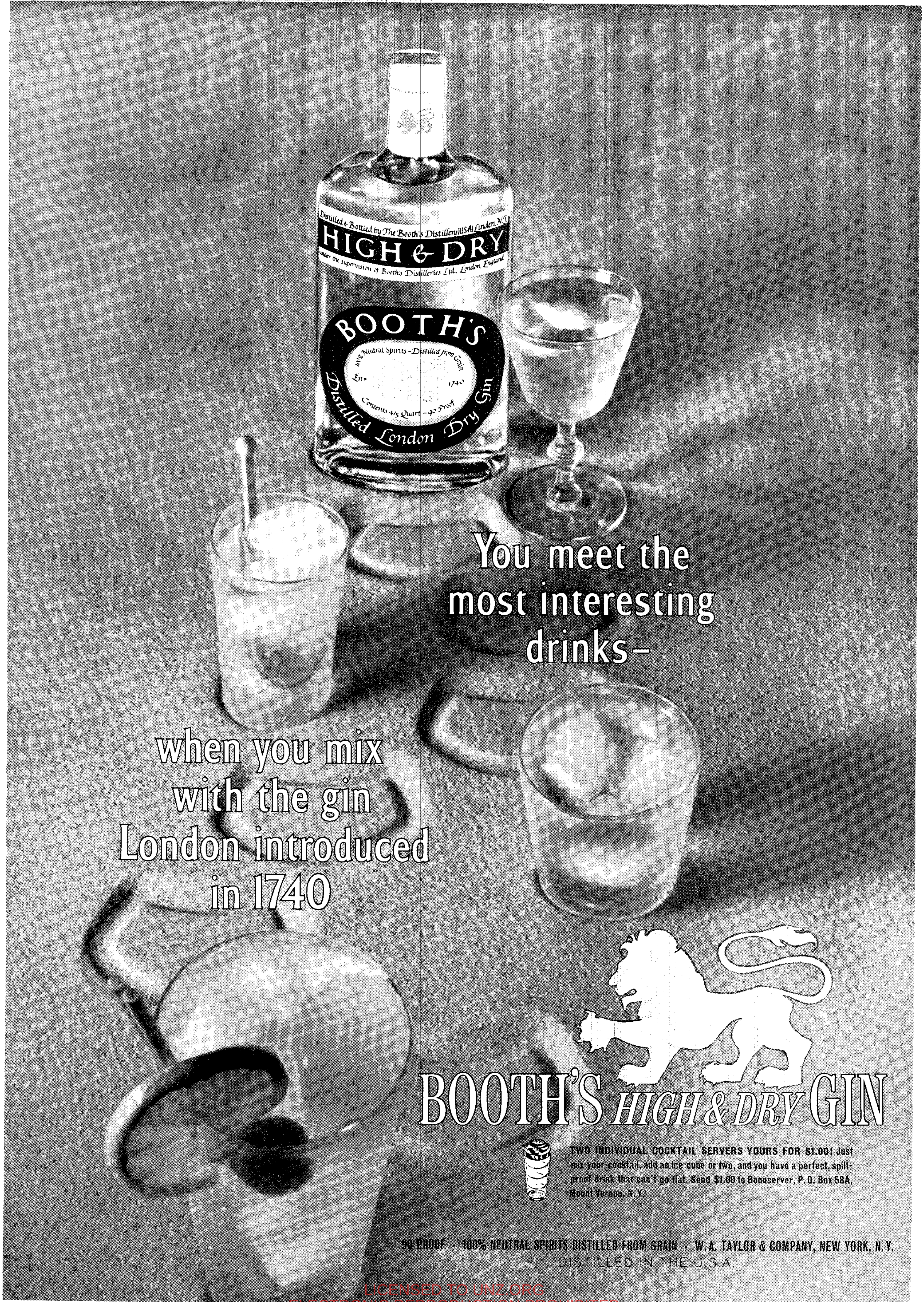
WHAT Dement wanted to find out about it was the same thing he had wanted to find out about dreaming—why it exists—and he continued using the same method. For his next attempt at deprivation, which he carried out after he had moved to Stanford and established a laboratory of his own there, he had the advantage provided by Jouvet's discovery that muscle tone falls off completely during REM Sleep. By attaching an electrode under the chin, he could measure muscle tone by the same method he measured the brain-wave pattern and the eye movements, and he found that muscle tone disappeared so rapidly that the subject was not likely to do any dreaming while the researcher decided whether or not the time had come for an awakening. By using muscle-tone measurements, Dement was able to increase deprivation to about ninety-five per cent. (He calculated that some REM Sleep took place if he happened to be looking away from the machine when the REM period started.) The number of awakenings necessary to prevent REM Sleep increased correspondingly. After the eighth night, Dement halted his first experiment at Stanford, because he had to make two hundred awakenings, which meant that the subject was getting very little sleep of any kind. When the subject was finally permitted to sleep through the night, his REM Sleep was seventy-four per cent higher than it had been before the deprivation.



To get around the problem of constant awakenings, Dement gave his second subject at Stanford a small amount of Dexedrine, which had been found to inhibit REM Sleep. In this way, he managed to keep the subject deprived for fifteen nights, and found what he later described as "the first unquestionable personality change that we have ever observed in these experiments." The subject, a medical student who was ordinarily rather inhibited, later reported, "I felt peculiarly uninhibited and carefree, not the least bit concerned with what others might be thinking. I was willing to try almost anything once. I wanted to go into all the night clubs, but especially the ones with the loudest and, better still, sexiest entertainment. To make it even more exciting, I thought I would go into a night club which had no cover charge and see how long I could stay before I was thrown out for not buying anything. When I was requested to leave, I felt no embarrassment whatsoever, which was rather incredible for me."

Dement tried Dexedrine on one more subject, and stopped after sixteen nights, when some symptoms of paranoia seemed to be developing. Dement did not attach a great deal of significance to the reaction—he thought the subject might have had some tendency toward paranoia in the first place—but he was, of course, concerned about the possibility of causing any serious impairment. He also worried about whether a prolonged loss of REM Sleep might have harmful effects that would not show up right away, and he decided to forgo any more attempts at long-term deprivation until he was more certain of its consequences. For the most part, he considered the studies inconclusive. Even the one obvious change in personality could perhaps have been caused by some side effect of Dexedrine. And there had been no control for the experiment. "The guy who wanted to cheat the bar was the first really obvious effect on the waking state we got," Dement said later. "But who knows why? We had to have a guy following him, showing interest in what he does. Pretty soon, maybe he does something crazy to satisfy us. The only way to test it is to do the same thing—that is, follow him around and show the same amount of interest—after an equal number of awakenings in non-REM Sleep. But nobody is willing to go through it twice."

One conclusion that Dement was tempted to call certain after the second series of deprivation experiments was that depriving human subjects of REM Sleep invariably leads to an increasing tendency for it to occur, and that the attempt to make it up on recovery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nights increases in almost precise ratio with the amount of deprivation. As another test of this, he and Tony Greenberg deprived subjects of REM Sleep for a few nights, and then let them have their normal percentage of REM Sleep for a few nights, awakening them only when they went over that percentage. On the nights following that, they *still* tried to make up the REM Sleep they had lost a week or so before. Dement began to think that whatever regulated REM Sleep was chemical rather than a need to dream. "The sleep is made up too precisely otherwise," he says. "Psychological consequences are rarely that precise and predictable. Take smoking, for instance. If you stopped for a few days, you might smoke more the day you took it up again, but the next day you probably wouldn't. Also, the amount you smoked on the first day wouldn't necessarily be proportionate to the amount of time you went without smoking. There's no significant biochemical change underlying not smoking that would have to be made up. But this deprivation does have to be made up. And it has to be made up in cases where dreaming can't be involved—in animals, even in decerebrate animals." At the meeting in Lyon in 1963, Dement formulated the hypothesis that Rapid Eye Movement Sleep was triggered by some biochemical substance that was used up by it; in other words, that REM Sleep may clear the brain of a chemical compound regularly produced in the cerebral metabolism, and if REM Sleep is not permitted to occur, the compound accumulates. Dement hypothesized that whatever effects might come from long-term deprivation of Rapid Eye Movement Sleep would be the effects of the accumulation. He still did not know what those effects would be, but he suspected that they might be serious. Some of the cats that Jouvet had deprived of REM Sleep by destroying the pons region had died—in Dement's words, "rather inexplicably." Dement's experiments had shown that the pressure for REM Sleep to occur was extraordinary. He could only suppose that any process the body tried that hard—and that precisely—to maintain must be necessary, perhaps even vital. The logical way to find out was by long-term deprivation, and in the spring of last year he started looking around Palo Alto for a place where he could experiment with cats.

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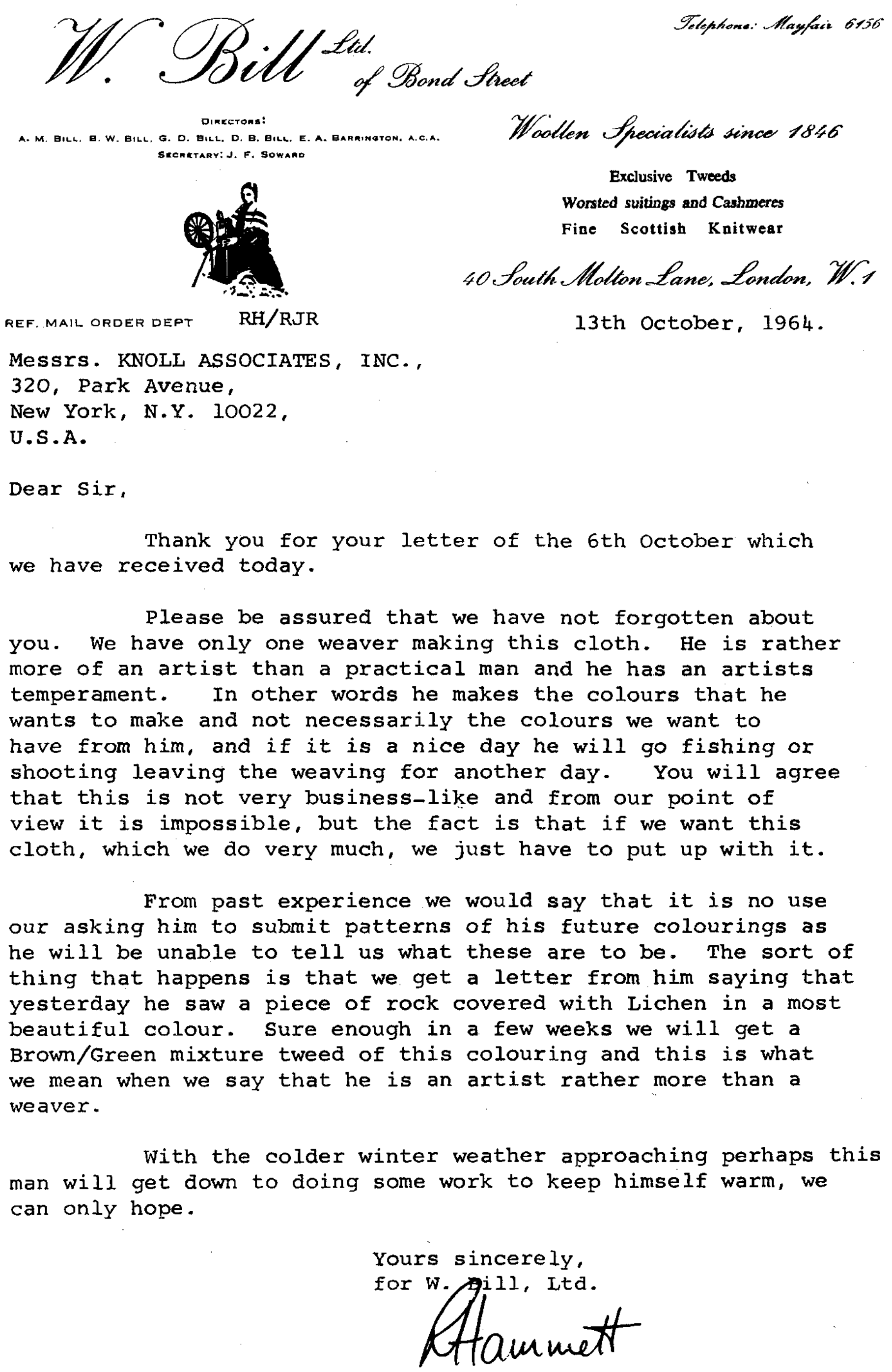

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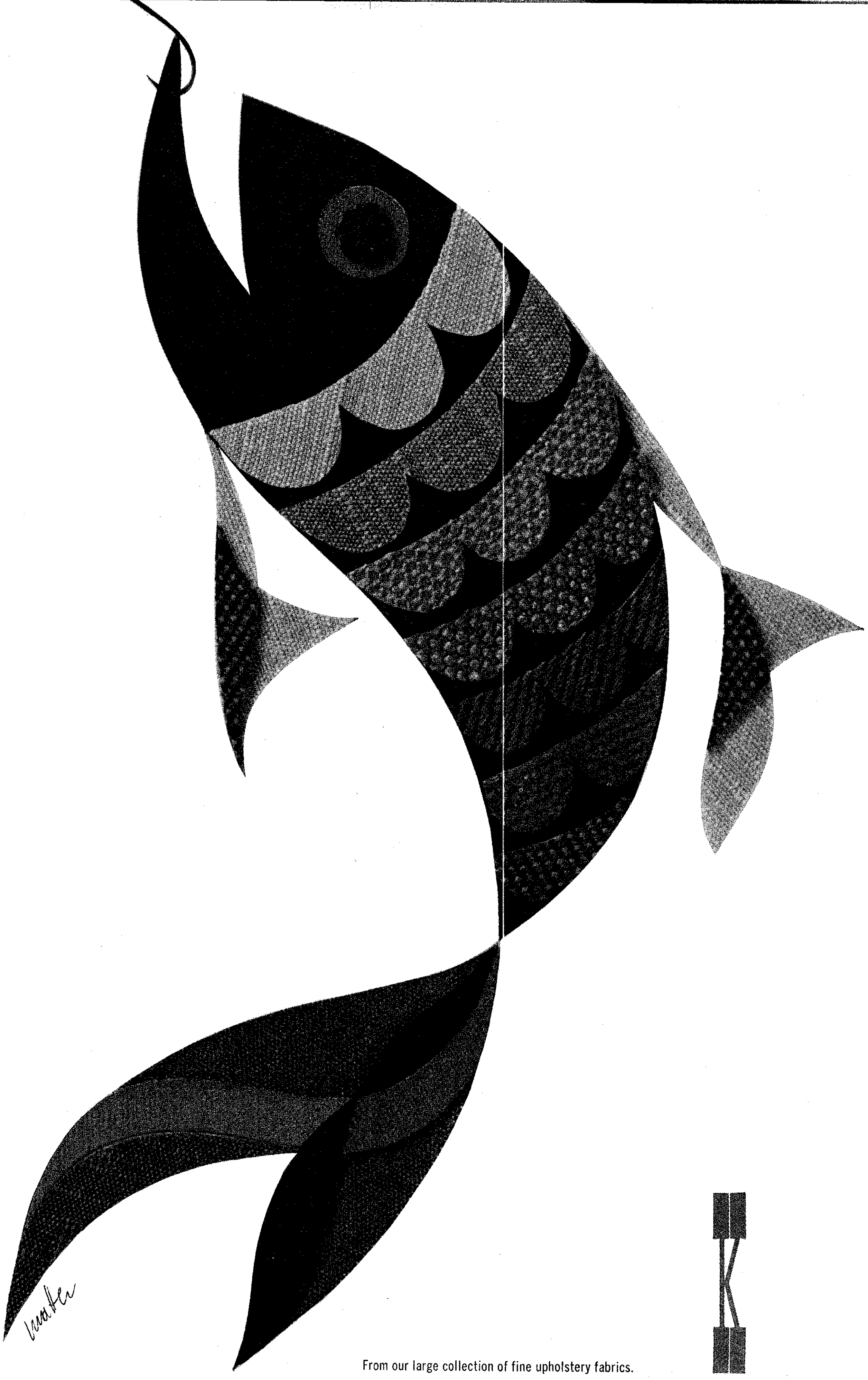
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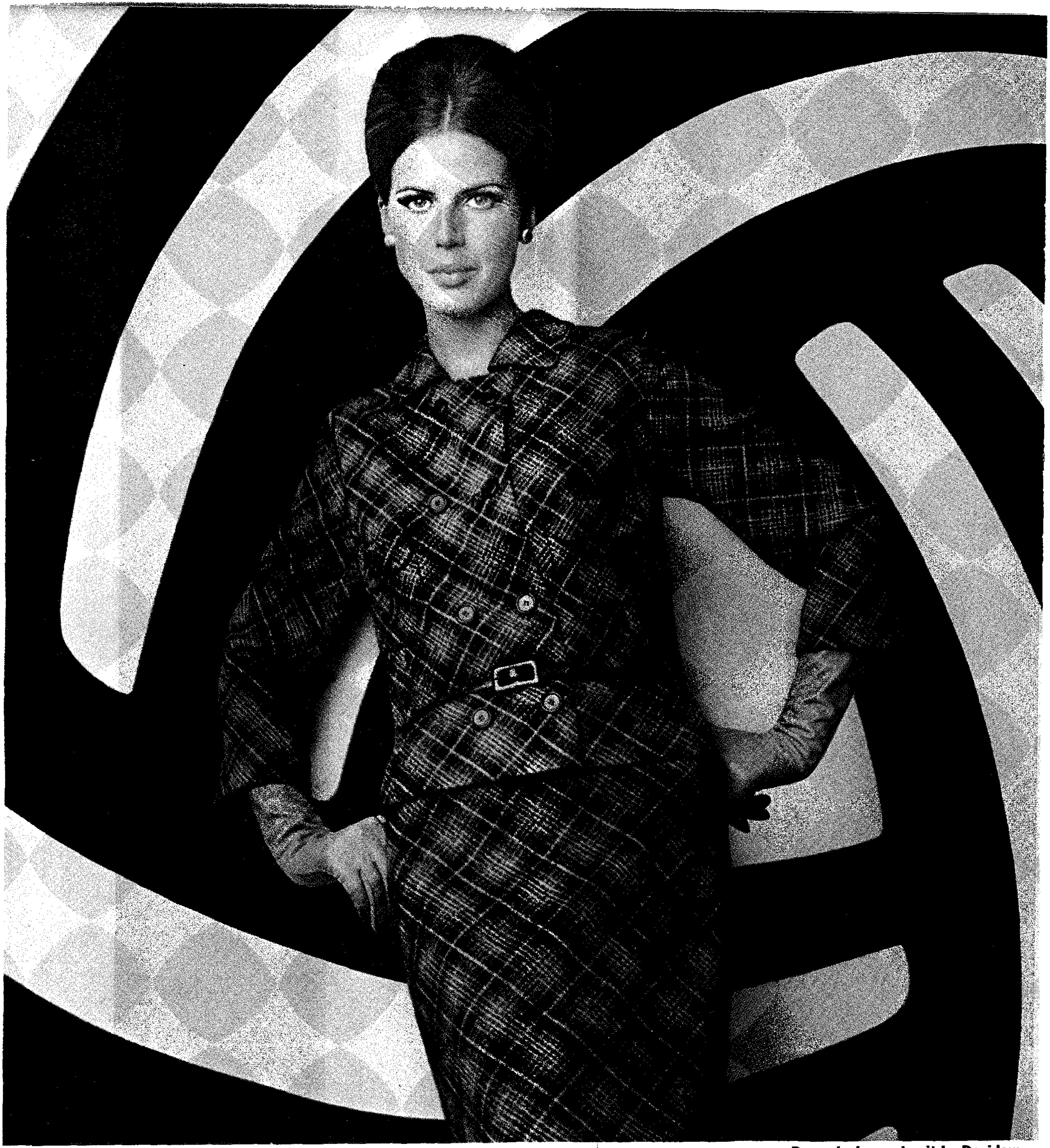

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scientists in research centers being compounded in their case by the fact that, as Dement has put it, "in the space we use for one bed a biochemist could put two spectrophotometers." Dement had been given a small room and an office at the Stanford Medical Center, with the promise that more space would be available when an addition to the center was completed, and he doubled his laboratory area by moving his office into a room built onto the rear of his garage at home. (Dement, who is essentially a full-time researcher, has a less direct connection with the university than do most faculty members. Although he holds the rank of associate professor of psychiatry, he spends little time teaching. His research is supported by a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, and another such grant reimburses the university for his salary. Because the Institute's money goes to institutions rather than individuals, Stanford administers the grant, which amounts to about fifty thousand dollars a year.) The laboratory Dement maintained in the medical-and-professional building for research with human subjects was hardly suitable for cats, so he decided to run a small pilot experiment in his room at the medical school while he looked for larger quarters.

Cats were an obvious choice for the deprivation experiment. They are a standard neurophysiological animal—unlike many other animals, they have brains that do not vary greatly in size from one to another—and they are also easy to obtain, inexpensive to keep, and simple to care for. Moreover, according to Dement, "so many things about REM Sleep in cats and humans have been shown to be alike that the burden of proof is on the guy who says it isn't." For the pilot study, Dement used only two cats. Both of them had plates with electrode attachments inserted in their skulls—a six-hour operation that caused the cat no ill effects and greatly facilitated the recording of brain waves and eye movements. One cat was deprived of REM Sleep; he was at first called Fang, a name he acquired by biting the hand of Terry Wagener, a young woman who worked as a lab assistant to Dement. The control cat, who was permitted as much REM Sleep as he wanted, was called Yellow Fang, and Fang eventually became Gray Fang. (This encouraged a group of names that the people who work in Dement's laboratory occasionally call the Great Fang Series.) Keeping two cats awake for the sixteen hours a day when they were not hooked up to the recording

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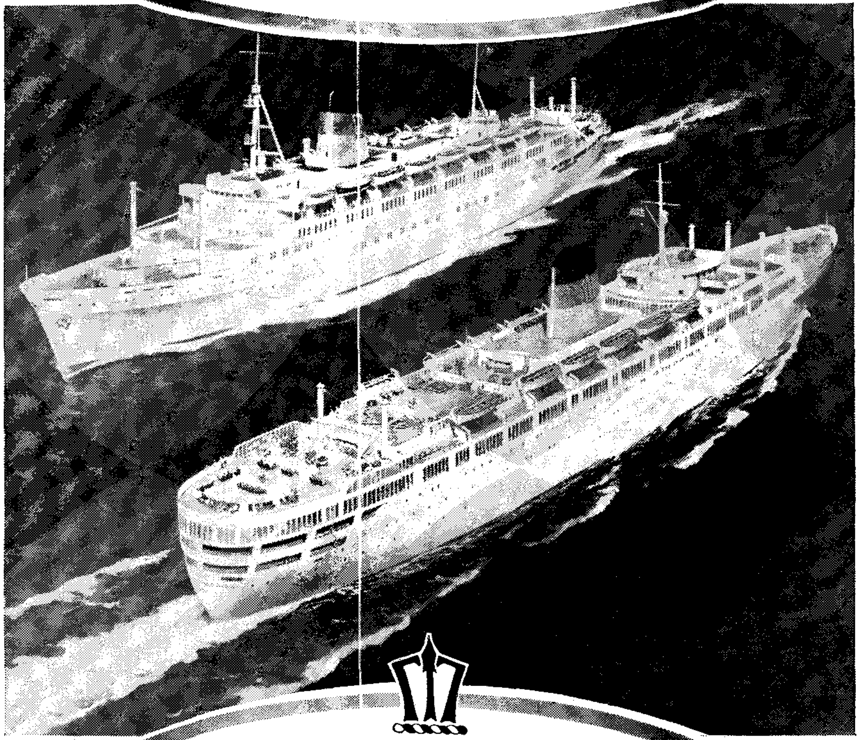

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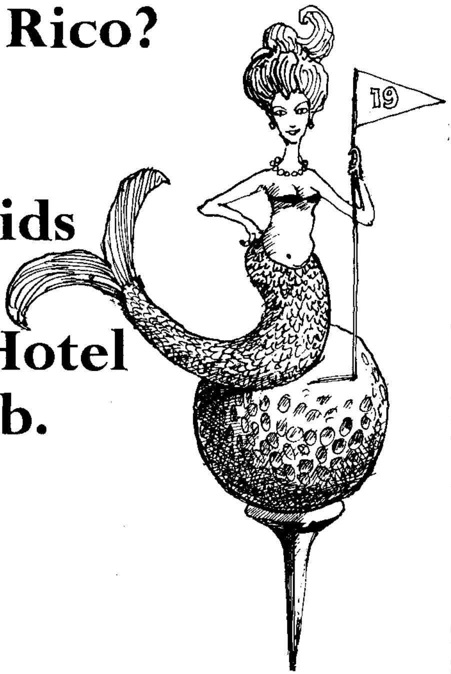

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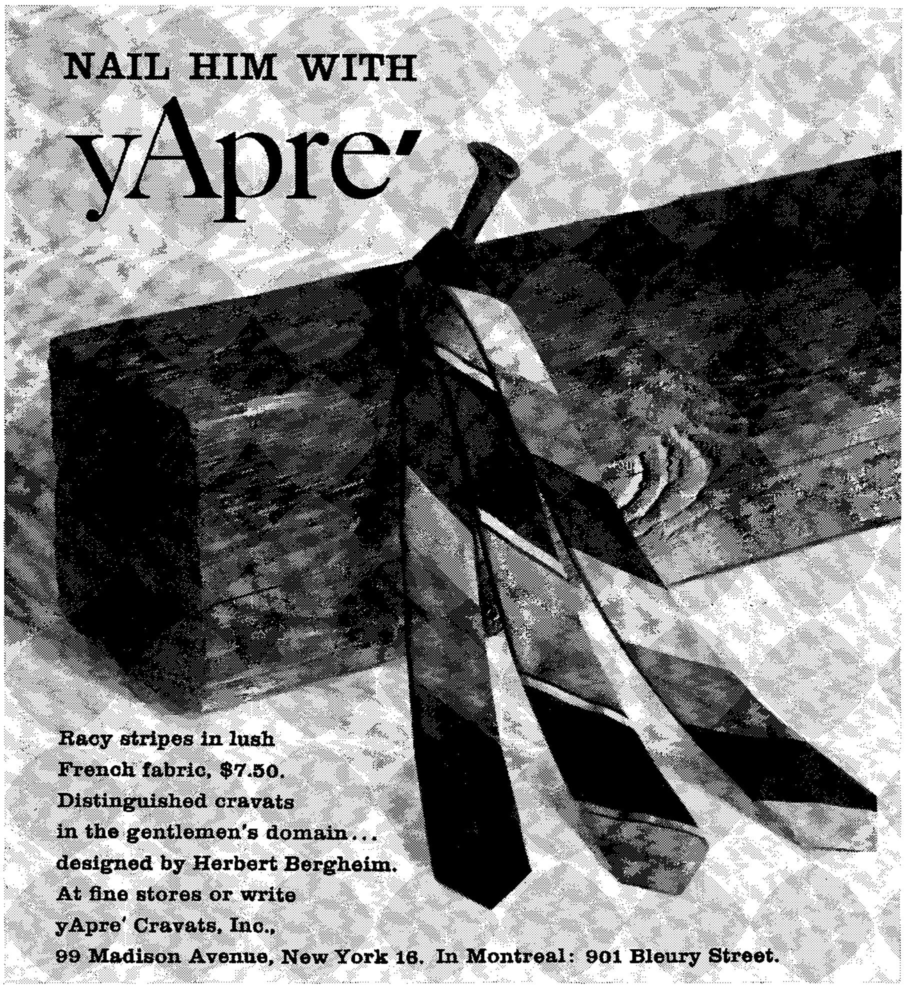

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instruments proved as much of a strain as keeping an irritable artist under constant observation. Miss Wagener, James Ferguson, a medical student who worked in the laboratory, and Harry Cohen, a psychologist on a post-doctoral fellowship at Stanford, took turns entertaining the cats; they occasionally took them to Miss Wagener's house in the afternoons, because she had a dog that seemed to hold their attention.

The main purpose of the pilot experiment (and the experiments that followed it) was, of course, to see what effect a lack of REM Sleep would have on the waking state—in other words, what function was missing when it was missing. At the same time, Dement wanted to test his hypothesis that deprivation of REM Sleep caused an accumulation of some biochemical substance—what Dement called "the hypothetical chemical," or "an endogenous metabolite," or, in less formal moments, "REM juice." He reasoned that if enough of the chemical accumulated in the brain, some of it might eventually leak into the cerebrospinal fluid, and he thought it might be possible to test this speculation by taking the cerebrospinal fluid of a REM-deprived cat and injecting it into a normal cat. If the REM Sleep of the recipient cat was increased, it would support the hypothesis that the cause of dreaming sleep was biochemical. Coincidentally, a precocious undergraduate named Peter Henry, who had worked in Jouvet's laboratory in Lyon the previous summer, wanted to test Dement's hypothesis in the same way, and Dement agreed that they should collaborate. Henry was a particularly welcome colleague, since he brought along his own space—some rooms he had managed to acquire independently in a building that was to be torn down when construction started on a new undergraduate library.

The results of the pilot study were mixed. After being deprived of REM Sleep for more than a month, Gray Fang seemed to have suffered no impairment—although, since the conditions of the study were hardly ideal, Dement was not satisfied that deprivation had been complete. The process of transferring cerebrospinal fluid proved to be complicated. It involved the use of tubes in the skull plates of both cats, and the job of keeping the tubes open and free of infection turned out to be very difficult. In the one case of a successful transfer, however, the injection of Gray Fang's cerebrospinal fluid seemed to increase Yellow Fang's REM Sleep. Dement decided to continue the fluid experiment and begin a long-

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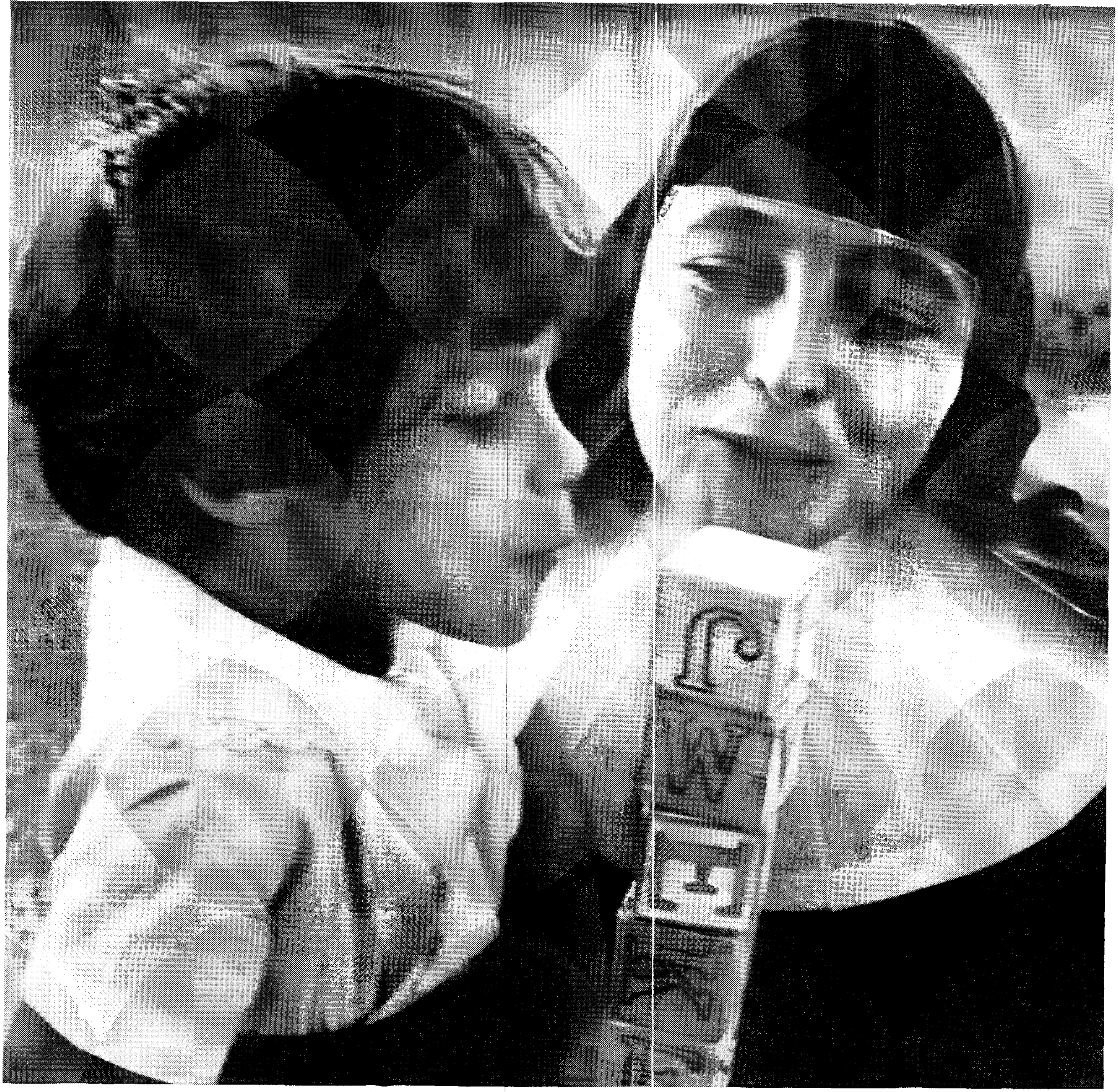
term-deprivation study with more than a dozen cats.

The rooms Henry had found were reached by the wreckers, and the laboratory was transferred to a house nearby that was not scheduled to be torn down for several weeks. Ferguson rigged up a treadmill out of rolling pins and a washing-machine motor, and that helped solve the problem of what to do with the cats for the sixteen hours they were not hooked up to the polygraph. The study took twenty-four hours a day for two and a half months. At the end, one of the cats—a lively black male named Othello—had been deprived of REM Sleep for seventy days, and several other cats had been deprived for periods almost as long. Somewhat to Dement's surprise, they all seemed essentially unharmed. He was able to come up with one measurable change caused by dream deprivation. A Stanford neurophysiologist named James Dewson had been studying evoked auditory responses—basically, how fast the brain recovers from hearing a click of sound—and he tested the responses of both the deprived cats and the normal cats. "It's a trivial measurement, in a way, but it happens to be a very stable one," Dement says. "A cat's auditory response doesn't change after exercise, for example, or after awakenings from non-REM Sleep. But it did change after the cat was deprived of REM Sleep. It showed that the brain was more excited. That may or may not bear a relation to what the cat hears, but it's a change. It's the first certain effect we've seen on the waking state from dream deprivation."

In the main, however, the experiment produced results that Dement characterized as "rather negative," explaining, "We expected hallucinations or impairment." A number of signs had suggested that REM Sleep performed some vital function, but Dement's deprived cats seemed healthy without it, and so did some similarly treated cats that Jouvet was using in long-term-deprivation studies at about the same time. Dement decided that the cats with lesions in the pons that had died in Jouvet's previous experiment must have died from something other than lack of REM Sleep. "Dying is not a finding," he said. "Not dying is a finding." Othello was certainly alive, and Dement could only take that as an indication that whatever the function of REM Sleep might be, it was not vital. He was still not certain that the cats had been completely deprived of REM Sleep—some of them had found that they could run to the end of the tread-



A deaf girl blows the blocks over—an exercise to help her make the sound "O." Photo: "San Juan Star."

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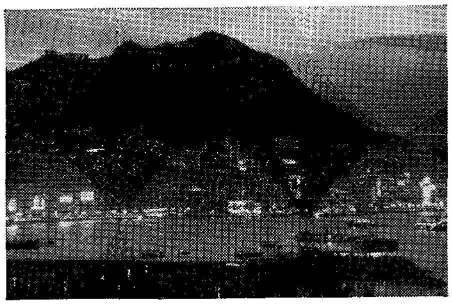
mill and catch a few winks on the ride back—but he reasoned that even a nearly complete deprivation would have had some serious effects in seventy days if REM Sleep were absolutely necessary. He admits that he was a bit disappointed. "Everybody wants to make a dramatic discovery," he says. "You deprive cats of dreaming and, in a way, you hope they drop over dead. You've discovered the secret of life. Naturally, it's important not to let this hope affect your judgment. What we've said about this, for instance, is that if you can go without it for sixty days or so, it's not absolutely vital. It's not trivial, but it's not vital in the same way the respiratory system, for example, is vital. But the whole thing is very puzzling. Here you have a state that's controlled by a delicate mechanism, a state that seems so necessary that it preëmpts regular sleep. Yet they can get along without it. What can it be for? Can it be some kind of cosmic joke?"

The experiment did give Dement reason to believe that he might be slightly closer to finding out the relevance of dreaming sleep to the treatment of mental illness. Cohen had discovered, quite by accident, some support for the finding that the lack of REM Sleep excites the brain. In experimenting with the possibility of awakening the cats by an electric stimulus, Cohen sent a cat into a convulsion with an electric shock that would ordinarily have been quite harmless—an indication that the cat's brain had already been greatly excited. Even without this discovery, the behavior of the cats had made Dement "willing to take a little more seriously" the behavior of the human subjects in his first deprivation studies. He and his colleagues had noticed that after long-term deprivation some of the cats—particularly a black male named Proteus—seemed to become hypersexual. Some of them also seemed to show an increased appetite and a certain amount of restlessness—symptoms not unlike the ones that had been exhibited by the first people Dement deprived of REM Sleep, five years before. He speculated that lack of REM Sleep might excite the brain in the area that regulated basic drives like sex and hunger. "Even if that's true, it's still a long way from any direct connection to the treatment of mental illness," Dement said later. "In a way, exploring implications that far removed is the kind of wild speculation that hard-nosed researchers supposedly don't do. But you really can't avoid thinking about such things, and that's part of the satisfaction of this work. Say, for instance, that



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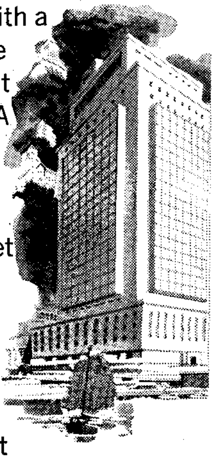

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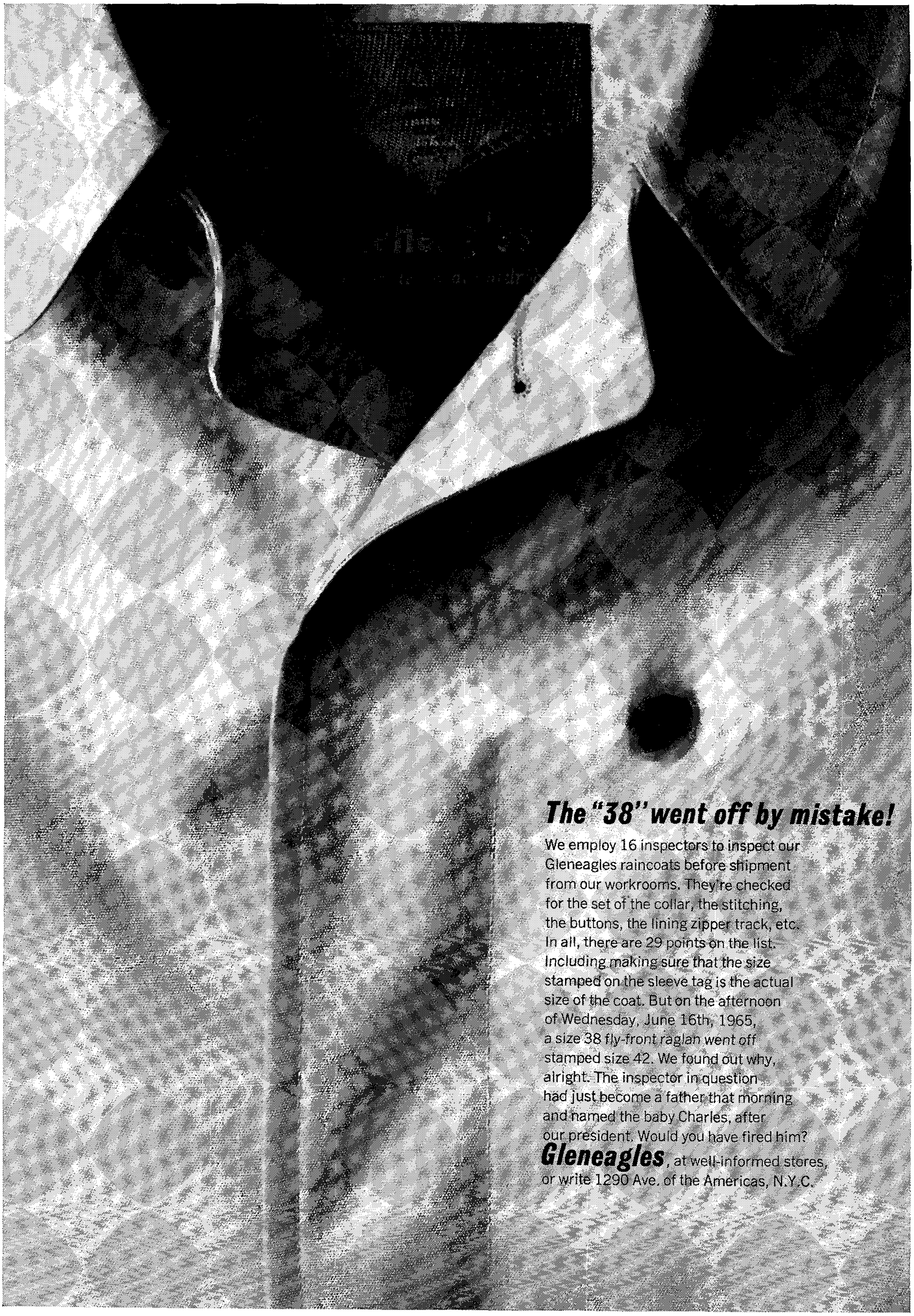

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whatever it is that causes REM Sleep—a tendency, or a biochemical, or REM juice, if you like—piles up in the brain. Say it does excite the brain. That's not its function. Its function could be just to see that REM Sleep occurs. But when you stop REM Sleep, the chemical piles up. Now, we know that before a breakdown sleep is very disturbed. We also know that anxiety can inhibit REM Sleep, because some drugs that produce a state that mimics anxiety inhibit it. Say this pileup continues to accumulate, and excites the brain to all kinds of behavior that has to be repressed in human beings, and the person is not strong enough to cope with this strain. Maybe that's what causes the breakdown. Well, what if we could prevent the pileup by inducing REM Sleep that would use it up? So far, we haven't found a drug that will do it, and regular sleeping pills actually inhibit it. Or what if we could find the chemical that is the REM juice and change it in some way? I don't mean we could ever change anybody's personality—a schizophrenic would still be a schizophrenic—but maybe we could prevent a crackup. Or maybe just use it as a diagnostic tool—see how much of it somebody had piled up. First, we have to know what it is. And even before that, of course, we have to know if the hypothesis about the biochemical was right in the first place."

Those who favor a psychoanalytical explanation of dreaming would probably say that Dement had merely shown that he and Fisher were right in the first place, when they concluded that depriving subjects of REM Sleep shut off the safety valve dreaming provided for the instinctual drives. "The question is whether it's the experience of dreaming that provides the safety valve or whether the safety valve is in the prevention of a biochemically induced change," says Dement, "and it really hasn't been answered for sure. Maybe we're saying the same thing in different terms. For instance, even if we found that it definitely was chemical, the psychoanalysts would say that of course biochemical processes underlie psychological processes. But it still seems logical to investigate the simpler theory first, and the biochemical theory is simpler: that whatever piles up from lack of REM Sleep is what is causing the effects."

Dement decided to do another experiment with cats, this time observing their behavior more carefully for signs of increased drives. He also wanted to confirm the results of the first experiment—that long-term deprivation

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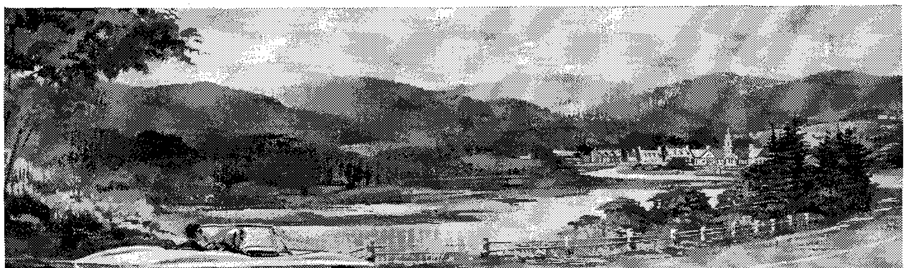

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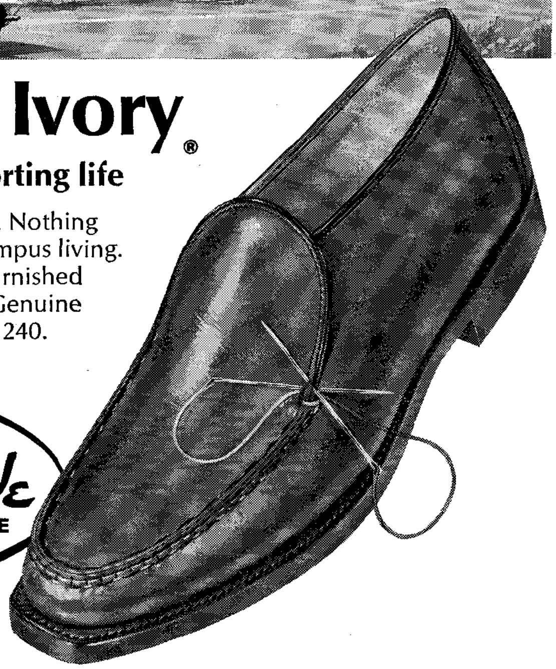

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caused no drastic impairment. Again Jouvet's discovery about muscle tone was helpful in making certain that deprivation was almost complete. Dement decided to use a method originated in Jouvet's laboratory, whereby the cat was left for most of the day on a brick in a cage that had a few inches of water in it. The cat was able to take non-REM naps on the brick, but whenever he was slipping into REM Sleep, his muscles would relax and he would have to wake up as he felt his head falling, or else hit the water.

A FEW weeks after Dement started his second large study with cats—seventeen cats this time—I spent several days at his laboratory. By that time, he had finally found suitable quarters. In the middle of the previous experiment, just as the old house he was using was about to be demolished, he had met the research director of the Menlo Park Veterans Administration Hospital, who agreed to give him the use of a quonset hut on the hospital grounds. The researchers had moved all their cats and equipment to Menlo Park, a few miles from Stanford, taking care to see that no cat fell into REM Sleep in the process. Peter Henry, meanwhile, had found two rooms in the basement of the Psychology Department's animal building that he could use for cerebrospinal fluid transfers, which had continued to show moderately positive results. A widespread image of scientific research—built partially, perhaps, from drug-company advertisements—shows a white-coated scientist staring up at a test tube in his glistening laboratory, carefully protected from germs and worldly concern. If such a vision could survive a trip with Dement, dressed in an old sports coat and work pants and driving a borrowed car from borrowed building to borrowed building, it would surely not be likely to survive the cat laboratory at the Menlo Park hospital. The hospital is the final home of many of its inmates—many of whom are mental patients whose families have given up trying to care for them, or who have no families—and the men who walk around the grounds have the blank, hopeless stare of people under sedation. Dement's quonset hut, which was once the out-patient clinic, has a sign on it saying, "T-47." It looks like all quonset huts of the war years, having a rounded ceiling, a fairly large room at one end, and a narrow hall with four or five smaller rooms on each side of it. One of the small rooms had been turned into a workshop, since Dement

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and his helpers had to spend a certain amount of time tinkering with the polygraphs and building cages and other equipment. The room across from it held nothing but cages of cats. Plattock, Buster, Gray Fang (the senior cat), and Othello were lined up against one wall, facing Clyde, Fred, Seymour, and Buddy. The room had a sign on the door saying, "Dangerous Cats Inside." A larger room two or three doors down contained a new, efficient-looking treadmill and most of the rest of the cats—Lilith, Calico, Natasha, Nina, Nicholas, James Bond, and Proteus. None of them looked dangerous. While they were in the cages, they sat on their bricks, mewing occasionally. When they were out, they behaved, for the most part, like any other cats, and whatever room they shared with Dement and his assistants could take on the appearance of an apartment whose owners happened to have more than the usual number of pets.

The experiment called for each cat to remain on his brick for twenty hours every day and to spend three hours a day sleeping in a box or cage near the polygraph in the main room of the quonset hut. During the three hours, each of the experimental cats was awakened every time the polygraph showed—through clips attached to his neck—that he was about to go into REM Sleep; the control cats were permitted to sleep for three hours without disturbance. The twenty-fourth hour was usually taken up with exercise—on the treadmill, or merely prowling around one of the rooms of the quonset hut—while the researchers observed the cats' behavior, cleaned their cages, and, if necessary, treated sores on their paws that some of them had developed from sitting on the bricks, no matter how much care was taken with pads and other devices (reinforcing Dement's weary conclusion that there is no perfect way of depriving any creature of REM Sleep). Except for causing sore paws, the bricks seemed to be working well. During the recording time, a deprived cat might have to be awakened two hundred times to prevent him from getting any REM Sleep. As in the previous experiment, however, there seemed to be no indication that the deprivation was causing any serious impairment.

On my first morning in the laboratory, I spent a while in the room where Dement and his assistants often brought the cats during the observation period. It was a small room, almost filled by three or four empty cat cages, on one side, and, on the other, large wooden

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In which our hero, while on a mission of utmost importance for his agency, meets with the forces of adversity and emerges bloody but unbowed — though he is forced to realize, somewhat wistfully, that the wonderful world of advertising can, on occasion, be a cruel and realistic one.

(This episode opens to reveal Dink rushing from his office to a very important meeting in another part of the city. Locked in his new, slim, attaché case is a creative media study of the first magnitude, well calculated to overwhelm a client with its sheer brilliance.)

TAXI!" Dink barked out the order in a commanding voice to a cab parked conveniently in front of his building. (He was not at all out of breath from having run down twenty-seven floors in order to save time.) Then, flinging open the door of the cab, Dink threw himself in the back seat and roared away in a cloud of dust.

It was then, and only then, that Dink realized he was not alone. There were two men in the back seat with him.

"Oh, I'm sorry chaps," Dink apologized, "I didn't realize . . ."

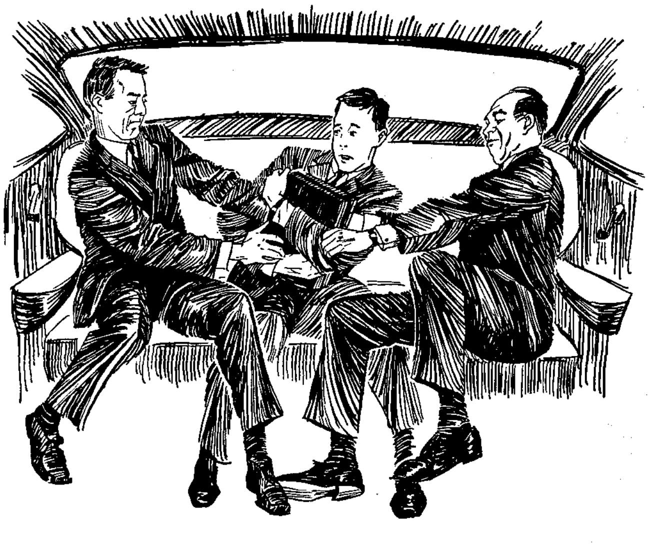
"Relax, Stover," snarled one of the men in gruff tones. "And hand over the contents of that new, slim, black attaché case."

"I will do no such thing," objected Dink strenuously (not at all surprised that the man knew his name). "It contains a media study of the first magnitude, well calculated to overwhelm a client with its sheer brilliance!"

"We know," growled the second man in even gruffer tones. "We also know it contains many significant facts about the New England market in general and the Boston Globe in paticular. That's why we want it."

"We also happen to know," added the other man with a knowing leer, "that you are carrying facts proving the Globe is the number one newspaper in Boston, so hand over the contents of that attaché case. As a matter of fact you can hand over the attaché case, too, for a handsome one it is."

"that you are carrying facts proving the Globe is the number one newspaper in Boston, so hand over the contents of that attaché case."



"Glad you like it," smiled Dink, somewhat pleased. "My mother gave it to me for my birthday which is May 1st, if you'd care to make a note of it."

"We have no time for idle sentiments now," interrupted the first of the two men (somewhat unkindly Dink thought). "So if you know what's good for you, hand over the attaché case or we'll take it by force if necessary."

"Say, who are you fellows?" demanded Dink, his dander rising. "If this is a joke, then I warn you, don't go too far!" And he clenched the fists which had put many a bully in his place. "And you, driver," he commanded, "pull this vehicle over to the side of the street while I throw these ruffians out!"

But the cab driver only laughed a coarse, harsh laugh. Instead of obeying Dink's instructions he roared even faster down the street. He was in league with them.

"Now I know who you men are!" exclaimed Dink suddenly. "You are from . . ." (and he named a large but second-rate agency, the name of which is known to our readers but is not important to our story at this point).

"If you know who we are, then you know too much!" snarled the two men in unison, and before Dink could properly defend himself, a dirty cloth with a strong, sickly smell was pressed over his face, which rendered him unconscious immediately. And when he opened his eyes he found himself alone in the cab. The driver was gone. The two men were gone. Even worse, his attaché case was gone. Dink groaned.

"Dink groaned."

Quickly recovering himself (it was at times like these that his years of clean living, regular hours and athletic training stood him in good stead), Dink leaped from the cab and studied his watch. He had exactly 17 minutes to find the knave who had done him in . . . 17 minutes to recover his new, slim, black attaché case and the creative media study of the first magnitude which it contained . . . 17 minutes to get to the very important meeting. Could he do it?

"I can," vowed Dink, with the same grit and determination that had won him his letters at Yale, in football, wrestling, track and sculling. "I can and will — or my name isn't Dink Stover!" And he did.

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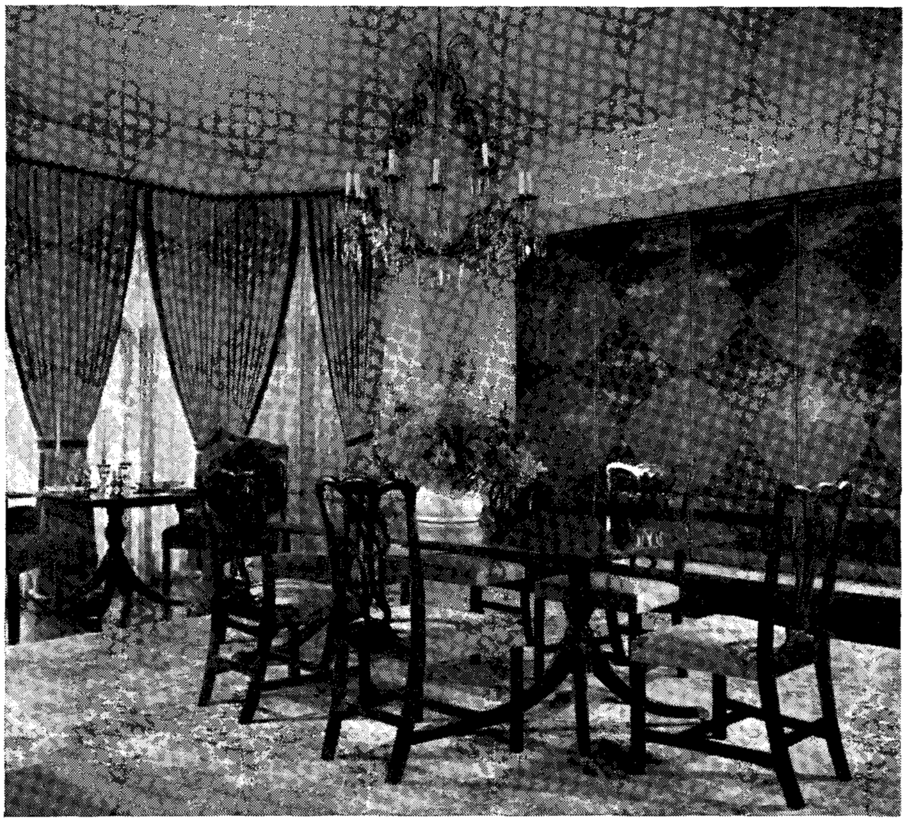

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shelves stacked with ten-pound sacks of Kitty Litter, Purina Cat Chow, and a case or two of canned cat food. On its door someone had tacked a sign reading, "Sexual Behavior Testing Room. Authorized Personnel Only. No Unqualified Females Allowed." One of Dement's lab assistants—a Swedish girl named Margarita DePierre, who had been studying dentistry before her marriage to a Stanford graduate student—brought in Gray Fang, Othello, Proteus, and James Bond. Gray Fang appeared to be a very placid cat, but Proteus, the most hypersexual of the deprived cats, soon tried to mount James Bond. Othello jumped up on the empty cages and prowled around as any house cat would.

"Does that look like anything but a normal cat?" Dement asked, pointing at Othello. "He's not depressed and he's not sleepy. Whatever he's being deprived of, it doesn't have anything to do with the kind of rest that comes from ordinary sleep. He seems perfectly normal."

"How do you know that cat is not insane?" I asked.

"We don't, although he doesn't act insane," he said. "But the question that comes before that—the one we're still dealing with now—is whether his brain turns to mush and his muscles turn to jelly, and the answer appears to be no. You have to do things one at a time. The main thing we're trying to make certain of in this experiment is whether or not there are any gross behavioral changes. The subtleties come later."

Despite the efficiency of the bricks, Dement was not willing to take a chance on depriving a cat for twenty or thirty days and then having him figure out some way to get REM Sleep, and there was somebody in the laboratory twenty-four hours a day. Dement himself usually came in early in the morning to record data in the notebook kept for each cat and to post instructions about the day's treatment. The notebooks, which were kept between bookends on a desk in the main room, along with one or two books on the care of house cats, contained information on the number of awakenings necessary each day during recording, the amount of food eaten, and observations made by Mrs. DePierre and the others. The observations often seemed very personal. Gray Fang's entry for one day read, "Sat in chair looking morose; no interest whatever in Tiger." On one occasion, it was reported, Proteus "approached Othello, placed paw over his shoulder and bit

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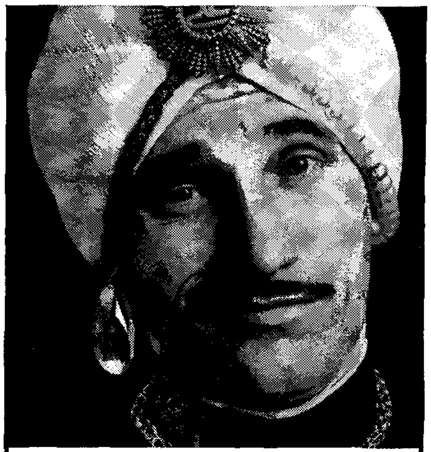

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Othello on the neck." Buster's behavior for one day was summarized as "Groomed a little. Hissed at Nicholas. Let out a great cry when he saw Plattock was returned to his tank." Dement's instructions, tacked on one of the walls, usually consisted of lists of cats' names under such headings as "Double Feeding" and "Testosterone" (a sex stimulant, which was given to a few of the cats that hadn't exhibited any overt hypersexuality to see if it would come to the surface when they were given a dose of it so small that it would ordinarily have no effect) and even "T.L.C.," tender loving care being considered necessary to make certain that any effect on the cats did not come from isolation or a lack of affection.

A special order for tender loving care seemed unnecessary. Miss Wagener, whose own dreams often concerned cats that were falling into REM Sleep before she could reach them, seemed kindly even when she was waking up a cat that wanted to dream. At times, the main room of the quonset hut took on a homey atmosphere as everybody routinely attended to his chores—Dement copying notes and studying the notebooks, a laboratory assistant measuring cat food into feeding bowls of various colors, and Miss Wagener, her white coat splattered with red recording ink, standing at the polygraph recording the brain waves and muscle tone of a sleeping cat, or two or three sleeping cats. Miss Wagener, who had had no laboratory experience before she came to work for Dement, quickly developed what her co-workers considered an almost mystical ability to see—or even hear—the polygraph pen signal a decline in muscle tone. It was not unusual for her to record more than one cat at a time. "Not again, Othello, baby," she would say pleasantly as Othello, sleeping in an old Tide carton, started to fall into REM Sleep. She would pick Othello up, put him on his feet, and absent-mindedly give him an affectionate pat as she turned to mark the number of the awakening on the graph paper—meanwhile keeping an eye on the pen that showed the muscle tone of Gray Fang, who was sleeping in a homemade cage that was still labelled with the name of Lady Josephine, a cat used in the previous experiment. A moment later, Miss Wagener might call, "Fred," and Mrs. DePierre, sitting in a chair near the machine with another cat on her lap, would reach into a Quaker Oats carton beside her and put Fred on his

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feet. One can actually see a cat falling into REM Sleep, without having to measure his eye movements or his muscle tone—there is a final relaxation of his neck muscles and a slight twitching of his whiskers—but Miss Wagener would always intervene before that happened.

Because all the cats had names, and because their behavior had to be observed so closely, the conversation in the laboratory sometimes sounded rather gossipy. It was not unusual to hear remarks like "Buster didn't seem interested in Plattock today" and "Othello's back to his old self." On one of my first days at the laboratory, I was startled to hear Dement say on the telephone, "This is Dr. Dement. Is James Bond over there? Is he being fed?" (Dement was talking to Peter Henry, who was keeping James Bond for a few days in order to transfer his cerebrospinal fluid to a cat named Doze.) A day or two later, Dement said to Cohen, "Fred showed some slight sexual interest."

"In whom?" asked Cohen.

"Lilith," Dement replied, and Cohen nodded knowingly, as if that turn of events would come as no surprise to anyone who understood the characters of Fred and Lilith.

Observations were made for any change at all in the cats, but Dement concentrated on changes that would support or contradict his speculation that deprivation might "enhance drive-oriented behavior." The behavior of Proteus continued to support the possibility that the sex drive was enhanced. In the previous experiment, Proteus had shown a sexual interest in just about any cat near him—even one who was still anesthetized after surgery. This behavior had disappeared after Proteus had been allowed to have as much REM Sleep as he wanted for a couple of weeks, but it had reappeared with the new deprivation. Some of the other cats also became more aggressive sexually, and showed an increased interest in grooming; others seemed unaffected. When I asked Dement if Othello, who had been deprived of REM Sleep longer than any other cat in the first experiment, had shown any signs of an increased sex drive, he said, "No. Othello's a saint, or too well sublimated or something. They seem to react as individuals. Othello reacted with an increase of prowling around looking for food, and an increased appetite. Sometimes he seemed desperate for food. We had a simple Y maze to test him—a light was turned on in whichever side of the Y the food was

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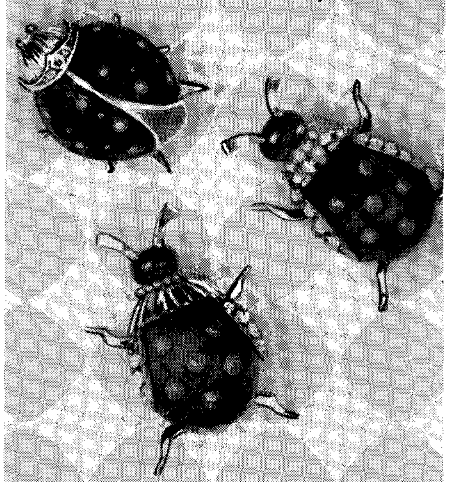

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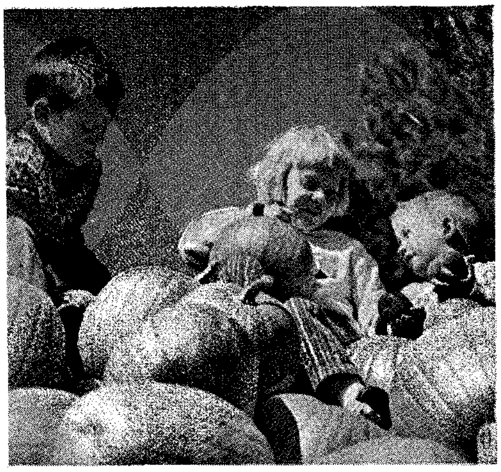

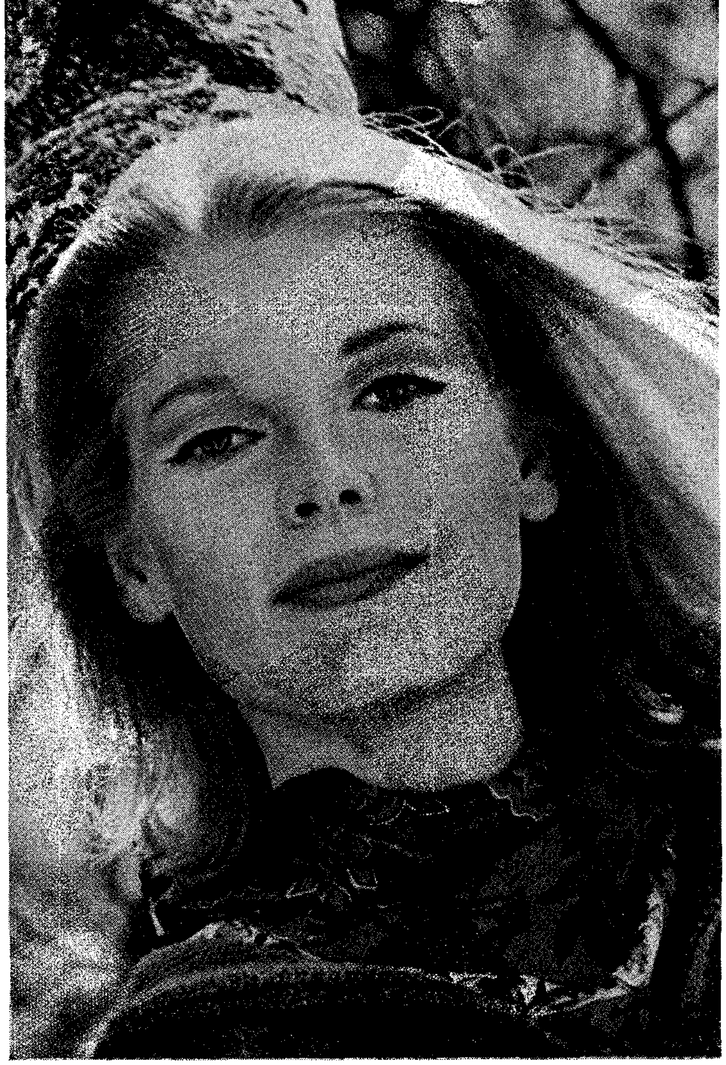

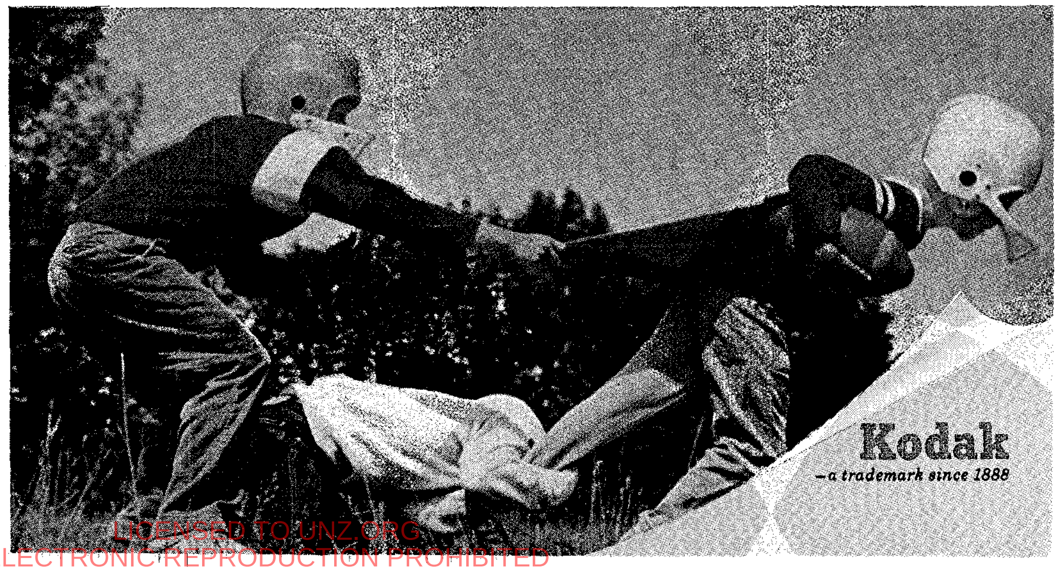

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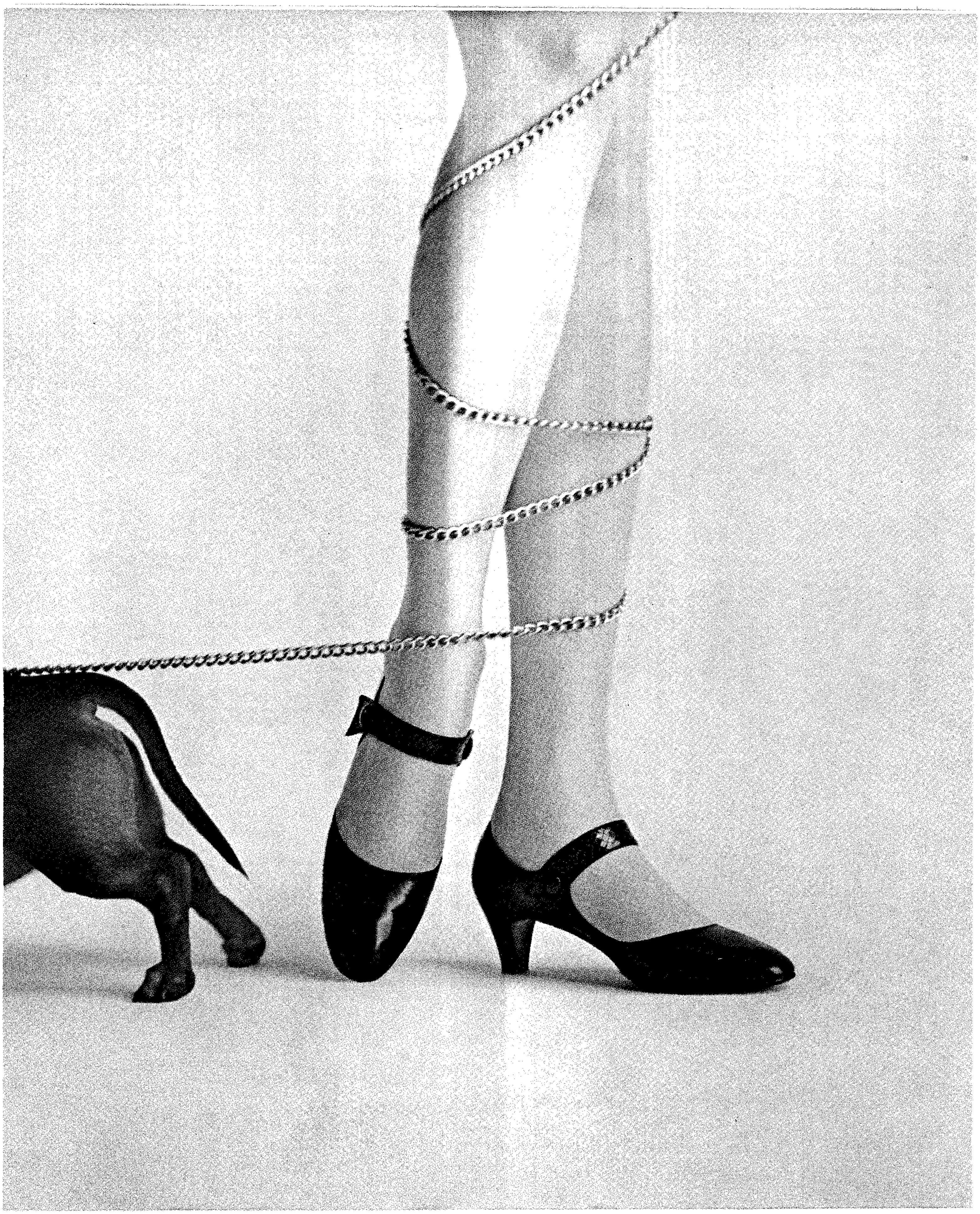

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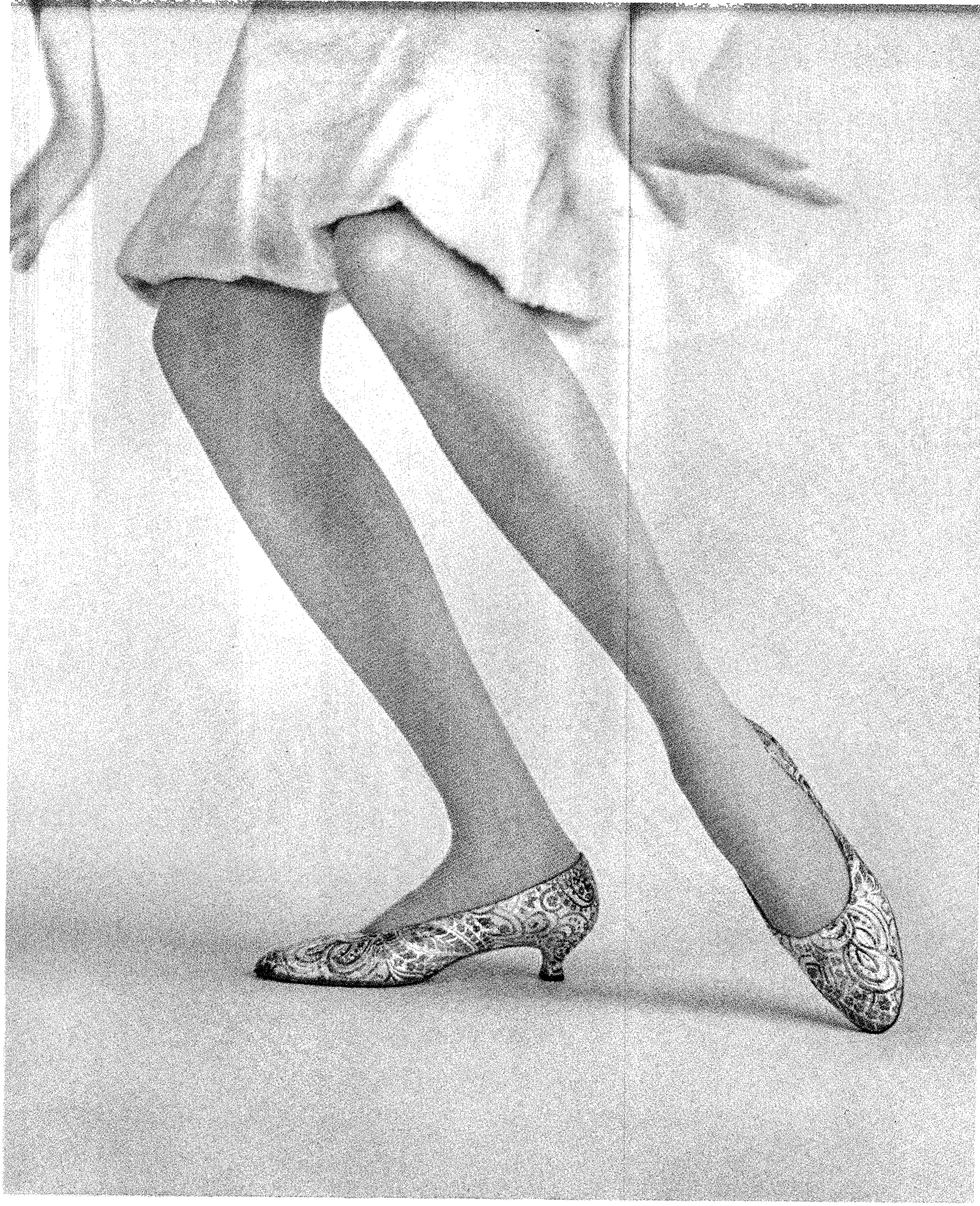

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on—and he failed it something like fifteen hundred straight times."

"Could it be that he's a very dumb cat?" I asked.

"I don't think so," said Dement. "In fact, Othello is a very smart cat. That was in the old house, and he knew exactly where the room with the food was, on the second floor, and how to get into it. It was Othello who figured out how to get out of the treadmill. It seems more likely that he failed the test because he wanted the food so badly he couldn't wait to figure out the trick of the maze."

When I arrived in Palo Alto, Dement said that the experiment in progress had provided disappointingly few measurements of increased drive for food. Concluding that he might have made a mistake in permitting the cats virtually all they wanted to eat and measuring their food intake, he decided he might have better luck in measuring the priority they gave to searching for food if they were hungry. That morning, he announced at the laboratory, "We're going to withhold food for a couple of days. Today we won't feed Othello, Proteus, Gray Fang . . . Who else? Nicholas. Oh, Proteus we'll feed. He has a cold."

Later in the morning, Cohen reported to Dement, "Othello's looking for his food."

"He's probably dumfounded," said Dement. "Well, that'll teach him not to take us for granted."

When Othello had been deprived of food as well as REM Sleep for two days, Dement began trying to judge his drive to find something to eat by putting food inside a cage and seeing how long Othello would prowl around it instead of going back to rest in his comfortable Tide box. There was still, of course, the problem of Othello's intelligence. He was smart enough to figure out when something was hopeless, whatever his drive.

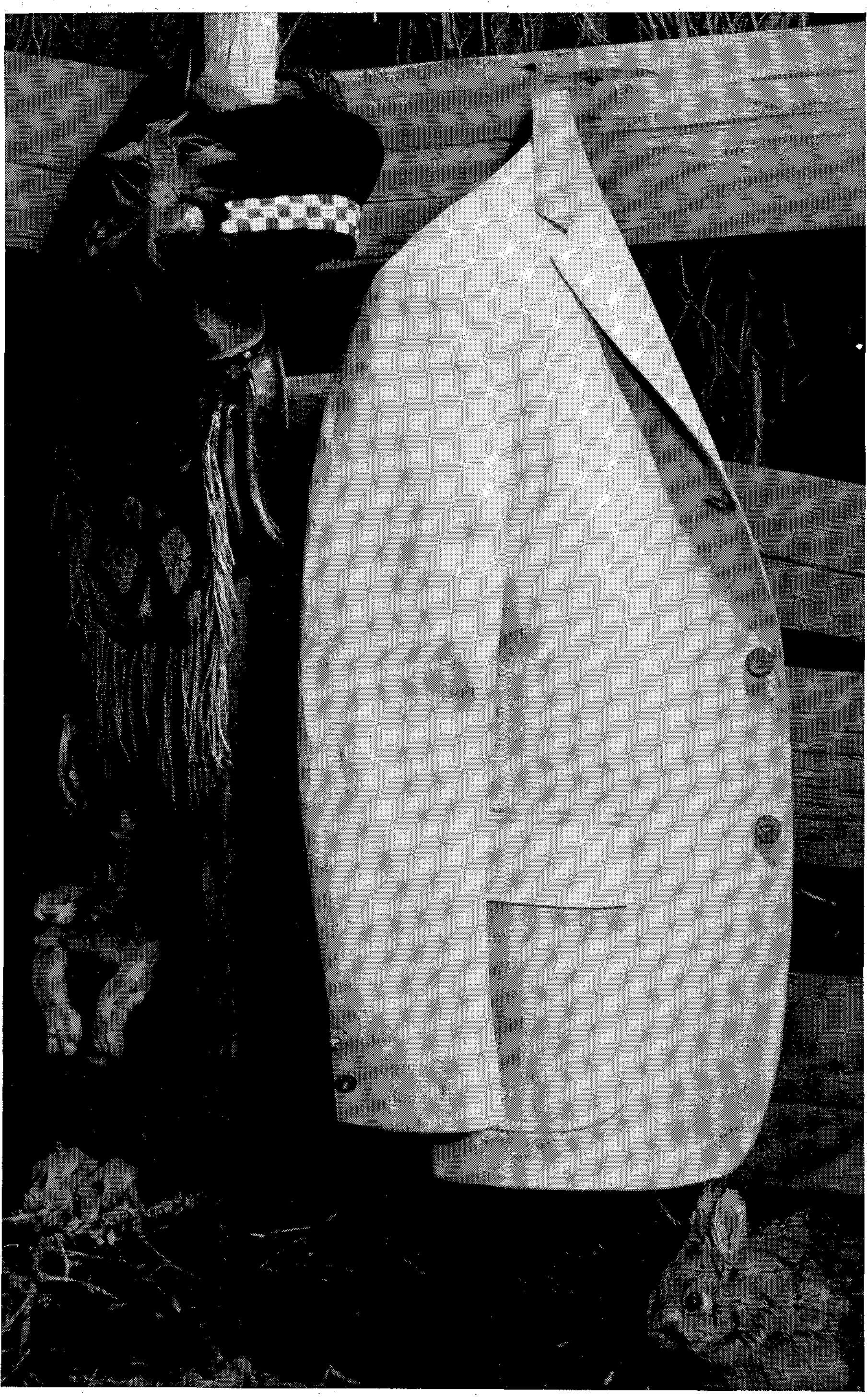
"Maybe I'll come back later and follow him around for a while," Dement said as he left the laboratory that afternoon. "I guess we could try a grid, to see if he would cross it."

"How about an air hose, with the food on the other side?" asked Cohen.

"Maybe," said Dement. "Well, any ideas accepted. I call on the collective ingenuity of the assembled."

When we left, I asked Dement about two aspects of the laboratory that seemed surprising—the informal, makeshift facilities and the fact that, except for Cohen, none of his assistants had advanced degrees.

"Well, some people believe in a



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lot of automation," he said. "I just don't think it's worth it. Sure, you could spend a lot of money getting a machine that was touched off when the muscle tone left, or a computer to score the records. But by the time we'd learned how to run it, we might be off cats and on to chemical analysis or something else. And if we had the machines, we might stick to the same thing and work on some little nuances, just to justify them. I've used young people in the lab since I got here. They've been remarkable. This is really hard, dirty, slogging work, and it also requires a lot of responsibility and a lot of care, but they've handled it as well as any Ph.D. could. I think I've given them something and they've given me something. If we publish a paper about the cerebrospinal fluid, Pete Henry will be the senior author. He does most of the implanting of the skull plates, and he can do it better than I can. When you're younger, skills mean a lot more to you, and one thing I try to stress to them is that technical skill isn't the most important thing in research. Maybe obsession is. Like REM Sleep, for instance. What the hell is it for? I guess that question is on my mind twenty-four hours a day. What the hell is it for?"

SYSTEMATIC progress in scientific research depends partly on the scientific community's being able to use the findings that each scientist reports, but it is not always easy for a researcher to decide what to report, and when to report it. In a particularly long experiment, for instance, even the idealized researcher in the drug advertisements has to decide whether to stop at some point and give others the benefit of some tentative findings or to wait for perhaps years to present final conclusions. In practice, of course, what is reported in papers and journals depends on personal as well as scientific considerations. For example, a researcher could hardly help but be aware of how much his career, his ego, and even the security of his family could be enhanced by his being the first to announce a significant discovery—and how much all of those could be damaged by his being wrong. A researcher's reputation is based to a great extent on whether or not other researchers can accept his findings as he reports them, and his career—whether he is granted the security of tenure at a university, for instance—depends a great deal on his originality; as Dement has observed, if he runs out of ideas, he has no unique skills to sell. Before I left Palo Alto—

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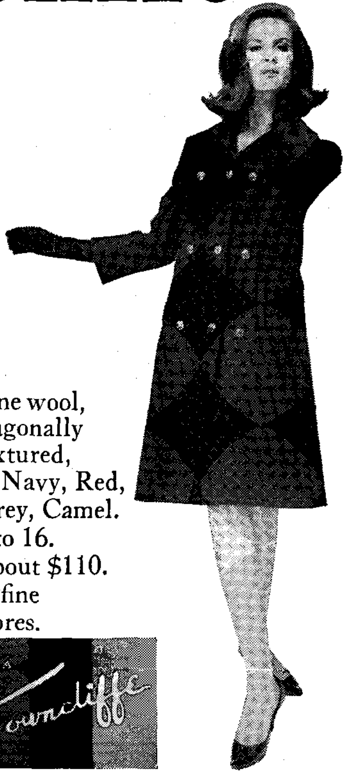

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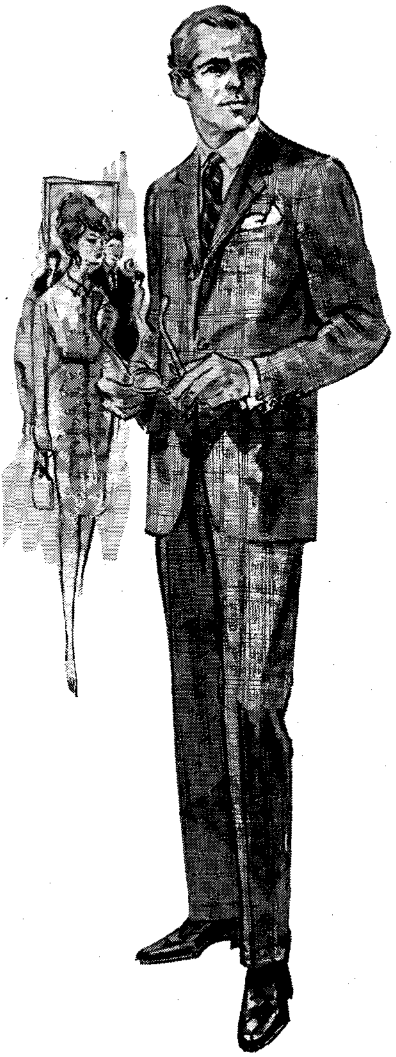

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at a time when the most deprived cat, the hungry Othello, had gone forty-six days without REM Sleep—I asked Dement what he had learned from the study and what he might report in the scientific journals.

"Well, we discussed the fluid transfers at the A.P.S.S. meeting, and we'll definitely report those results in a journal if they keep up," he said. "With the part about the drive-oriented behavior, I don't know. It's possible we'll just report what happened and say that more evidence is needed before we can reach any definite conclusion. For one thing, we'd be a lot happier if we had larger numbers—as usual. In a way, you're cautious in relation to the implications. Here the implications might seem far-reaching—not to hardheaded scientists but to the press, for instance. One headline of 'Scientist Proves Sex Drive and Dreams Linked' and where are you? It's like a murder charge—nobody remembers the acquittal."

Dement had several plans for how to utilize the approaching months. "We guessed wrong about the oral drive, I think," he said. "We thought it would be easier to spot than it is. There's a problem of the cat's intelligence, and other variables. Natasha, for example, ate a lot less after she was put on recovery, but who knows why? Maybe she was tired of that kind of food. We need a more sensitive mechanism to see how much work they'll put into getting food. We may use rats; with them, you can get a measurement on how much current you have to put in a grid before they'll stop crossing it to get food. The main point of this study was to see if the cats could survive with REM Sleep deprivation, and apparently they can. But maybe we'll even come back to that, just to make sure." He also had plans for the laboratory in the medical-and-professional building. "I'm sure we'll go back to depriving people," he said. "Once we're sure of our ground with animals, and once we know what to look for, how to measure it, maybe we can get some yes-or-no answers. We'll probably try depriving human subjects for five or ten days, then giving them psychometric and psychophysical tests to see if their drive level is up and their brains are more excited."

"Does this mean that in the past six years you've come full circle?" I asked.

"In a way, it does," said Dement. "But before we were looking for something different. We were looking for hallucinations and psychoses. I don't say these experiments will be conclusive, but we might find out that the drive or excitability changes are present

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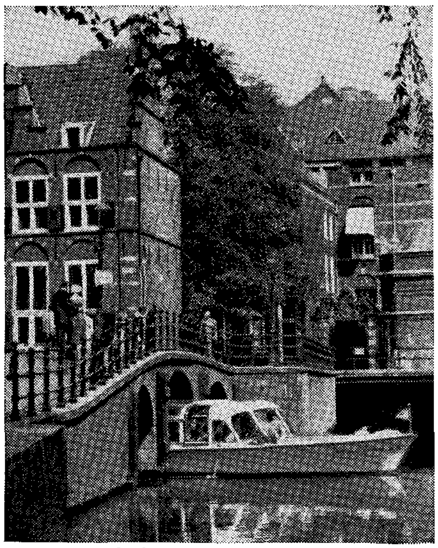

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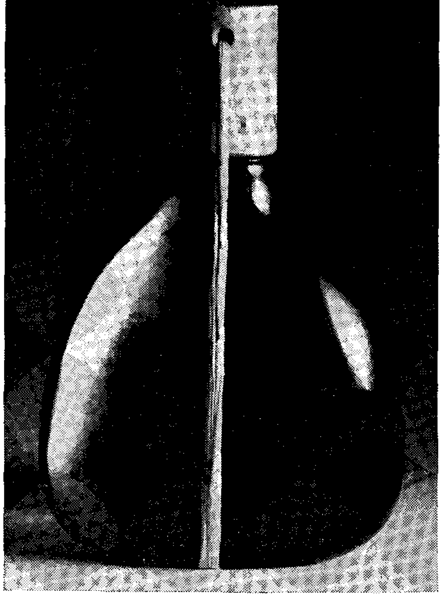

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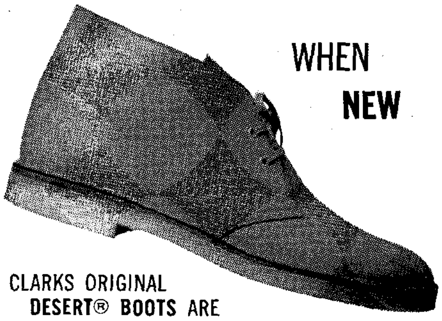
in people. That could lead to testing patients, and if *they* show similar changes, what we think will be more than speculation."

I asked Dement what he thought now about the function of Rapid Eye Movement Sleep.

"Well, all we can do is speculate," he answered. "I think the best possibility, though, is the idea that it's developmental. Roffwarg, Muzio, and I have done a paper on this, and it owes a lot to Roffwarg's discovery that there is such a high percentage of REM Sleep in newborns. We know now that newborns get about ten times as much REM Sleep as adults—they sleep more, and more of their sleep is REM Sleep—and premature babies seem to get even more. Also, it appears that REM Sleep is the one kind of sleep in which the brain can function as it would if it were reacting to the outside world. It seems logical to speculate—it's only a speculation—that REM Sleep may be there to provide a pattern of activity for the developing brain, and that when the brain has matured, it really isn't necessary any longer. There are other processes in the body that aren't necessary but remain throughout life, and just because they have no function doesn't mean they can't cause harm when they're interfered with. This is not saying that there is no psychological significance to the *content* of dreams. It is saying, though, that REM episodes are not *caused* by something like wish fulfillment, and that while they may be beneficial psychologically, they're not really necessary. If this speculation is correct, of course, the tieup with personality might be closer than we think. For instance, it could be that when people don't get much REM Sleep, and their brain is excited by the deprivation, they may become more driving and ambitious—if they have personalities that can handle the excitement and channel the drive into socially acceptable behavior. So that our idea that some people don't get much sleep because they're energetic and some people sleep a lot because they're lazy might be the reverse of what really happens. It's possible that the guy who gets little sleep—and therefore little REM Sleep—is ambitious *because* of that. It's also possible that since mammals—at least all the mammals we've studied—have REM Sleep, this gave them some slight evolutionary edge over organisms that didn't have it. For instance, if they had to stay awake four or five nights to hunt food, they would be sleepy from lack of non-REM Sleep, but the lack of REM Sleep would increase their drive



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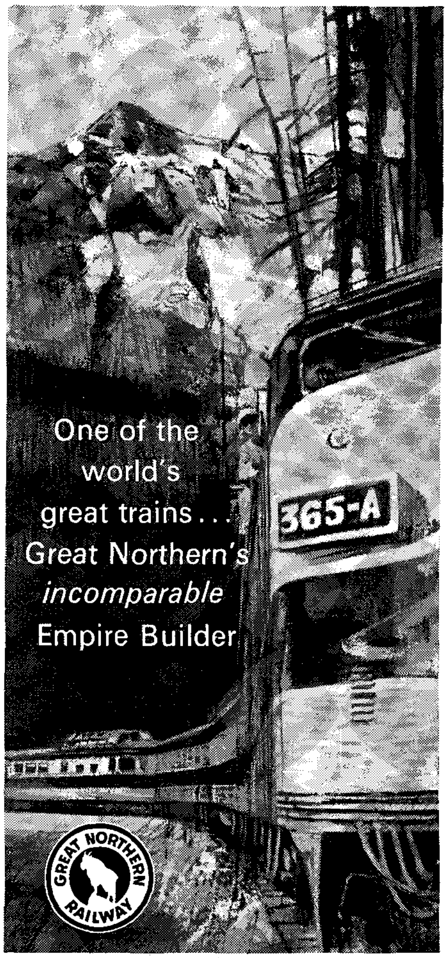

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for food enough so that they'd stay awake and keep looking when another animal would give in to sleep and starve."

"How do you test a theory like that?" I asked.

"Well, one way to test this notion might be to experiment with chickens, because they don't have any REM Sleep," Dement said. "In the face of total sleep loss, they oughtn't to have as much drive in relation to need to sleep as animals that do have REM Sleep, if the theory is true. As far as the theory of the rŏle of REM Sleep goes, I think we might rear some kittens to study their sleep pattern—though that might not be going back far enough. I've thought of learning embryological techniques so we could test it with embryos. It's still speculation, of course, but it's about the only way I can think of to account for everything."

"Do you have to account for everything?" I asked.

"You have to have some answer, some way to explain what you're doing, so you know which direction to take," said Dement. "You fiddle for years, and you get into a lot of blind alleys, but if you have an over-all notion, you might make some headway as the years go by."

DEMENT has become accustomed to the fact that no matter how much he learns about what it was that Aserinsky discovered, many people are unwilling to believe that there are rapid eye movements during sleep. Not being a man to discourage skepticism, he usually takes along a motion picture of rapid eye movements when he gives a speech on his research. The picture, taken in laboratories over the years, has a closeup of a young lady sleeping, her eyes darting all over in what must be—if Roffwarg and Dement are correct about eye movements—an extremely active dream. There is also a shot of a rhesus monkey in REM Sleep taken by Dr. Elliot Weitzman, a sleep researcher at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Rhesus monkeys do not close their eyes quite all the way when they sleep, and in the film the monkey's eyes can be seen moving as if he were watching a fight across the room.

Before I left Palo Alto, Dement took me to the nursery of the Stanford Medical Center, so I could observe the phenomenon at first hand. Newborn babies are easily observed in REM Sleep, since they get so much of it and can easily sleep in a lighted room. There was no doubt about the eyeballs' moving under the lids of the babies Dement

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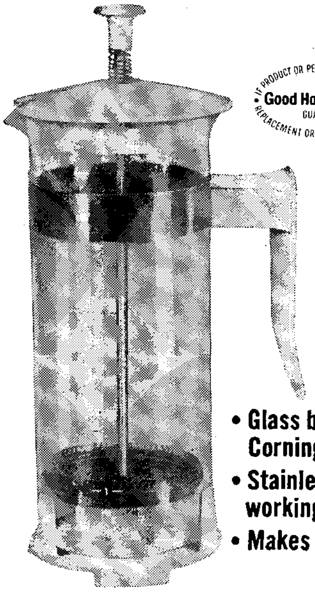

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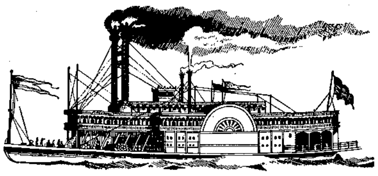

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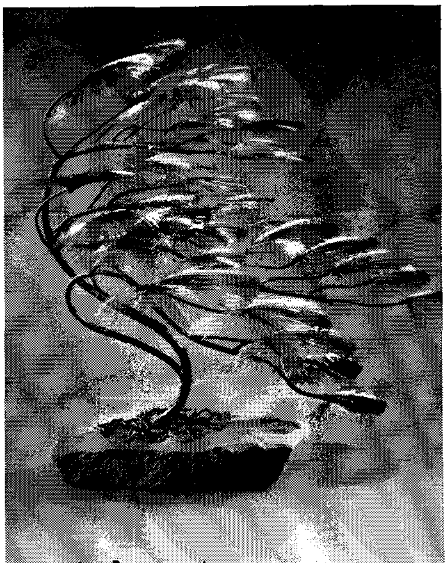

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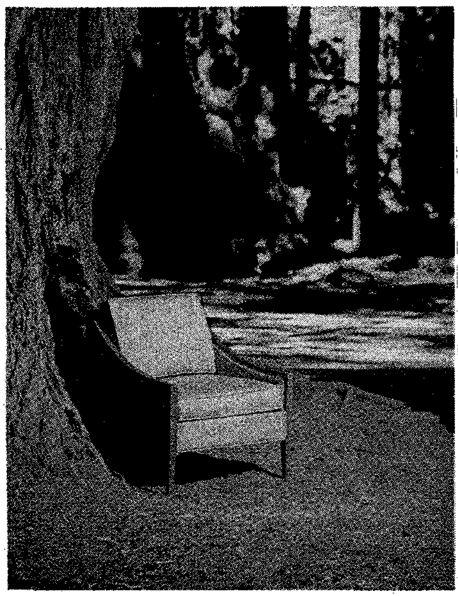
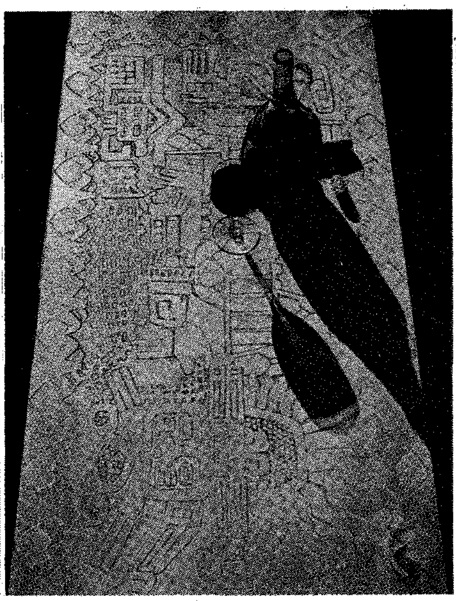
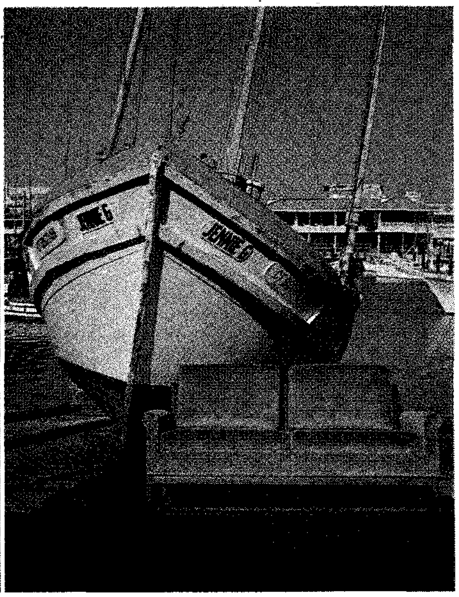


Muir Woods sunlight is reflected in this San Francisco chair.



Like Chianti, this etching-topped silver table was born in Italy, but its flavor is distinctly San Franciscan.



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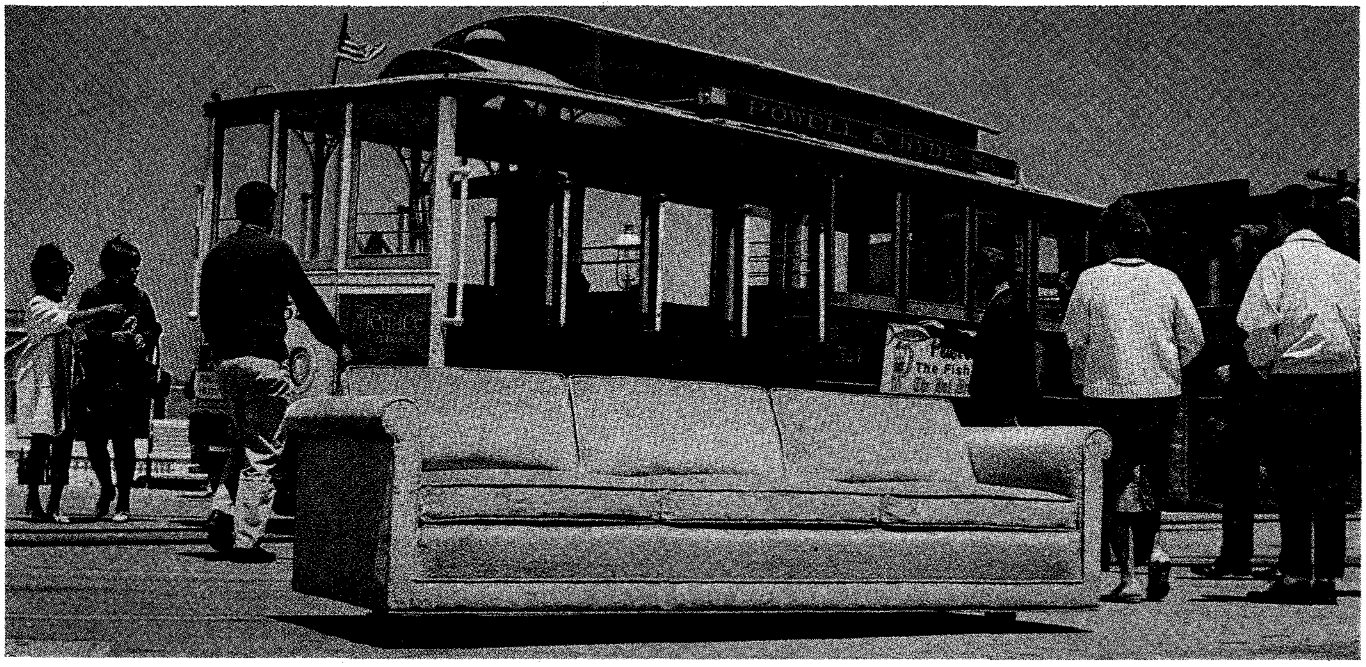

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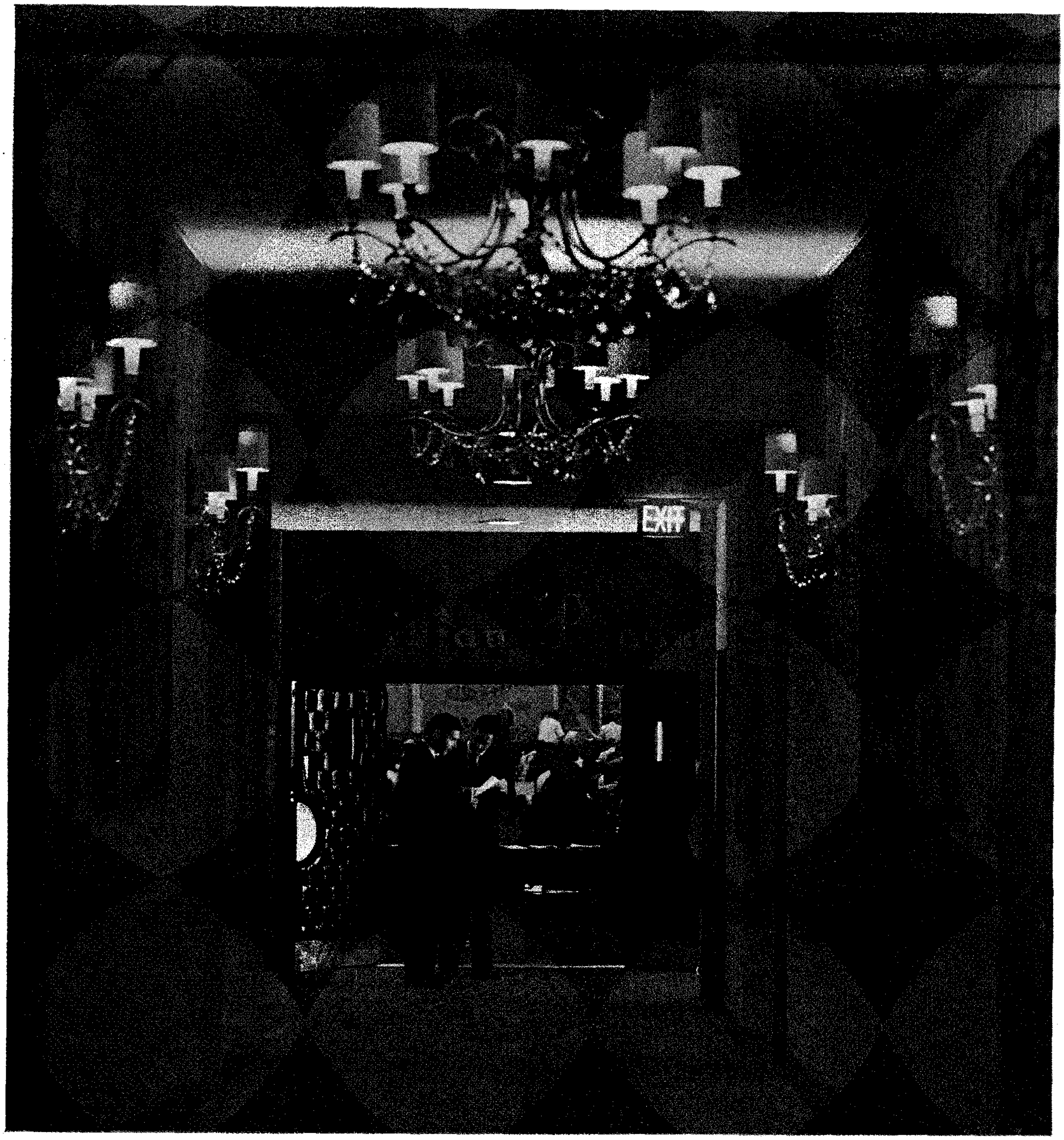

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showed me. As we left the nursery, the nurse on duty asked Dement what it was about the babies that he was interested in.

"I don't know if you know it, but there are two kinds of sleep," Dement told her. "In one kind, which we call Rapid Eye Movement Sleep, there are a number of physiological changes, including bursts of very rapid eye movements. You can see them."

The nurse looked at the baby and nodded. She seemed impressed. "You know, I've been working here all this time, and I didn't realize that," she said. "Now I'll spend all my time looking for eye movements."

When we had left, Dement said, "The more I think of it and go over it, the less I think we know. In a way, we're really just guessing when we make these studies. The most striking feature is still the mystery. But what a fascinating phenomenon! There's that day-old baby's eyeballs flipping around. What the hell is it?"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

"It looks as if there is a glass on the table" and "If you look at it in the right way" are two whole utterances in that when uttered they, or relevantly similar utterances, are generally preceded and followed by silence. Although "There is a glass on the table" is a whole utterance, it has not been uttered here: the proper utterance part "there is a glass on the table" differs in intonation contour from the whole utterance. But more significantly, "it looks as if" is obviously a proper utterance part in that when it is uttered it is not likely to be preceded and followed by silence. Consequently we count it as a proper part of the utterance "It looks as if there is a glass on the table" and therefore we cannot here count "there is a glass on the table" as a single whole utterance. There is a slight difference in intonation contour between "It looks as if there is a glass on the table," and "It looks as if there is a glass on the table," but the difference is not marked enough to demand being taken into account here.—*"Semantic Analysis," by Paul Ziff.*

By the way, is there anything *in* that glass?

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[From a review in Esquire, February, 1965, of Irving Shulman's "Harlow"]	*[From a column by Doug Creighton, commenting on Ben Hogan's golf, in the Toronto Telegram, August 20, 1965]*
The reading experience is comparable to sitting at dinner and listening to somebody tell you an absolutely filthy piece of gossip. You're horrified, but you wouldn't get up and leave if the house were on fire.	. . . the experience was comparable to sitting at dinner listening to someone tell you an absolutely filthy piece of gossip. You're horrified, but you wouldn't get up to leave if the house was on fire.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Half a Loaf

“The Great Race” is an awkward movie to review, because of its radical unevenness; it careers with unnerving abandon from very funny indeed to not funny at all, and no sooner do I begin to sketch a recommendation of it in my mind than I interrupt myself with a host of cautionary “but”s, “nevertheless”es, and “on the other hand”s. A lot of people I know have a puritanical-*cum*-miserly conviction that, having once sat down to a movie—or a play or a novel or a football game—they must stick with it to the bitter end, and I feel I ought to warn all such pertinacious souls that while the parts of the movie that are good are very, very good, the parts that are bad are horrid and will almost certainly cause them to leave the theatre dog-tired and man-disgruntled. But, nevertheless, and on the other hand, there are people who don’t feel the least bit cheated if a substantial fraction of a movie gives them pleasure, holding that a movie can be at once worth going to see and worth walking out on, and to these free-and-easy pagans I recommend “The Great Race” without the slightest twinge of bad critical conscience. They’re sure to enjoy the first half, or even two-thirds, of the picture, and when the story suddenly and unaccountably veers away from its proper subject—a preposterous Edwardian automobile race around the world from New York to Paris—to embrace a subplot about a Graustarkian kingdom in middle Europe whose reigning monarch is an alcoholic ninny with deplorable sexual appetites, they have only to get to their feet and steal up the aisle to freedom. Half a loaf is better than none, and is often better than a whole loaf.

CINEMA
NAKATA

The screenplay of “The Great Race” was written by Arthur Ross and based on a story by Blake Edwards, who also directed the picture. If Mr. Ross and Mr. Edwards had been brave enough to be more modest—had been content to compose a farce that travestied the epic style without assuming the length and complexity of an epic—what a charming little many-colored frolic they might have given us! As it stands, it’s precisely charm that the long, ungainly operation lacks, though many of the individual scenes are ravishing to behold, and the action is ideally frantic. Jack Lemmon plays the role of the villainous, black-garbed Professor Fate and tears a comic passion to tatters with his usual grace; Tony Curtis, making acrobatics serve the office of acting, plays the hero, Leslie Gallant III, dressed always in immaculate bridal white; Natalie Wood, as a dauntless lady journalist and fellow scorcher of the road, provides the exiguous love interest; and Peter Falk and Keenan Wynn are welcomely on hand. They are a droll pair, those two.

“Once a Thief” is a squalid thriller laid in San Francisco. The screenplay was written by Zekial Marko, and the picture was directed by Ralph Nelson. It teaches us that crime doesn’t pay, and also that honesty doesn’t pay. It teaches us that people are punished for their sins, and also that people are punished for their virtues. In the climactic scene, though much remains for us to learn about the nature of the human predicament, practically everybody gets shot, some people on purpose and others by mistake, and this makes it necessary to bring the instructive lecture to a close. The movie stars Alain Delon, Van Heflin, Jack Palance, and Ann-Margret, the spelling of whose name makes my typewriter wince.

—Brendan Gill

•

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[*From a letter received by a lady in Jamaica, W. I.*]

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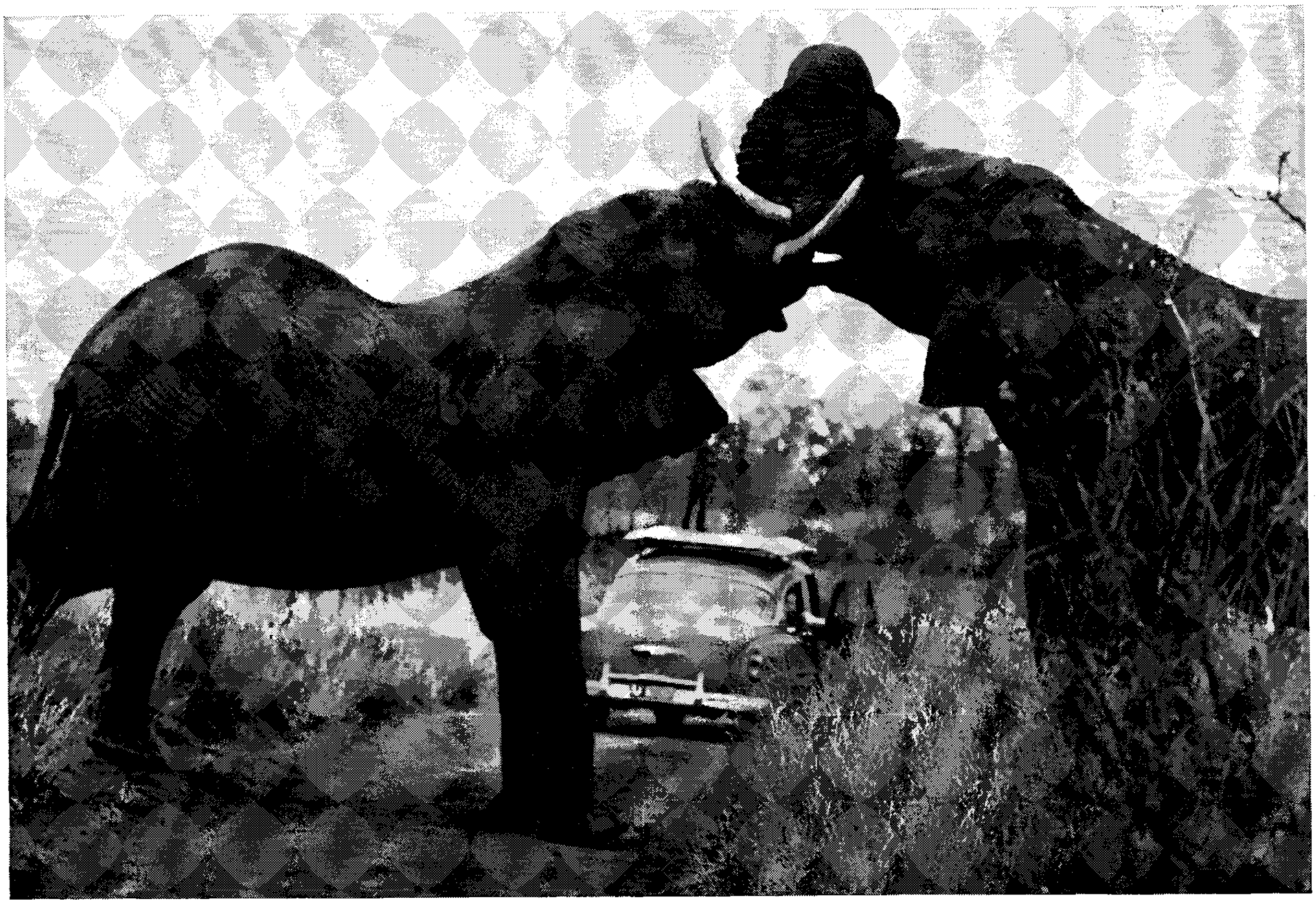

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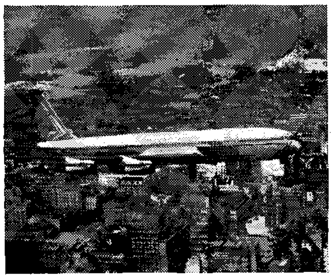

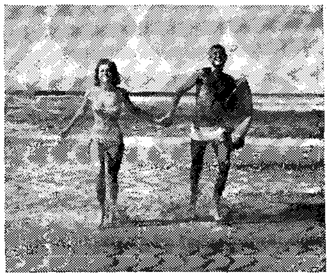

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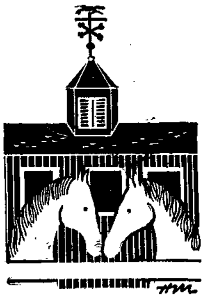
Falling Stars



I CAN'T remember when there has been another such spate of failing favorites as we've had the past fortnight—Kelso, Hail to All, Native Diver, and Native Street, not to mention Meadow Court, England's top three-year-old, whose defeat in the St. Leger must have rocked the British Isles. Exceptions were Buckpasser, who won the Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago last Saturday, and Moccasin, who won the Matron Stakes at Aqueduct the same afternoon. Because Buckpasser's race had a gross value of $335,475, and a net to the winner of $190,475, let's take it up first. From all accounts, Ogden Phipps's rangy bay colt had a close call. Though he was four lengths ahead halfway down the stretch, he passed the winning post only half a length in front of Father's Image. Behind them, Flame Tree nosed out Our Michael for third place. If the race had been at half a mile instead of seven furlongs, Demon Dyno would have taken all the money, because at that point he was four lengths in front, but he faded when Buckpasser made his run on the turn for home. The latter got away slowly, was inclined to loaf after taking the lead, and had to be ridden hard at the end. His next start will be in the Futurity at Aqueduct a week from Saturday. By the way, Father's Image, who gave Buckpasser's backers such a scare, is a half brother to Tosmah; John M. Olin gave $75,000 for him at the 1964 Keeneland Sales, and his share of the purse for coming in second was $60,000.

The way Moccasin disposed of her opposition in the Matron stamped her as just about the top two-year-old filly of the season. She looks the part, too, for she's a handsome and powerful individual, standing sixteen hands and an inch—the sort that beats colts. It must be said, however, that her ankles are large and rough-looking. This doesn't mean that she's unsound; Bull Hancock, who bred her and owns her, has no fear of that. Adams, who rode Moccasin, was in no hurry with her leaving the starting gate, and remained

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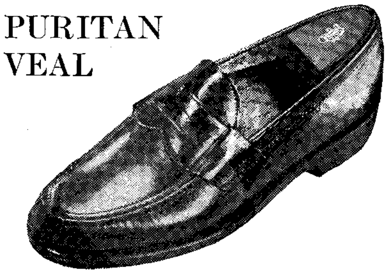

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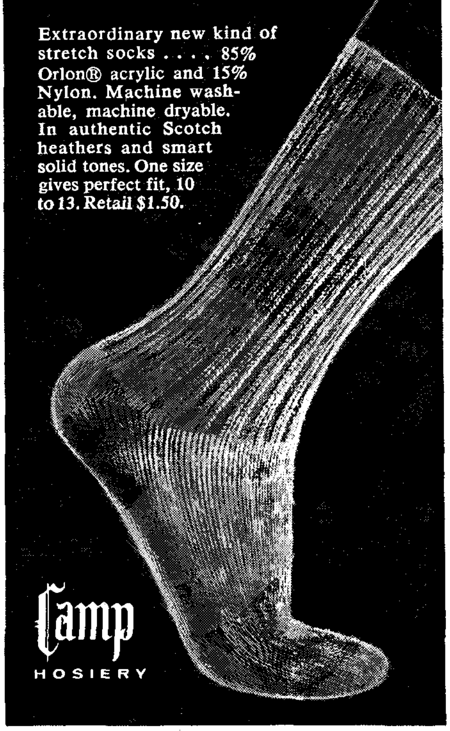

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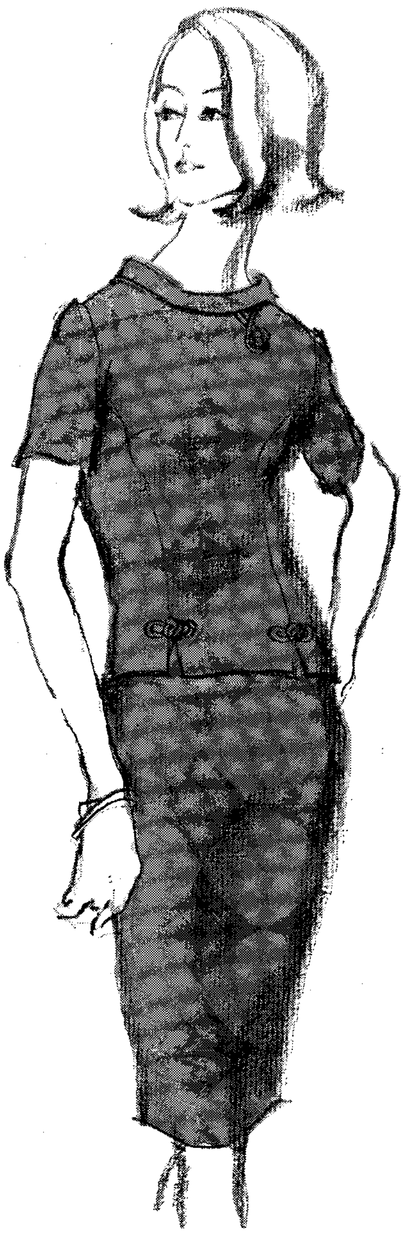

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content to wait behind Another Love, who made the running for nearly half a mile. On the turn for home, Adams let out one wrap and Moccasin swept into the lead. In the last furlong, Lyvette, a 74–1 shot, came up to take second place, a respectful six lengths behind. Shimmering Gold was third.

I DON'T suppose that Malicious has ever run a better race than the one he ran in the Aqueduct Stakes on Labor Day, or that Kelso has ever run more disappointingly. Though Malicious carried two pounds more than he did when Kelso beat him in the Whitney at Saratoga last month, he set as lively a pace as he did then, and won with plenty to spare from Pluck and Roman Brother. As for Kelso, who, for the first time in more than a year, failed to finish among the first three, I've never seen him so sleek; indeed, one observer remarked, "That's the way he should have looked two years ago." Though he left the gate as briskly as Malicious and Roman Brother, he soon began to drop back, and it seemed to me he ran unwillingly. Perhaps he didn't like the track, which isn't as fast as it was before they renovated it in August, but horses, when they grow old—Kelso is eight—become cunning and spare themselves as much effort as possible. Let's see what happens when, or if, he runs for the Woodward Stakes on October 2nd.

THERE really was nothing surprising about the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, the newest of the prestige races (its purse was $280,220), which had its second running at Rockingham Park a fortnight ago. Pass the Word, a nimble, lightly weighted colt, led from start to finish, and Hail to All, who invariably takes at least a furlong to get going, simply couldn't catch him. As I watched the race on television, Hail to All was at least twenty lengths behind at one stage, but he came down the stretch like a runaway engine to finish second. Naturalist was third. No doubt Pass the Word, who set a new mark of 1:59⅘ for the course, which is just short of a mile and a quarter, was helped a lot by his advantage in the weights. He carried only 112 pounds, or sixteen less than Hail to All, because he hadn't earned much prize money. He won't get such an edge again, for he collected $182,143. So Harry Albert and Mrs. John Stanley, who own him, and Eddie Neloy, who trains him, have hit the jackpot once

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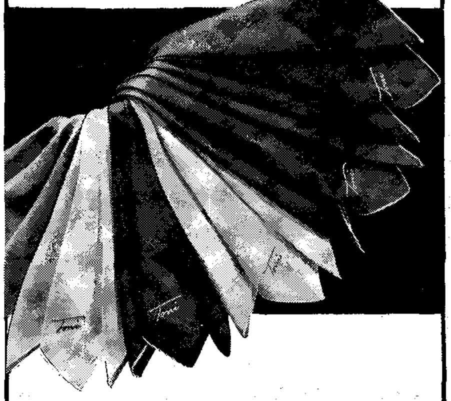

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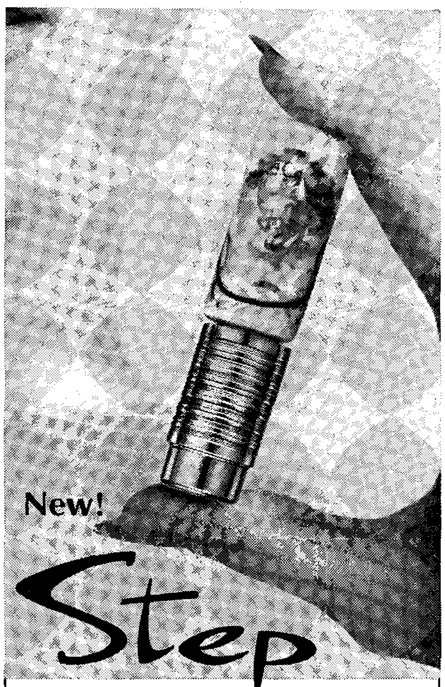

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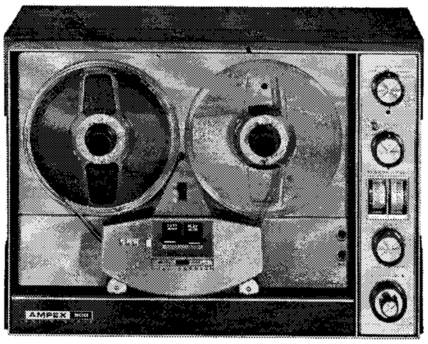

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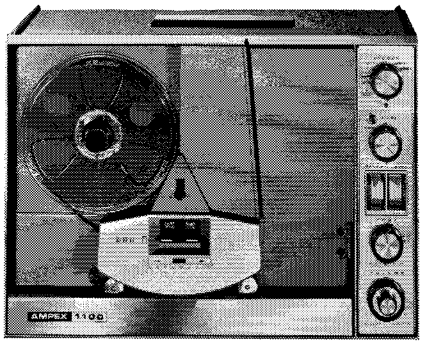

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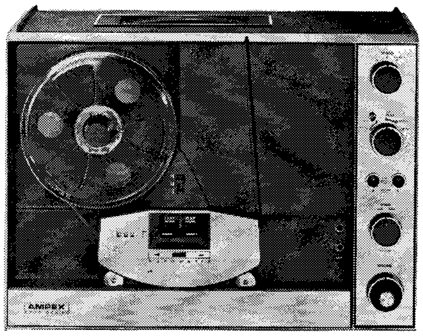

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more. I daresay you remember that Albert and Mrs. Stanley bought Gun Bow and Gun Boat from Maine Chance Farm for $125,000, and, while Gun Boat never amounted to much, Gun Bow has earned three-quarters of a million dollars in purses and has been syndicated for a million. Well, several months ago they bought Pass the Word, a fast, tough brown colt by Landing out of Ready Room, from James Cox Brady for $26,000. As a race, the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, which determined the payoffs of the state lottery, was a success, attracting a crowd of 29,980, compared to 17,781 last year. The lottery didn't do so well. The ticket sale totalled $3,910,000. Last year's was $5,700,000. Legislators in Albany, please note.

NATIVE DIVER—California's Kelso, they call him on the West Coast—wound up sixth in the Washington Handicap, lengths behind Take Over, Chieftain, and Gallant Romeo, who finished noses apart for the high dollar in that scramble at a mile in Chicago on Labor Day. According to my chart, Native Diver, who carried top weight of 128 pounds, went all out with Gallant Romeo for half a mile, and then tired. It seems that his last workout for the race was six furlongs in an extraordinary 1:08, or some such, so it's no wonder he ran out of speed. Take Over, who carried eighteen pounds less than Native Diver, had the longest odds of the eleven runners, paying a $152.20 mutuel. Horses with "Native" in their names weren't lucky out there that weekend. Native Street, favorite in the $208,765 Arlington-Washington Lassie Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, finished fifth. The race was run over a sloppy track, and the opinion of the experts was that she didn't like the footing. Silver Bright, who raced Ole Liz into submission in the last quarter of the six and a half furlongs, won comfortably and took down a purse of $111,265. Easy money.

BY the way, the condition of the track was blamed for the humiliating defeat of Meadow Court in the St. Leger, the last of the English classics this season. The course at Doncaster was soggy from rain, so Meadow Court, who doesn't like soft going, finished ten lengths behind Provoke, a 28–1 shot, who does. As the old song goes, "It's the same the whole world over . . ." —AUDAX MINOR

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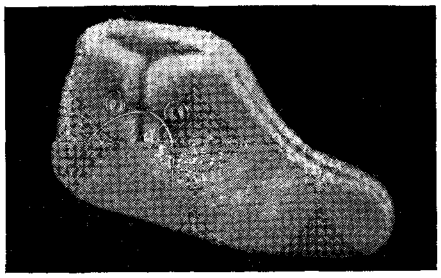

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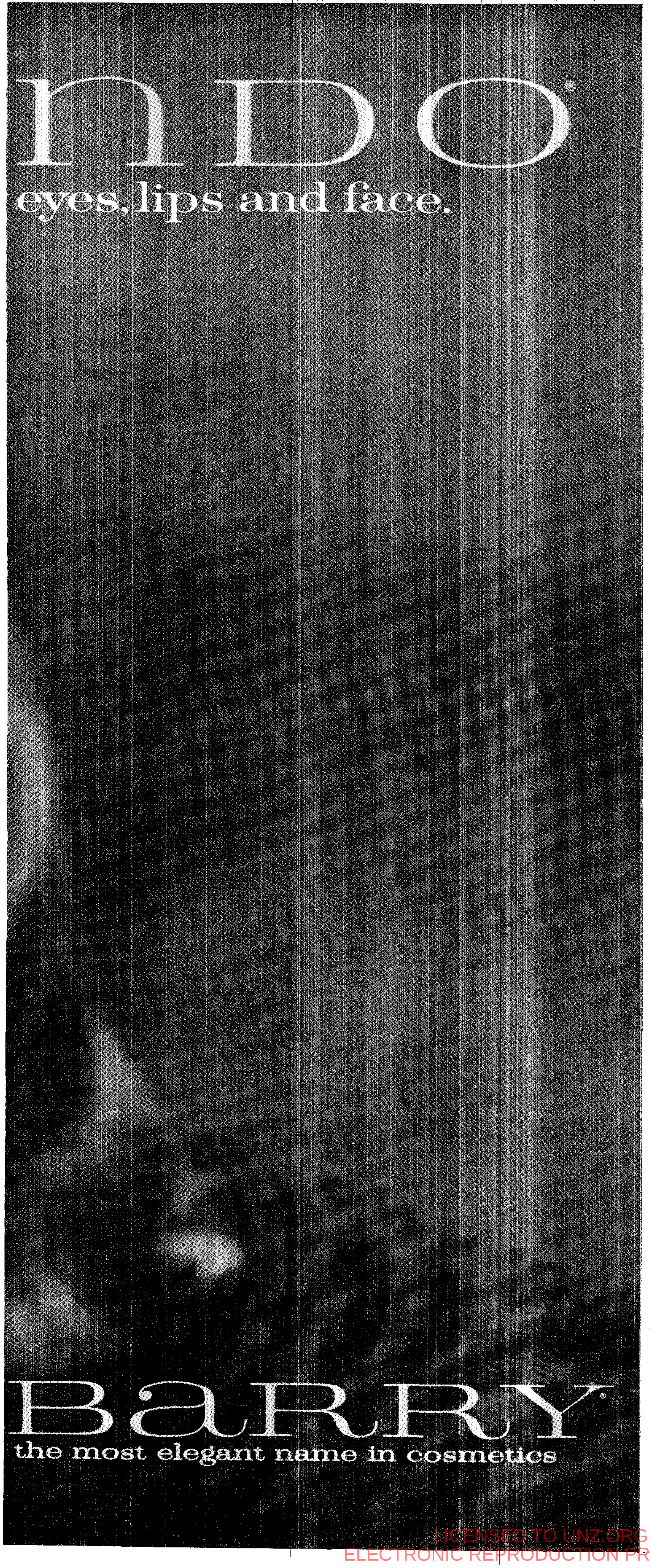
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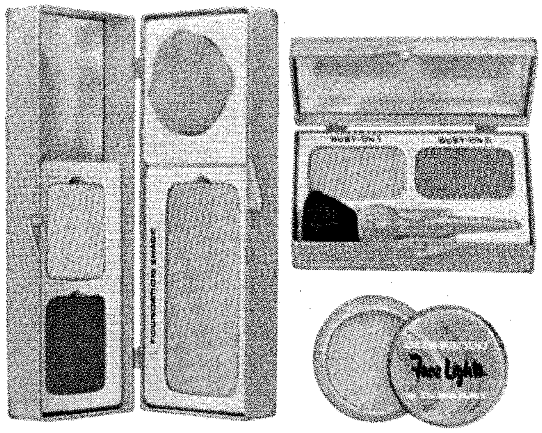

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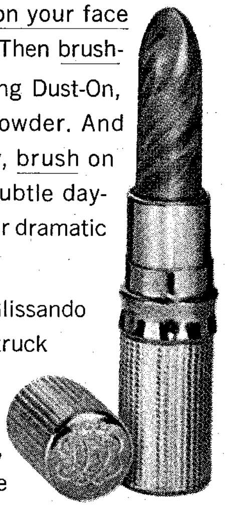

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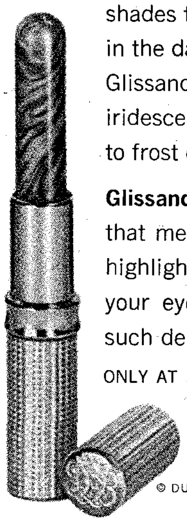

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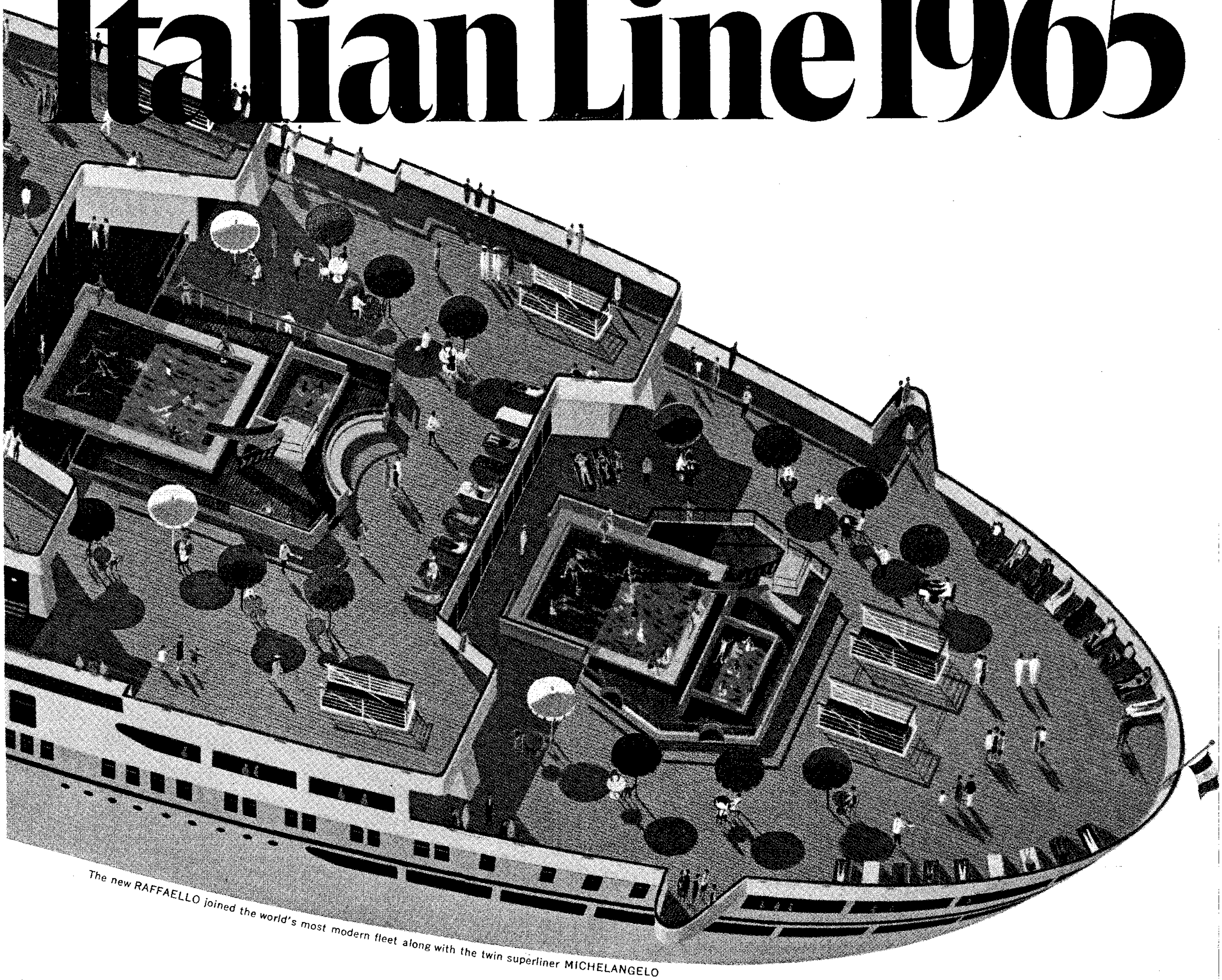
Italian Line 1965



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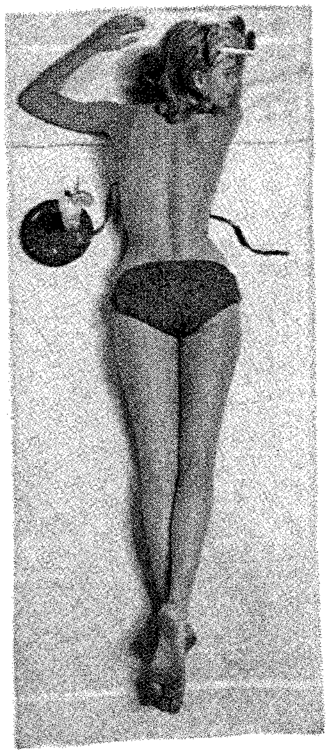

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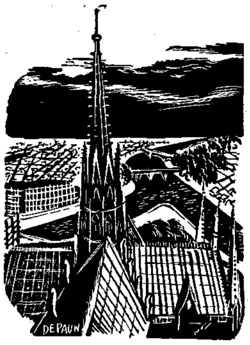
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 8

GENERAL DE GAULLE is always his own oracle. No one can prophesy for him in advance, no one is ever his surrogate, because no one can know precisely what he has on his mind. As chief of a modern state, he has risen to a pinnacle and remained there on his gift for words, a leader whose policies are established by his voice and vocabulary, usually announced by him semi-annually in his speeches to his nation—to the world, really. For the French, there is no knowing what he is going to say to them about their country or about their way of leading their lives until they see and hear him saying it on television—a direct form of communication of which he has the official art, looking his millions of compatriot listeners right in the eye, treating them to even his parenthetical thoughts with a professional wave of his large, pale hand. He is to speak tomorrow, Thursday, in the gilt ballroom of the Élysée Palace, talking in theory to his countrymen but physically addressing his words to the assembled international press, always favored on these occasions by being admitted to the intimacy of his presence, which descends upon them directly and uniquely, as it never does on his senate or assembly—a strange system by which the journalists, the movie cameras, and his microphone are delegated to receive his decisions viva voce, to hear and see him as he really is. This Thursday, the journalists' eyes will have an extra burden of discernment. If, as is hoped, he refers even ambiguously during his speech to his possible candidacy for reëlection as President, will they be able to see in his elderly face the strength needed for seven more years of leadership—a continuing portrait of him, as it were?

If he does run again, who runs against him is still unimportant. It is taken for granted that he will prove unbeatable, though doubtless achieving a smaller majority than will satisfy his sense of the grandeur of the France he has revived. If he does not run, the chaotic condition of France, again rampant with multiple party candidates, struggling for power, like hungry, waterlogged sailors climbing aboard a raft, is even in imagination so confusing (and so realistic) a picture that it is supposed that de Gaulle not only will but must run again, if only salvationally, to prepare France for its post-de Gaulle period. It is this future that everyone hopes he will outline tomorrow, and consequently the suspense before this press conference has been unusually nerve-racking for the chancelleries here. NATO and SHAPE will doubtless undergo the drastic changes he envisions as necessary in order to assure France the freedom from American pressure and integration that he reportedly feels she will need as the smaller and less powerful country she will unquestionably be when he no longer leads her. It will be the difference of only one Frenchman less among forty-eight million, but by his absence from power, as even the anti-Gaullists appreciate, he will shrink the whole country.



THE official homage of France was nocturnally rendered last Wednesday by a torchlight procession that accompanied the lying in state of the famed modernist architect Charles Le Corbusier, held in the Louvre's Renaissance chef-d'œuvre, the Cour Carrée. A simulated green lawn had been specially laid down against the court's east wall, and on it rested his bare, undraped wooden coffin, alone in its harsh contemporary simplicity amid all the kingly decoration. A half-dozen Gardes Républicains in dress uniform stood near with sabres drawn, and in the court's west portico was massed a military band, whose brief portions from Beethoven's and Chopin's funeral marches echoed contrapuntally within the floodlit court walls on the chilly night air. This was the second such open-air homage to a celebrated French art figure (the first was to Georges Braque), both created as imposing ceremonies by M. André Malraux, Minister of Cultural Affairs, to stress France's interest in her major artists—very belated indeed in the case of Le Corbusier, as Malraux's stirring, elegiac speech boldly stated. To the crowd of perhaps four thousand, including ambassadors and other notables, he said that no one "had ever been so long, so patiently insulted" as Le Corbusier, the revolutionary-minded architectural genius and urbanist, Swiss-born but become French by naturalization and choice. His theories finally made him famous around the world, but, as he complained

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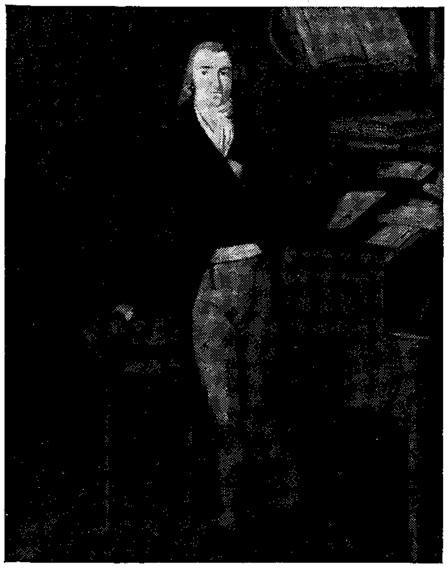
There was another famous Johann. He composed his music in bottles.



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to the end, little of the praise ever came from France.

Although Le Corbusier had fanatic admirers among the French intelligentsia, he early alarmed French businessmen, municipalities, and the bigoted *beaux-arts* Establishment. In 1925, at the Exposition des Arts Dècoratifs, he presented his astounding Voisin plan for modernizing central Paris, in which, through a kind of reformer's genius, he had interested the automobile-manufacturing firm of Voisin (both Peugeot and Citroën had turned him down) by explaining that since its motorcars were helping create the horrible urban traffic problem, it might well finance an exploration of possible ways and means to a solution. The extravagant plan proposed by Corbu (his name was so long that this became his nickname) was to raze all the buildings between the Châtelet and the Louvre, replacing them with a few skyscrapers (then a Paris novelty, though now no more); to raze Les Halles also (now part of the present Paris municipal plan); and to pierce the city with an east-west automobile throughway (now being finished on both sides of the Seine)—all of which solutions were then regarded as too costly or too crazy. Throughout his career, Corbu made a fetish of sunlight, declaring that building permits should not be issued to construct apartment houses in which any room could not have contact with the sun. His insistence on the privilege of sunlight is being largely followed nowadays in those domino-like low-rent apartment houses that you see all over France. Utopian, arrogant, an agitator, and an intransigent positivist in his combative style, because he had had few chances when young to build what he believed in and perforce could only write about it in such books as "The City of Tomorrow," he became Europe's personal symbol of urban humanism, the exponent of "the stupendous building beauty of reinforced concrete," and famed for his axiom "A house is a machine for living in." Frank Lloyd Wright, also an intransigent architectural master, dismissed Corbu as "a box builder."

In the mid-nineteen-twenties, Corbu began building concrete suburban houses near Paris for avant-garde home lovers. They were suspended on concrete columns and were designed to the mathematical formula of what the French call *la section d'or*—the golden mean. One of the most celebrated, built in 1926, was at Garches, and another, built in 1931 and called Villa Savoye, was in the river town of Poissy. A Lon-

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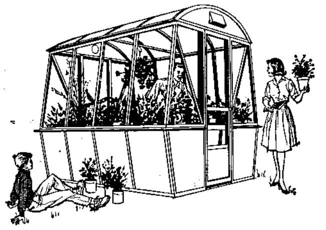

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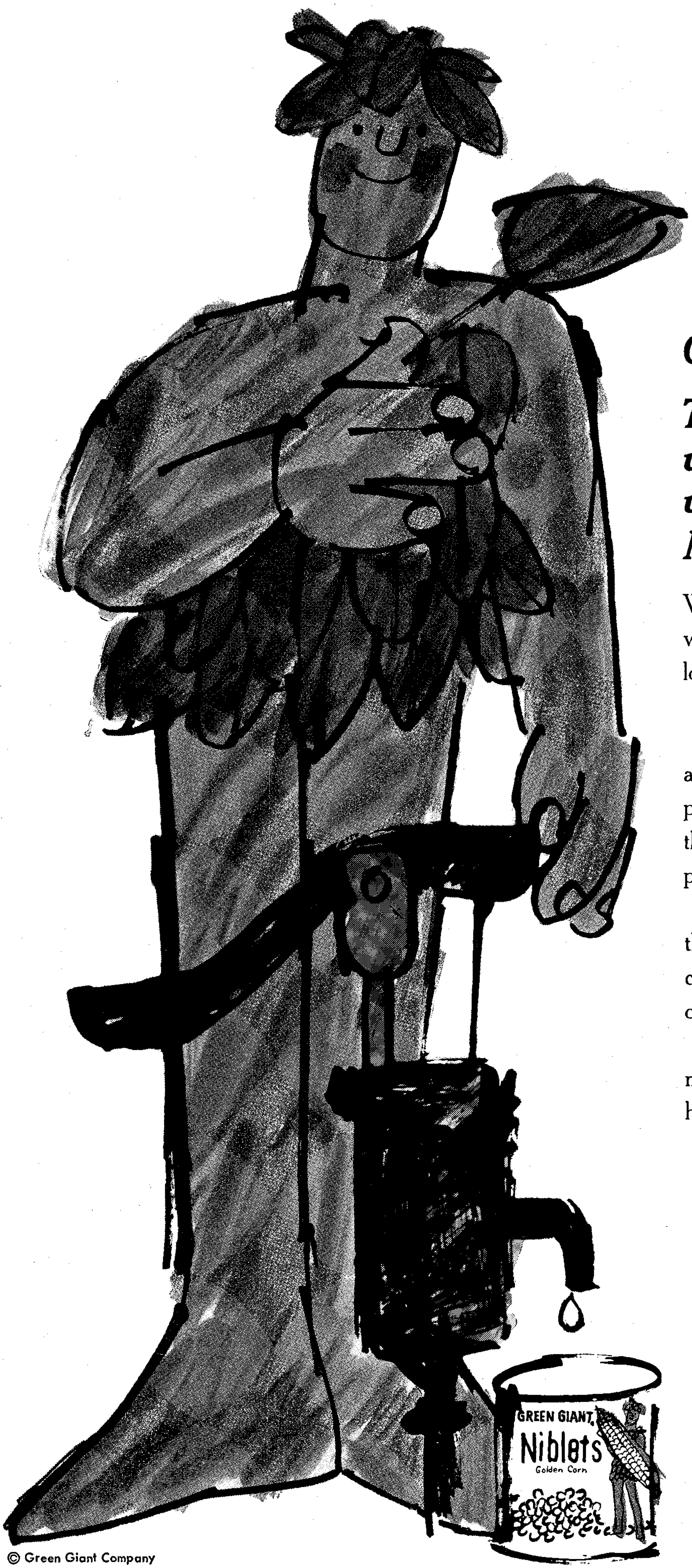

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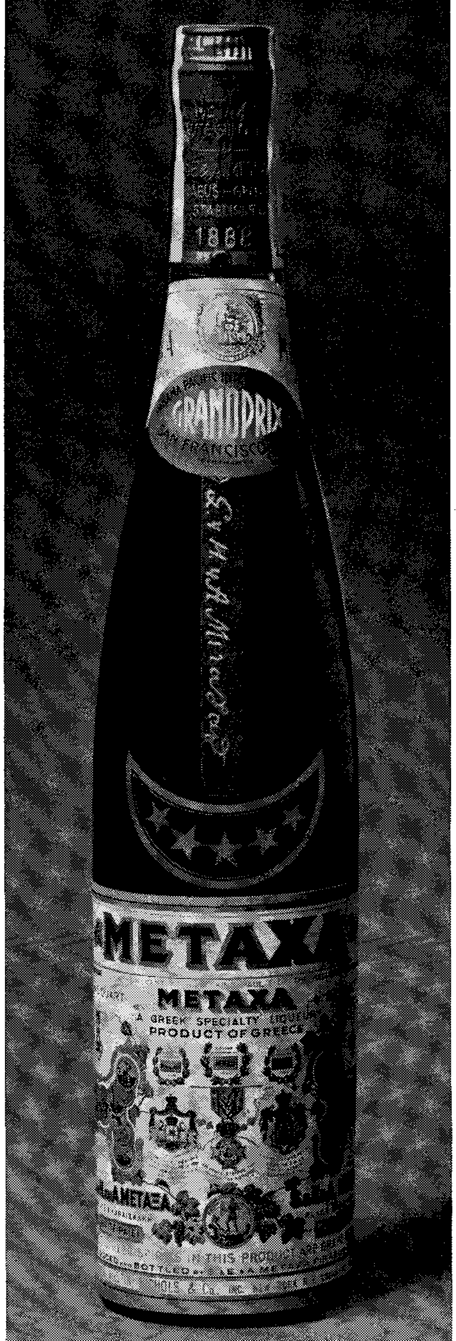

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don expert has just said that their construction "excited interest and discussion throughout the world," and that "it is doubtful if any houses of the century have won greater fame." According to long-standing Poissy village gossip, the Villa Savoye was commissioned by a mysterious rich American, who then abandoned it; derelict and seized for unpaid taxes by the town a few years ago, it was to be torn down and the site used for a school until Malraux, outraged, declared it an untouchable *monument historique*. In 1930, Corbu built what is regarded as the first completely modern building in Paris, ordered by the Swiss. This was the Swiss Pavilion, still part of the international Cité Universitaire and still notable for its flat surfaces, steel-set windows, and exactly balanced proportions. The next year, he went to Moscow and built the Ministry of Light Industry, still regarded as Russia's most modernist construction. The year after, he won a competition for the design of a U.S.S.R. government building to be called the Palace of the Soviets and met Stalin, but the Soviet thaw in favor of modernism had passed and the conformist freeze had set in again, which meant that Corbu was bypassed. His output in France was small and rather late. In 1952, he built what he felt was his greatest innovation, and it caused the greatest scandal of his career. This was La Cité Radieuse—the City of Light—which he declared was "a town of sixteen hundred living under one roof." Set up on *pilotis*, or stilts (an eccentricity that became a Corbu trademark), it was a big apartment house just outside Marseille, with community facilities such as a small hospital, clubrooms, restaurants, and shops—with every comfort, indeed, except local popularity and resident satisfactions. The city authorities refused to run a bus line out to it, and for years it was not completely inhabited. "Let them bark," Corbu said coldly of his Marseille critics, as if they were dogs. He built another Cité Radieuse at Nantes, without scandal; a delightful, popular little rural church, "shaped like a crabshell," at Ronchamp, in the center of France, to replace a bombed-out chapel; and a dour cement Dominican monastery near Lyon, though he was himself an agnostic.

After the First World War, Le Corbusier was embittered by losing the promised commission to build the Geneva palace for the League of Nations, to which he was inclined because of his pacifism. He hoped to have his revenge, as he called it, through his

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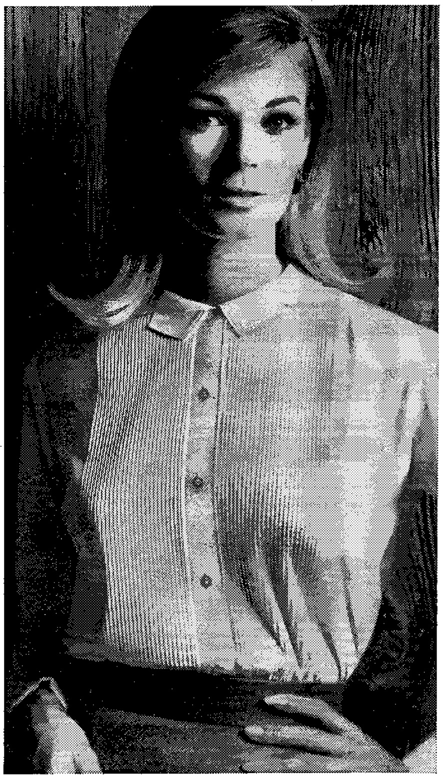

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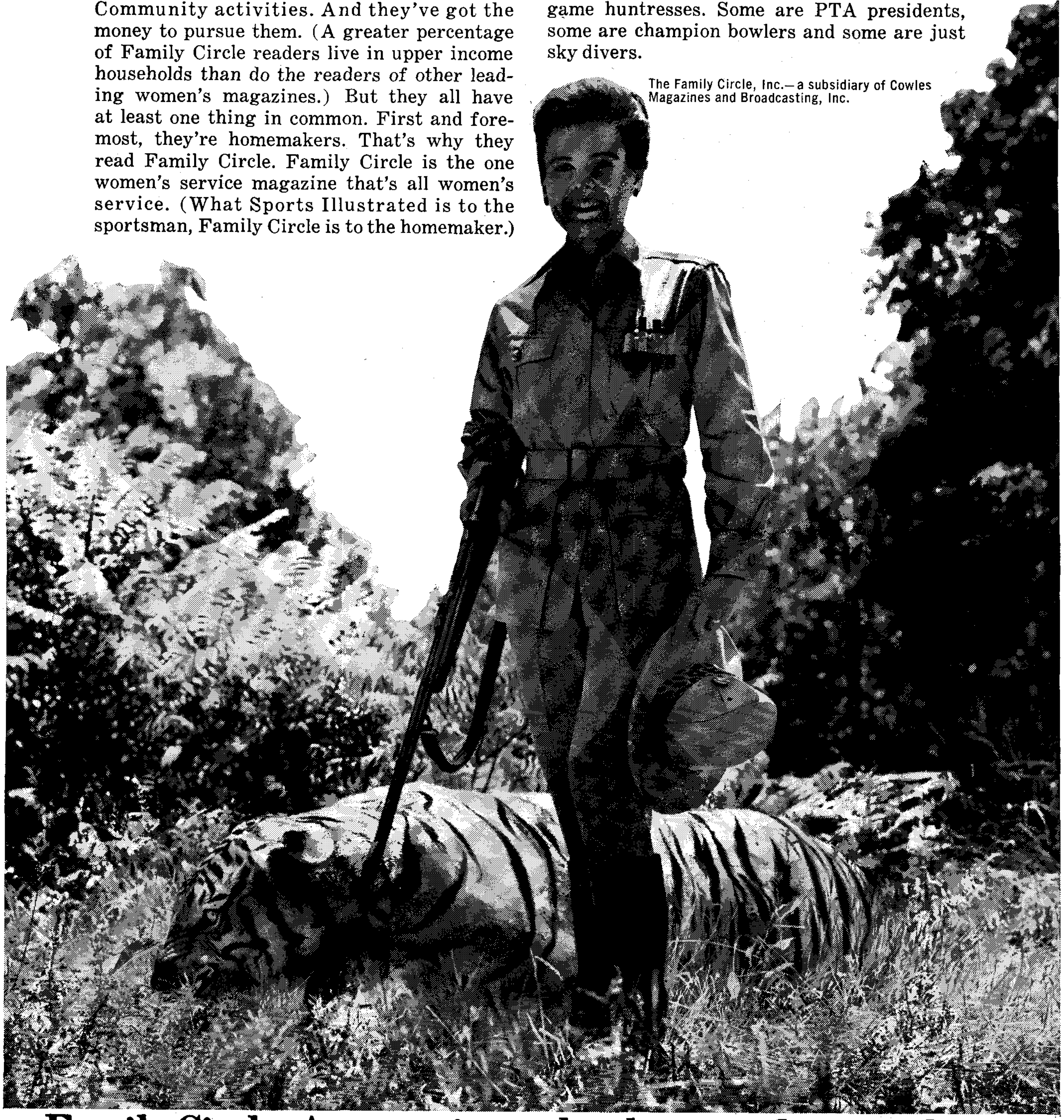

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appointment as a consultant on the designing of New York's glass-box United Nations Building, also built to preserve peace, but following its completion he more or less disavowed the whole East River project. Actually, his greatest glory, and also his unique dealing with what is still called beauty, lay in his recent designing of the main buildings for Chandigarh, the new capital city of Punjab. On his Indian project more than on any other he ever created he left his most unusual individual mark, such as the graceful serpentine walls of the Governor's Palace and the handsomely decorative "claustra," composed of gigantic open squares, that shield the High Court Building from the sun—a new problem for him who spent his European career searching to put sunlight inside his walls.

Because Le Corbusier was the world's greatest modern architect, or so the French now call him as a form of respect, his death was treated as a major Paris news event, with reams about him and his career in the press, and lengthy commentaries on the state radio—complimentary treatment such as he had not received during his life here. The fulsome press flattery made sad reading.

THE meagre vacation-time population here was treated to an extraordinary divertissement—and shock, at first—during the last week of the August holiday. In his filming of the book "Is Paris Burning?," which is about the city's liberation from the Germans, the French director René Clément was given official permission to stage and photograph many of its major incidents on the spots where they actually took place, twenty-one years ago. Thus, on Assumption Sunday, August 15th, he staged the final tank battle between the Germans and Leclerc's Free French fighters on the Rue de Rivoli corner of the Place de la Concorde. For the film, the Paris police cleared the Concorde of parked cars, closed it to traffic, and even emptied its immediate surroundings, as far as the camera eye could reach, of all movable 1965 evidences while the actors rehearsed and finally repeated on film their brief, violent segment of history. (The shock to the French along the side streets was the appearance of cars filled with armed men in Nazi uniform. "*Mon Dieu*, are they back again?" you could hear some of them saying in stupefaction.) The climax of the tank action was the ramming and destruction of a German Panther by a French

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tank driver (played by Yves Montand). The real tank chief of LeClerc's 2nd Division, who lost his life there, was Marcel Bizien, according to his gravestone, sunk with those of nine others, including a nurse, inside the Tuileries wall, where they fell that day. Their gravestones had to be masked for the camera closeups, to preserve the 1944 appearance intact. Another day, just after dawn, the police cleared the Champs-Élysées of early traffic to show a departing Nazi herding some pigs that he intended to take with him as he fled. At Notre Dame, hundreds of French people and tourists (kept at a distance) were treated to the sight of a race between an American tank and a French tank trying to beat each other to the Cathedral door. For a brief moment, the Nazi flag even flew again over the Hôtel Meurice, which was the headquarters of General Dietrich von Choltitz, whom Hitler had sent to Paris with the mission of setting it on fire. Von Choltitz is played by Gert Frobe, who once was Goldfinger. Clément, who will be recalled for "Battle of the Rails," his excellent postwar documentary film on the French resistant railwaymen, uses the Paris newsreel that shows General de Gaulle in his triumphant walk down the Champs-Élysées, since obviously the General could not be doubled by an actor. It is known here that de Gaulle has been very interested in the filming of "Is Paris Burning?," which explains the privileges that Clément has been given. The French feel that the movie, especially in America, will prove to be wonderful emotional propaganda for Paris, for the French Resistance, and thus for France itself—and also invaluable propaganda for de Gaulle as the savior of France, seen in what was surely his most euphoric hour. He has always been intelligent about historical, exalted publicity. —GENÊT

•

> In commenting on the Parents Program, Mr. Farley said recently in a letter to the fathers of freshmen that participation is particularly important in this campaign and that every gift, no matter how large, is significant.—*Wheaton College Newsletter.*

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RUBBING my eyes, I looked at the thick letter again. The stamp was unmistakably cancelled in Suez, and it could only mean that Delinquent Chacha—my favorite uncle, who had plowed his university examinations, not held a steady job in twenty-five years, and fobbed off his thirteen children on his successful brothers and sisters—was bound for Britain. At the same time, he was midway to realizing his lifelong ambition to pass for a gentleman; he had ineptly added "Esq." to the sender's name, and written out my Oxford address with a few too many flourishes. Pulling up an easy chair in front of the fire—it was Saturday, and there were no lectures—I put my feet on the grate, slipped open the bulging envelope, and settled down to read the epistle. It was almost as thick as a small pad, and the pages were still stuck together, as though the writer had intended a book. But the salutation was in English and read from left to right, while much of the text was in Urdu and ran in the other direction. The sheets were so speckled with English phrases and sentences, with sometimes a line changing direction halfway, that just to glance at a page was to have a sensation of seasickness. The style was windy and uncertain throughout:

"My dear, dear Mohan, or may I still address you as Kaka?"—it was typical of him to worry about calling me "Youngster" now that I was in England—"in the name of St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. Patrick, the bewitching patron saints of our erstwhile rulers, I greet you. My present abode is none other than the Britannia, and what a miracle of comfort and engineering this ship is! In every way it is a floating palace. I'm not exaggerating a bit when I say that on my deck I feel grander than any maharajah, and the vale of Kashmir is nothing to the expanse of ocean stretching at my feet. I may further tell you that the billowing waves prove that the giant I used to tell you stories about is taking a personal interest in your Delinquent Chacha's leisurely progress to England; every time he shakes his stick, we go forward with a song in our hearts. The sensation is no less delirious than walking on an undulating Persian carpet. I waved my handkerchief to Bombay, the downtrodden, doomed city, and to India, on which the sun permanently set the day the British left, only a few hours ago, but I feel I am already in the United Kingdom. Indeed, to be on His Majesty's ship is, in point of law, to enjoy the same privileges and rights extended to Englishmen. For two hundred years, thanks to their graciousness, we enjoyed those rights and privileges, but we flung the gift in their faces because we preferred anarchy and atavism to law and marching with the times. . . . I needn't go on."

It was characteristic of Delinquent Chacha to indulge himself in such rhetoric—I was acquainted with its message since childhood—instead of instantly explaining how an impoverished dreamer had wangled a passage to England. "I know, I know," he went on uncannily, "you want to be told all at once, but it's an involved story and happily it's ten days before we touch our first port; I have plenty of time for composition. To go on, remember the farewell lunch we had a year ago in the Coffee House when you were leaving for hallowed Oxford? Well, you wouldn't recognize the place now. It has expanded into the building next door, and all the walls upstairs and downstairs are draped with red silk and tapestries depicting our world-famous nude sculptures. The boy bearer has departed, and a dozen older men in black livery and red turbans and with manners worthy of footmen of a Duke have taken his place. I need hardly add that the jukebox and the loudspeaker are gone, too; the air is now inhabited by subdued live music of the strings, played by Goanese gentlemen, whose fingers alone can produce good music in our dreary country. From morning to evening, the clientele is edified by Viennese waltzes and sometimes by the beat of the rumba and samba, played always, though, at a slow, genteel tempo. Every time the portals open to receive or let out a customer, some of the music spills out into the street, and this, as you can imagine, has had a great effect on loafers, hawkers, and passersby, who when in the vicinity of

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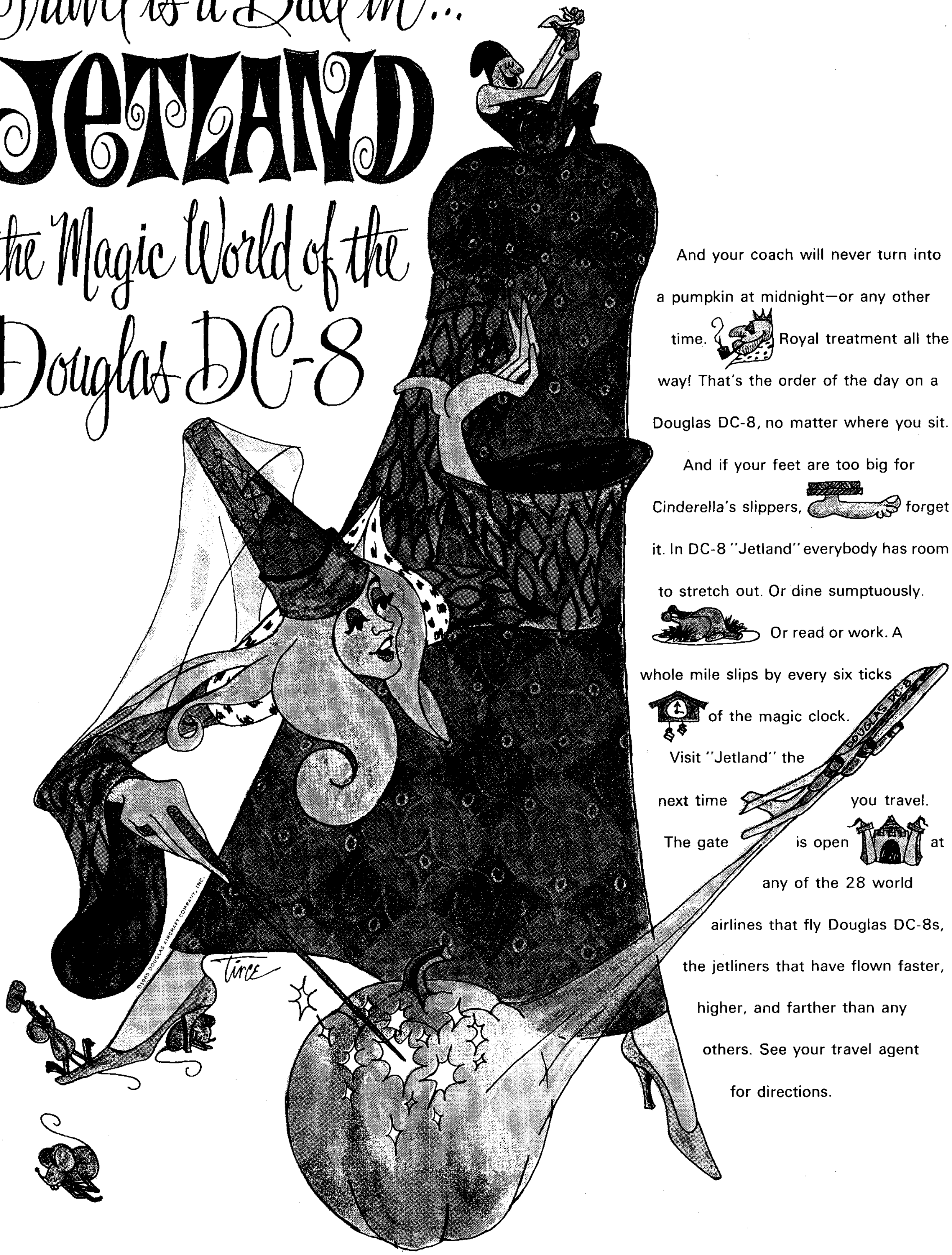

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the Coffee House—it maintains its old name—walk with a lighter and bouncy step. But alas, Kaka, our favorite place, our old hangout, until yesterweek was no longer within the means of your poor Delinquent Chacha, to whom fate has dealt a very bad hand, even in a country where no one has good hands. But your Delinquent Chacha—as you know all too well—has ever been banking on luck turning, though after you wrote me that the Ruskin Delegacy for Adult Education had no scholarships for Indian nationals my heart did indeed sink; a man at forty-six must start counting his chickens, or else. Faithfully every morning, taking my hope and my walking stick, I set out for my elevenses at the Coffee House. For most of the bitter winter, however, your Delinquent Chacha had no alternative but to wistfully look into the windows, chain-smoke—I spent my Coffee House allowance on king-size cigarettes and special black betel-nut pans—and watch people come and go. I needn't tell you, who know that I am a youngster at heart, how much benefit I received from my pavement watching. A person with less knowledge of the ways of the world, one of those rustics who have taken on the airs of a city man, would no doubt be content eating and belching and talking to women relatives. In time, the clientele, especially the Western, civilized ones, began relying on your Delinquent Chacha; when they were in desperate straits, couldn't make their Indian drivers understand directions and addresses, or were stranded with punctures, Delinquent Chacha was on hand to see them through the fires and waters of Indian travel. One day, an American gentleman, fresh as the morning dew, came out of the Coffee House and marched up to me. He held out his milky-white hand. 'I am Harry Hartwell,' he said. 'I am Delinquent Chacha,' I said, sizing him up. 'In Hollywood we go in for stage names,' he said, 'but I had no idea the fashion had caught on in New Delhi.' I explained to him that 'chacha' means 'uncle' in Hindi. 'And Delinquent?' he insisted. I thought that was a little much from a stranger, but gave him a courteous answer. 'You see, Mr. Hartwell, I don't quite fit into the pattern of things here,' I said, 'and "delinquent" is a sort of shorthand for saying I am old-fashioned. To tell the truth, life hasn't done well by me.' 'Hard-luck story, eh?' he said, taking me by the shoulder. 'Your English—isn't too bad.' 'Mr. Hartwell,' I said, 'I come from one of the most educated families in all of Punjab. Two of my brothers are Joint Secretaries in the

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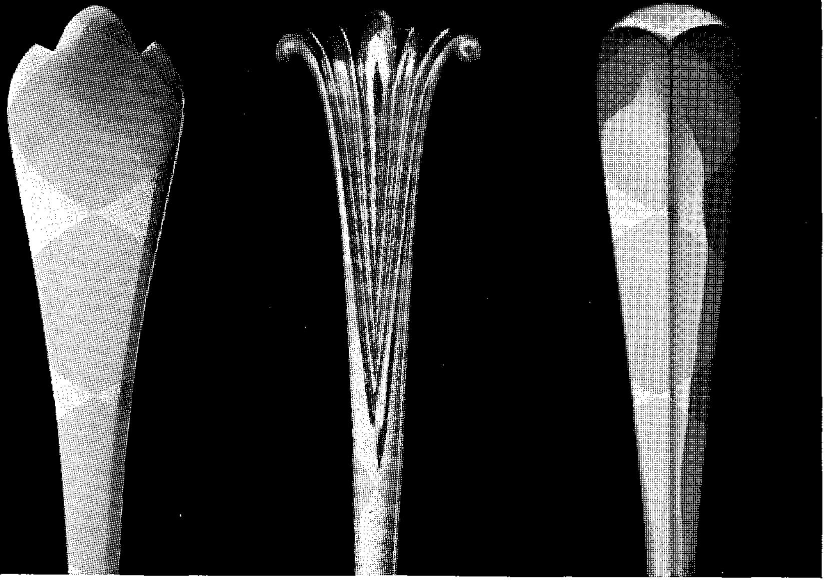

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ministries, one is a retired major, one is at the moment the Ambassador to an Arab country, and my nephew'—you, Kaka—'is at Oxford, in a four-hundred-year-old college.' 'Well, then, Mr. Delinquent Chacha, why not come in and join me for a cup of coffee?' Hartwell said. His calling me Mister warmed my heart. But I couldn't think of going into the Coffee House in my woollen pajamas and loose shirt—curse the day that someone thought up this embarrassing dress for our people—and being treated condescendingly by the self-important bearers. I pleaded an urgent engagement at the Ministry of External Affairs, and made an appointment with him for the next morning. Next day, I got out my gold long coat, white pajamas, and muslin turban, which had been lying in camphor ever since our festive farewell lunch. I had to walk around the streets for nearly two hours to shake the smell out of them, but I arrived at the Coffee House in time to capture a table at our old spot upstairs. It was there that Mr. Hartwell and I talked to the sound of strings. 'So the day was convenient after all,' he said, sitting down, and without wasting a second on pleasantries directly addressed himself to business. 'Now, Delinquent,' he said, 'do you mind if I call you by your Christian name? You can call me Harry. Can you be packed and ready to go in two weeks? That's essential.' I didn't ask any questions, just nodded knowingly. 'I am a producer, and in three weeks' time we are shooting a real blockbuster on the Riviera. The story line is a dilly. An old-fashioned maharajah, who looks like a Buddha and has acted like a rake, is wintering in Cannes with his entourage, which includes his three hundred or so concubines. He calls them beads, and, Delinquent, you can take it from me that he goes through them like beads. For his lodgings he has taken over an abandoned nunnery. The mother queen—what do you call them in Hindi?' 'Maharani,' I said. 'The maharani is installed in the rooms of the mother superior, and the other beads, equivalent to the ranks of Sisters and novices and such, are likewise quartered in rooms fit for their station. A nunnery is a perfect cosmic stage, and while the drama will be told wholly on the level of sex, its message will be deeply religious. You ought to understand that, because nowhere is there a purer union of religion and sex than here in India.' My spirits soared. To be a maharajah, even if only for the time of the shooting, and be it on celluloid—what ecstasy! And the idea of the beads wrapping themselves around

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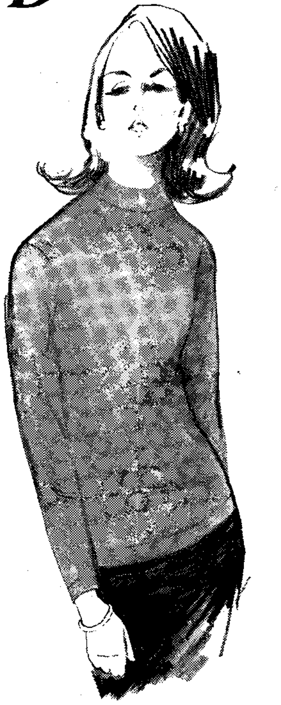

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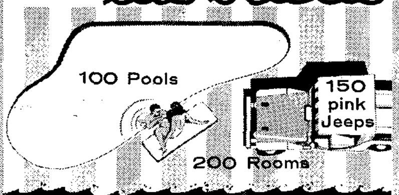

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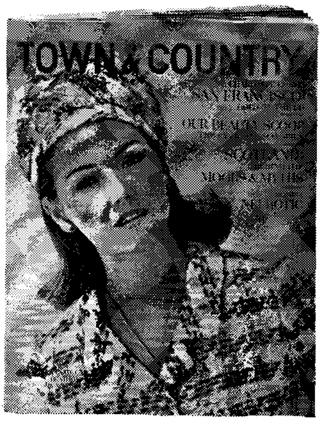
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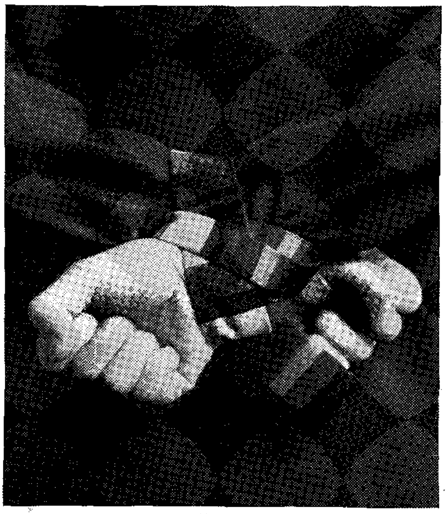
me—be it for the purpose of sets and scenes—oh, Kaka, I cannot put down on paper all the thoughts that tumbled into my mind! As you know, I've always had a little bit of the actor in me, but who, who would have thought that my destiny was to take me by surprise like this? Nevertheless, I was gripped with fear that Hartwell would slip out of my fingers like a myna, who sits in your hand as gentle as a jackdaw and at the first opportunity, a little loosening of the fingers, bites and flies away, only to mock at you from the freedom of the open skies. I put a pan in my mouth and started chewing on it loudly. I asked in a very offhand way, 'Why me?' You, Kaka, can understand such a question at such a time, for, as you know, the only touchstone in my life has been curiosity. Mr. Hartwell replied, 'Look, Delinquent, I know the authentic stuff when I see it, don't I? I've watched you carrying on on the pavement. You see, in Hollywood we work with stars, but in these new countries we have to recruit natural talent.' The strings suddenly went on a softer jag, and the pulse in my temple began beating like thunder. I was afraid Harry would notice it. I redoubled my chewing. Maintaining a nonchalant air, I asked for some details. 'Delinquent, I see you have a good business head,' Harry finally said. I brushed aside the compliment and asked, 'Could you tell me a little more about the picture—the story line, as you call it?' 'Hey, there,' he said, looking at me, 'does that red stuff you're eating interfere with kissing?' I shook my head. 'It will be good to show it in the maharajah's mouth in the first harem shot,' he said. 'The film will be called "The Rosary," ' he went on, and, Kaka, the next minute Harry had assumed the avatar of that very myna and pecked, oh, *bit* the loving, caressing hand of your Delinquent Chacha. The part he offered me was not that of the maharajah, nor one of his ministers, who by right avail themselves of the concubines lying fallow, or, indeed, that of the chauffeur, whose job it is to scout around the hillsides for wenches, fresh recruits. Oh, Kaka, he offered me the job of a seraglio sweeper, an untouchable from whom every concubine, however aged and ugly, must avert her face and, holding her nose, run away. I told Harry that the job was beneath the dignity of our family rank. I made as though to go. 'Wait a minute, Delinquent,' he said, putting a restraining hand on my arm, 'it's a very good part I'm offering you. The most spectacular sequence concerns the sweeper.' 'But how will I be able to face my people of



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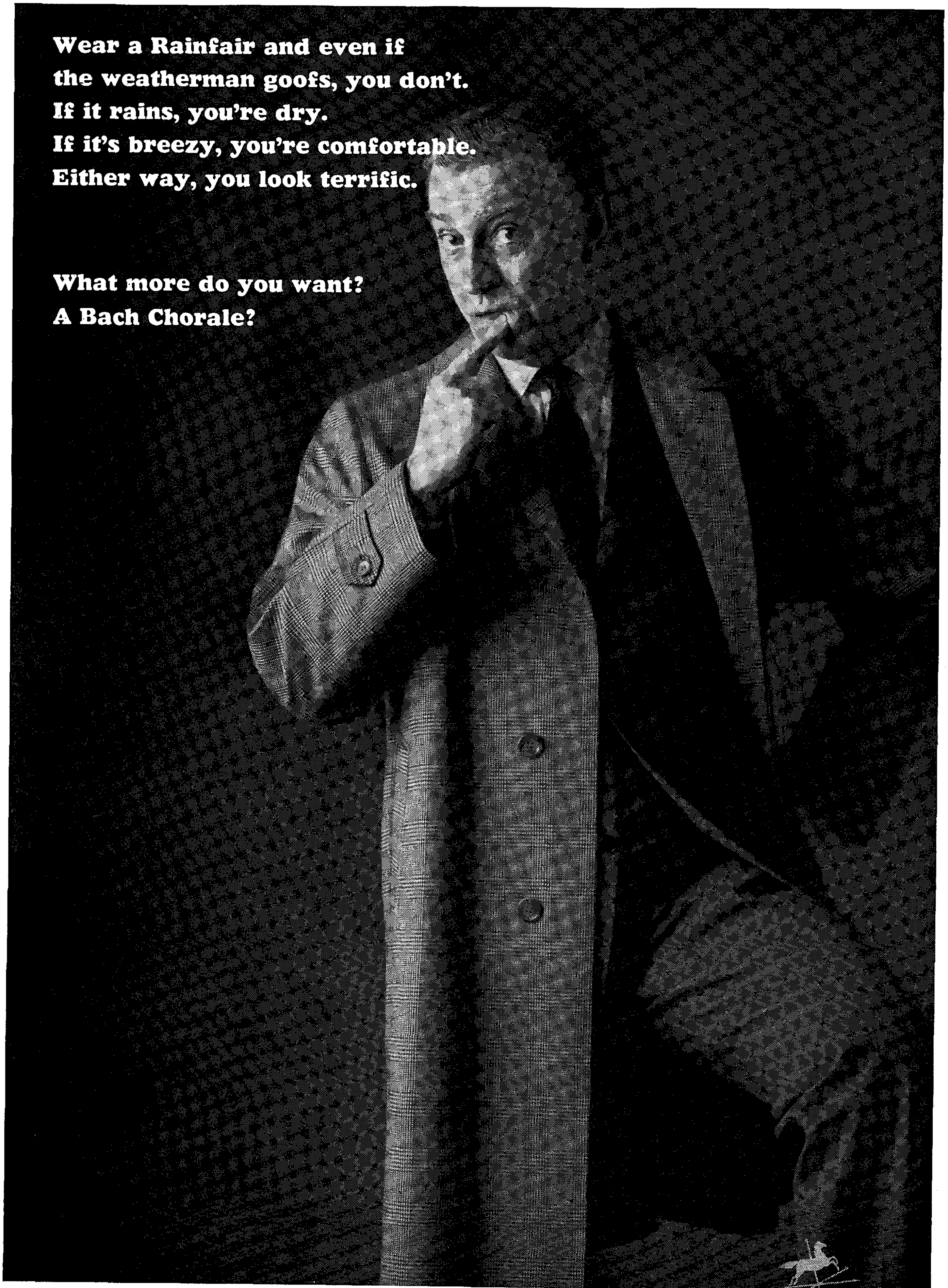
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India, once they have seen me in the guise of a sweeper, and associated with my—' Mr. Hartwell didn't let me finish. 'You see,' he continued, 'the maharajah specially summons an electrical engineer *by* a letter to President Eisenhower.' I pricked up my ears. 'President General Dwight David Eisenhower?' 'The very man,' Harry said cheerfully. 'The maharajah is quite a rake, and before he takes the way of a Buddha in the closing shots, he writes to Eisenhower asking for the best electrical engineer for an unnamed mission. The President, to avoid precipitating an international crisis, grants the unusual request and flies across a man from the Boeing Company. Then follows a sort of epiphany scene of the rake side of the maharajah; after much wining and dining, and with all the Cabinet members present, the monarch commands the electrical engineer, on pain of death, to build him a bed of rejuvenation. The engineer cunningly stalls, and, just before he escapes with his life to Buenos Aires, eggs on the sweeper to molest the maharajah's current favorite in vengeance for the abortive, perilous mission. The sweeper follows the engineer's instructions to the letter. The whole harem is up in arms. Everyone expects the maharajah to have the sweeper lashed to death, but in a second, contrapuntal epiphany, the spiritual side this time, which follows quick on the heels of the first, the maharajah, in the grandest and most touching scene of all, invokes the name of Gandhi, who fought all his life on behalf of the untouchables—I think he called them "children of God"—and, putting his crown on the sweeper's head, abdicates to follow the path of the Buddha. "The Rosary" ends with an abstract shot of Nirvana, a great, black nothingness and howling, eternal winds.' My spirits soared higher than the sky. The arrangements of my secret departure are too mundane even to bear mention. My only sadness, which is gnawing at me at this writing, is that *none* of the 'Rosary' stars are travelling on this ship—they are all looking after their own transport, since the picture, because of its experimental nature, is being done on a shoestring. From one point of view, their absence has its advantages; I can practice acting in front of the mirror unhampered, and in the eyes of my cabinmates I am already a meteor to conjure with. . . ."

The letter went on. There were reflections on food, on the sea, on the mates in his ship dormitory. There were admonitions for me, which ended with the remark, "But, Kaka, why do I have to advise you on paper? I will soon be

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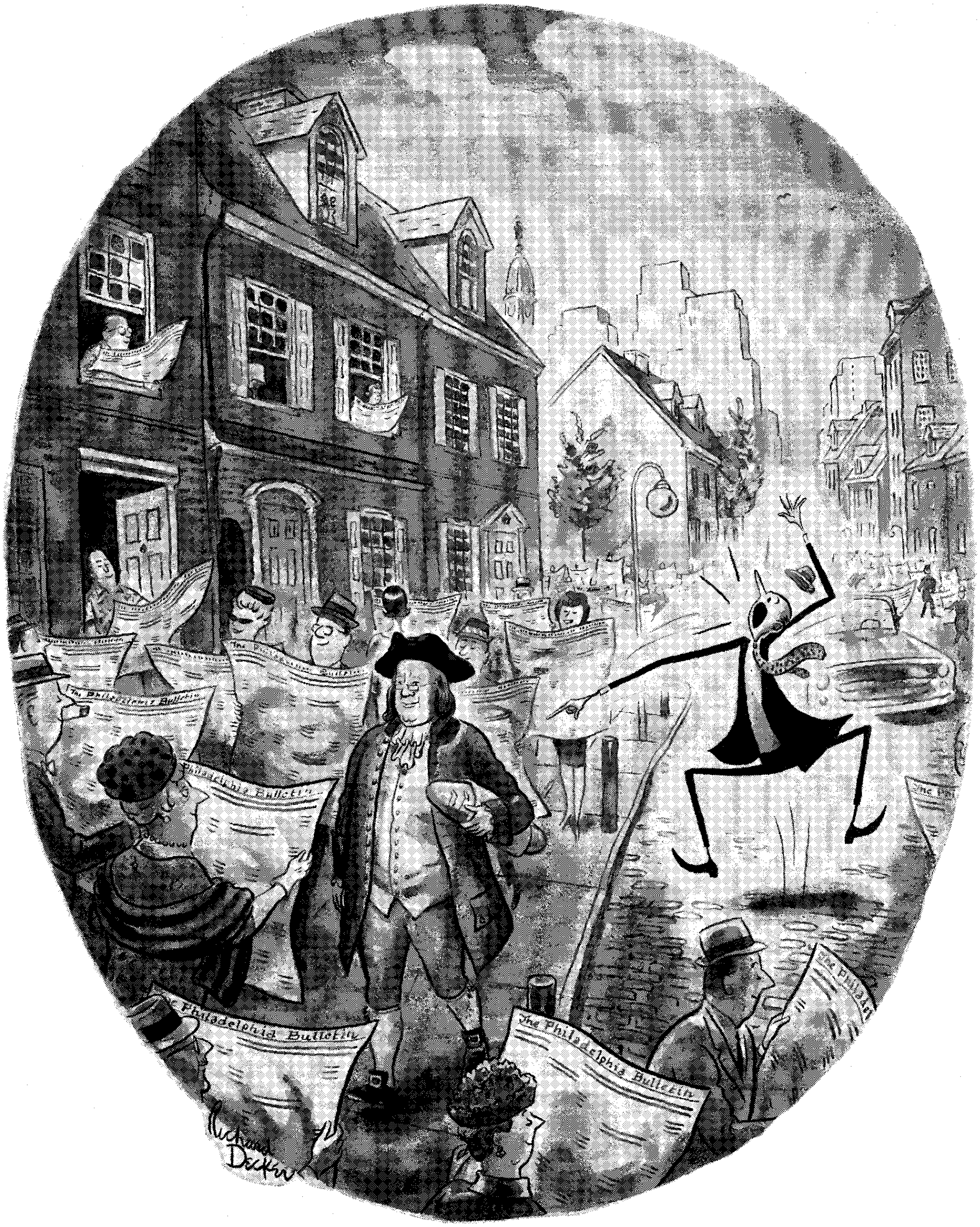
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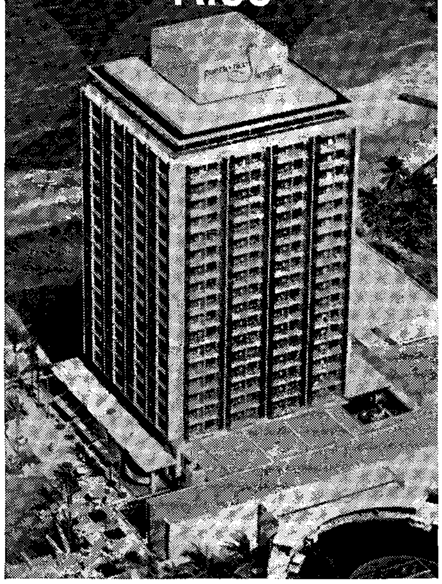

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with you, and then we can talk things over like old times. I have been a sort of regent to you, giving you advice at every turn of your progress through this incarnation, since you trotted at my side, at the age of four, clutching my forefinger. On my film salary, we will now finance a long, leisurely tour, in a motorcar, of Europe and the Lake District." A little further on, he was confessing that he couldn't summon much enthusiasm for the Riviera. "It's in London and Oxford that I belong; the French are not really gentlemen." And then he was writing about how unhappy and futile his past life seemed from the new vantage point of stardom, and in the closing lines there was a hint—he could never keep anything back—of a little fear he felt: "Oh, Kaka, I worry about the mynas of this world. For how many men have there been on this earth who can understand the springs of a good heart, who are capable of reciprocating affection, and who will not just eat out of your hand as long as it serves their purpose, only to fly away and make a shipwreck of the heart below?"

A MONTH later, I was on an Oxford-to-London train to meet Delinquent Chacha, but I felt anything but happy; his latest communication, incoherent and in places blotched, was as sad as the earlier one had been exultant. The gist of it was that he had lost the stardom to some Indian who had been a professional student in France for many years, and Mr. Hartwell had reneged, if he had ever promised to pay Delinquent Chacha's return passage home. Poor as ever, he was now also stranded. "Send money from your scholarship," the letter said. "Meet Delinquent Chacha London 10 P.M. All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant off Shaftesbury Avenue three days hence." After an unreadable half page: "Will dine." It was signed "Your bleeding uncle."

When I reached the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant, I looked through the plate-glass window. There he was, all right. He was clad in a long, gold, festive coat, and his muslin turban rested beside him on the floor. His back was to the window, and he seemed to be deep in conversation with the only other man in the restaurant. As I entered, a soiled deck of cards materialized from his hand on the table, filling the shabby, empty room with the sound of fluttering birds; it was Delinquent Chacha's famous shuffle. (Cards, as much as anything, had prevented him from keeping a penny in his pock-

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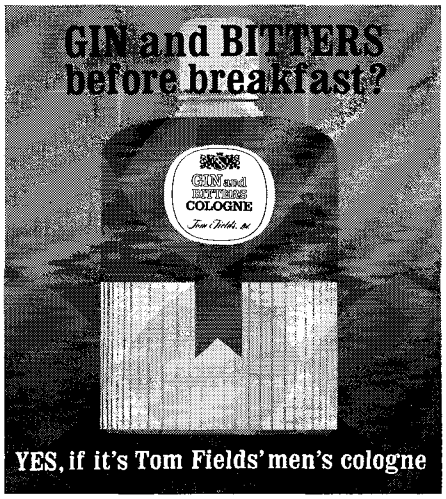

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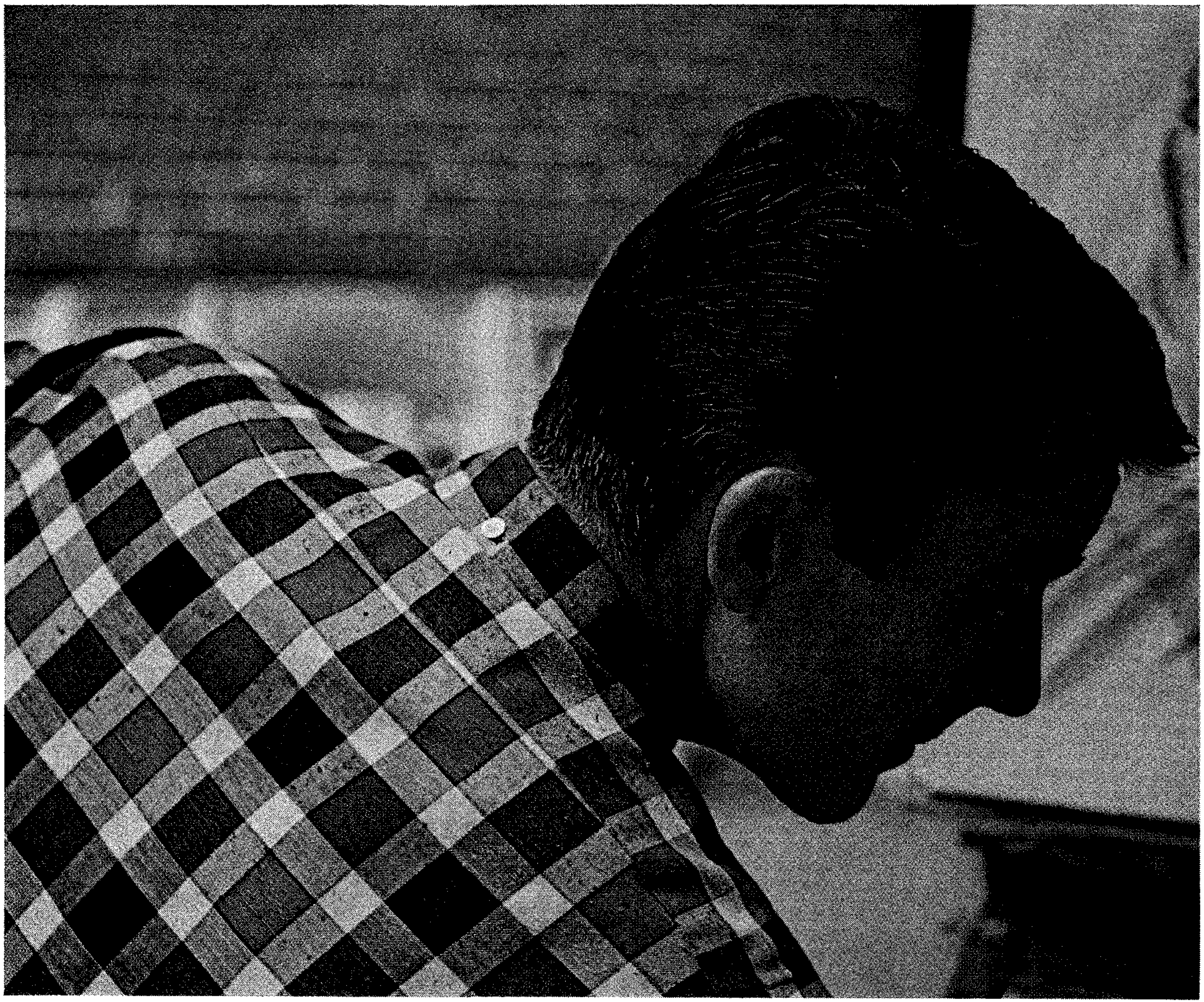

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et.) He was so adept at mixing the deck that he never missed a card, and he often used to say, "Would that luck was equally kind to me." He looked around. The deck dropped from his fingers. He was on his feet with his arms around me in a tight hug.

"My long-lost charge," he kept repeating. The stranger, a massive, prosperous-looking man, remained seated at the table, his expressionless, dull face full upon us. "My nephew from Ox-Ford," Delinquent Chacha said, his voice breaking with emotion.

"I know," the stranger said, without as much as a nod.

Turning back to me, Delinquent Chacha went on excitedly, "This is the gentleman who has befriended me in England. He is none other than the owner of the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant, Lala Durga Pal himself—from *our* province. He has passed thirty years in England, and, if I may say so, knows everything there is to know about being a gentleman."

Delinquent Chacha seated me next to him and, his knee affectionately touching mine, asked me—between hands of twenty-one with Lala Durga Pal—about the insides of the Bodleian Library and the Sheldonian Theatre, illustrations of which he had seen in an Oxford guidebook.

"And tell me about Savile Row," he said. "Is the street only a few yards long? You know, it houses more tailors than can be found in all of India. . . . And do the carpets in Harrods really have springs built into them? What, you haven't been there? I'm told it's better than walking on an upholstered couch, and they have miles upon miles of such carpeted corridors. . . . And you've never been to Sotheby's auctions? You've been here all this while and not learned anything about antiques and antiquities? Well, Lala," he said, turning back to the owner, "my Kaka *is* a gentleman, but he's just a little too studious."

The apology fell flat on the Lala's ears; at that moment, he was muttering about whether to ask for another card or not. He took one. He made a loud smack and looked as though he were kissing an apparition. It was an ace. "Another," he said hoarsely. He got a two, and a second later he had a five-card twenty-one. The card game went forward, mostly in the Lala's favor. When luck befriended Delinquent Chacha, he shouted to the cook in the kitchen for one more chapatty or a cutlet or a plate of curry, and when luck didn't befriend him, he simply shouted for the same delights to be

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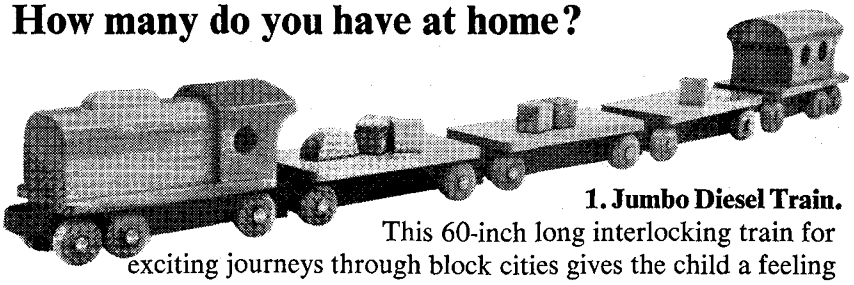

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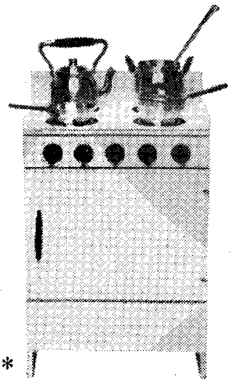

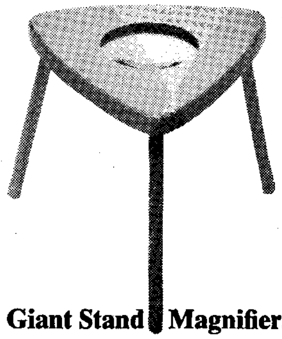

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kept hot and ready. The cook patiently obliged.

"He is the exact replica of the boy bearer we had in the old Coffee House," Delinquent Chacha said to me, "except that he's a little older and more trained." The Lala kept the records of the winnings and losses on a large pad. At the end of the evening, with a loud smack, he announced that he had won two pounds seven and six. For the first time since I came into the room, Delinquent Chacha looked unhappy.

"Lalaji," he said, "I hear that in London"—he pronounced "London" as though the name belonged to his beloved and he had to make up for its ungainliness with his caressing tone—"the times are changing. In the old days, anyone who was at Ox-Ford or had a relation at Ox-Ford, well, his credit was good. A man's word was everything, you know."

It was the turn for the cloud to pass to Lala Durga Pal's face.

Delinquent Chacha instantly switched his ground. "Nowadays you can't take anyone's word." He began telling his misfortune with "The Rosary."

"You told me that before," the Lala said. "In the early part of the evening." Over his shoulder, the Lala acknowledged the cook, standing at attention, and gave him leave to pack up for the night.

"Lalaji," Delinquent Chacha began, again hesitantly, "Kaka has to get back to college tonight, and I was wondering if I could pull a couple of these tables together and catch forty winks here. You know, I have nowhere to go."

The Lala said nothing.

"I could keep watch over the restaurant and make sure—"

"There are no thieves here," the Lala cut in.

"Isn't there any way I could make myself useful?" Delinquent Chacha insisted.

The Lala fell into a deep, Buddha-like silence. Then, coming out of it and being expansive for the first time, he said, "I have been thinking that my restaurant could do with a—mmm . . . porter."

"Yes, yes, porter," Delinquent Chacha said, straightening his collar and putting on his turban.

"There are a hundred Indian restaurants in London," the Lala continued. "Many of them have slipped down into the basement, dimmed their lights, and recruited some you-know-whats to take turns with the clients on the floor and pick their pockets. The All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant is one of the few

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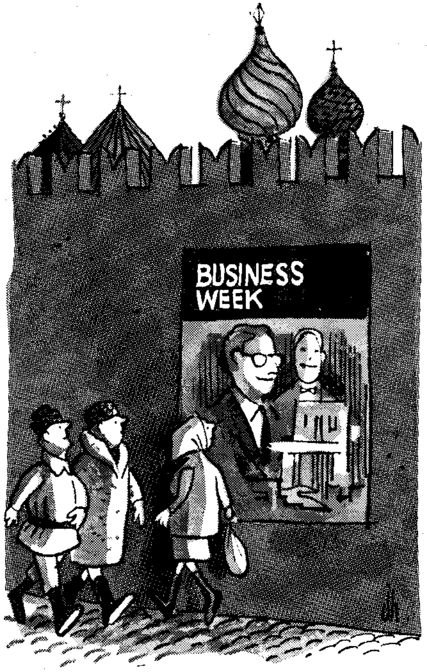

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The ad showed several military caps bearing the names of famous U.S. "Generals" — like General Motors, General Mills, General Tire, etc. The headline was "How Do You Sell The Generals?" (the answer, naturally, was BUSINESS WEEK.)

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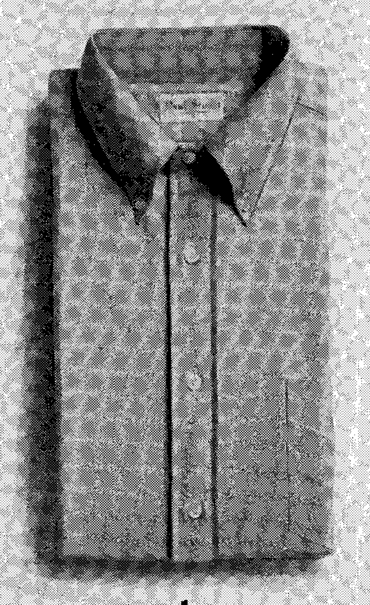

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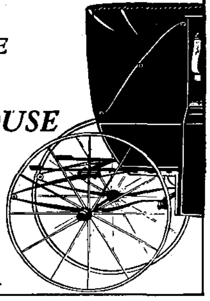

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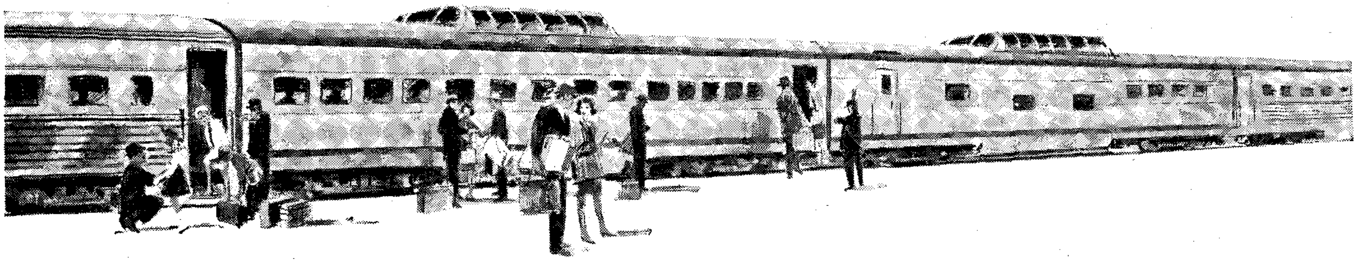

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restaurants with its window respectably above the street, and anyone with a discriminating tongue in his head can testify to my food."

Delinquent Chacha nodded vigorously.

"Business, however, has been none too good," the Lala continued. "None too good. I could do with someone to stand outside on the street invitingly and extoll our virtues. Also, the man could collect the coats, take them upstairs, and bring them down again; at the moment, my customers drop their coats and umbrellas on the banister."

"Oh Lala, oh Lala!" Delinquent Chacha said excitedly. "May God give you a thousand tongues and a thousand liberal hands!"

"Follow me," the Lala ordered, standing up. He lumbered ahead up a dark stairway. On the landing, he unlocked a large linen closet. It was overlaid with cobwebs and crammed with mops and buckets and gallon-size tins of disinfectant and ammonia, and had a musty, choking odor. Delinquent Chacha's spectacles slipped down his nose, and his ever-prompt smile tightened, but it remained a smile.

"You can move out these supplies to the hall cupboard of my flat. I live over there," the Lala said, pointing to a door farther up the stairs. "The business has been bad," he repeated. "All I could offer you is board and room—"

"Kaka, did you hear that? All found in London."

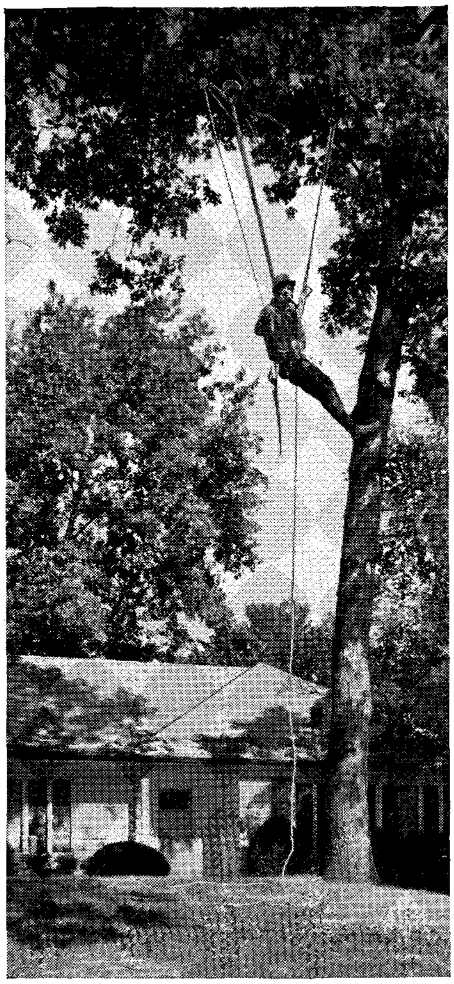
"—provided you can fit a bed into this closet—and the baksheesh you collect from the customers."

"Starting tonight?" Delinquent Chacha asked.

"If you like," the Lala said, and he retired to his flat.

I wanted to take Delinquent Chacha with me to the university, but as a scholarship student I had no means of supporting him in Oxford, even for a night. I thought of staying in London with him, but, again, if I did not return to the college that night I risked being gated for the rest of the term.

Delinquent Chacha seated me next to him on the steps and, throwing his leg over mine, said, "Oh, Kaka, who would have thought it? But don't look like that. It won't be so bad. Every diner will spend ten shillings on his dinner, and if there are twenty diners in an evening I should net, say, ten per cent, one shilling a head. One pound. In no time I'll have enough money to pay my twenty-one debt to Lalaji and buy my passage home, and I will be known all over New Delhi as 'England-returned.' I will instruct my grandchildren in the



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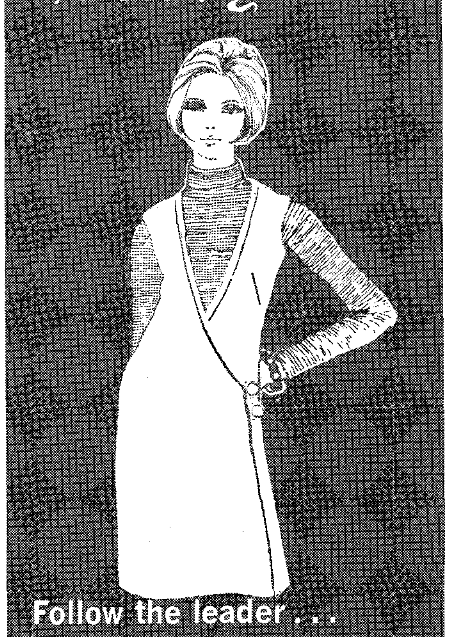

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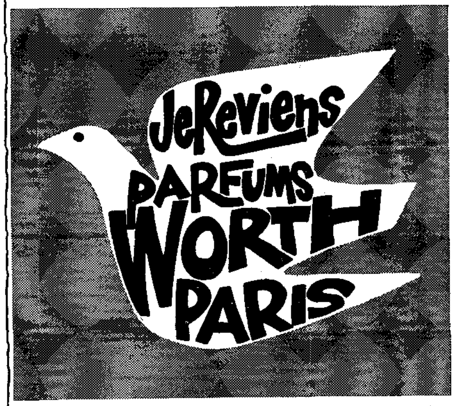

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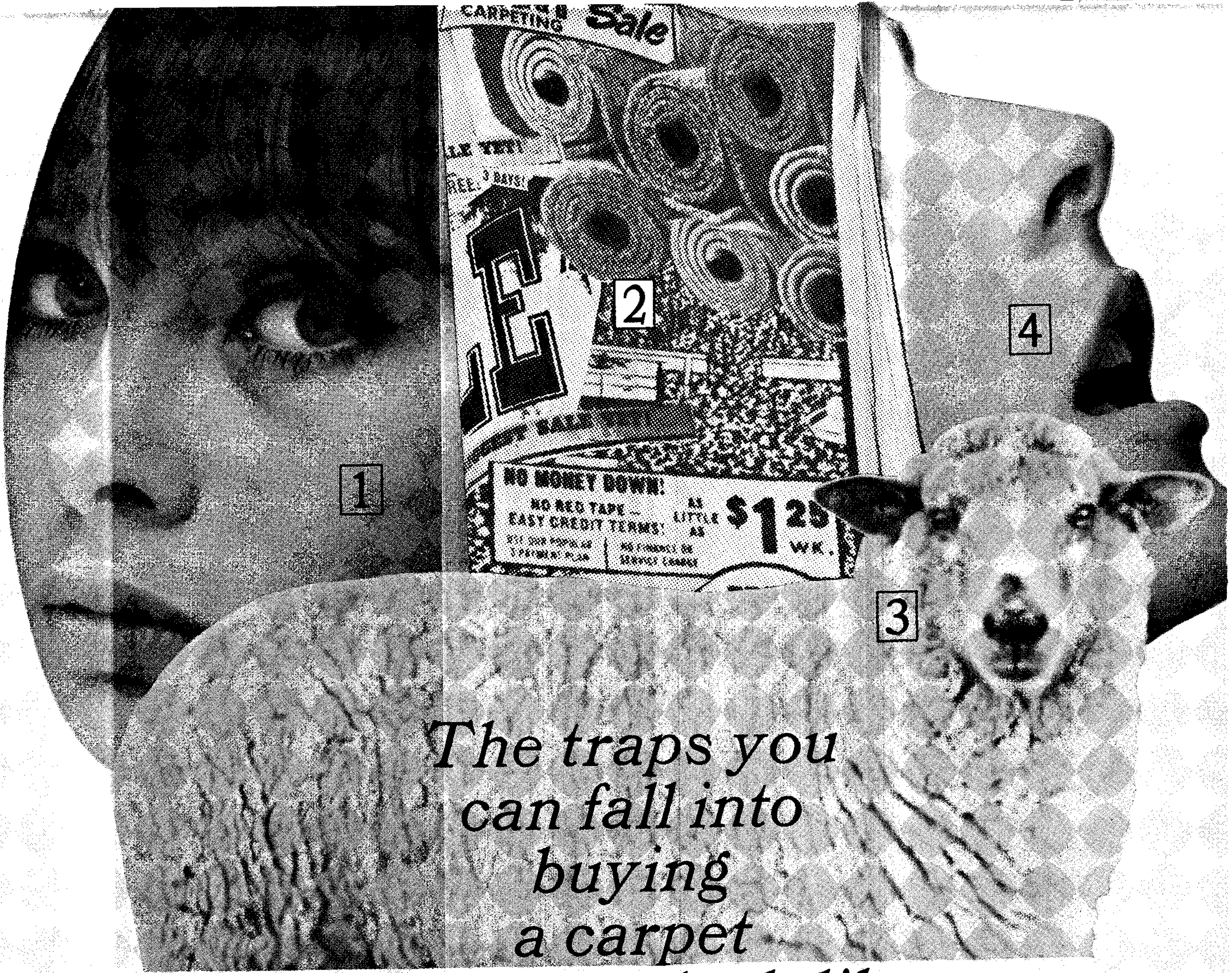

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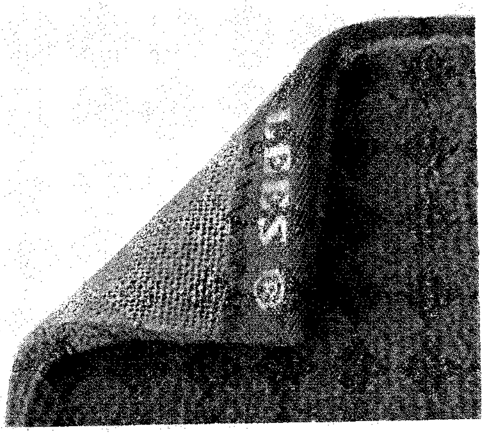

ways of the British, and they will be telling stories to *their* grandchildren about what a grand old gentleman their great-great-grandfather was. And there are worse ways of turning a penny than being a porter. I tell you, some of the most prosperous owners of the biggest restaurants take the coats and hats of their customers, so as to be better acquainted with the clientele, be on good personal terms with them, you know. Tell me, where is there a job in all the world where I needn't get up till lunchtime? Oh, Kaka, I shall be a man of leisure, and I will have all the time in the world to sightsee. In India, when do I get any time? Today your Delinquent Chacha must call on Sheila, because she's having her baby. Tomorrow he must visit his big brother, in order to keep in touch with the family affairs. Every day somebody is being born or getting married or dying, and, however remote our relationship, your Delinquent Chacha, unless he wishes to cut his nose in the family, has to put in an appearance. When does your Delinquent Chacha ever get a moment to edify his mind? Extending hospitality in the All-India Taj Mahal Curry, Chutney, and Soup Restaurant is a perfect—Kaka, I tell you, a perfect—opportunity. It's infinitely better than 'The Rosary.' Why, there I wouldn't have had any time at all, and I couldn't have shown my face in India. Every rustic would have pointed to me and said condescendingly, 'There goes the cinematic sweeper.' Here I will be anonymous, and enjoy a great measure of dignity and self-respect. Don't you see, when Lalaji goes away to Brighton for a weekend or to the Lake District for a rest cure, who will look after his interests, be in charge of the restaurant, be the host, if not me? Oh, Ram, I thank you a million times for my good fortune. Kaka, you must be off. You mustn't let your doting Delinquent Chacha waste your time. Books must come first." He smothered all my entreaties and concerns with tight hugs. "Off with you, off with you," he said, propelling me toward the door. At the bottom landing, he pulled out of his bulging pocket the brass pan case that was as familiar to me as his face. "Kaka, this is the last Indian pan I have. I don't know how long I've been saving it for you." He forced me to take it, and, even before I had wedged it into my mouth, he had gathered my duffel coat from the banister and held it out.

"Oh, no, no!" I cried.

"Delinquent Chacha must get into training," he said cheerfully. "Must get into training. You mustn't disobey your

A thought: contrasts heighten effects...and on the table the china, crystal, and sterling do not exist independently.

A man: his feeling for the material is the essential quality of the Finnish designer, Tapio Wirkkala...It was therefore a great challenge for him to translate one creative theme into black and white china, crystal, and sterling.

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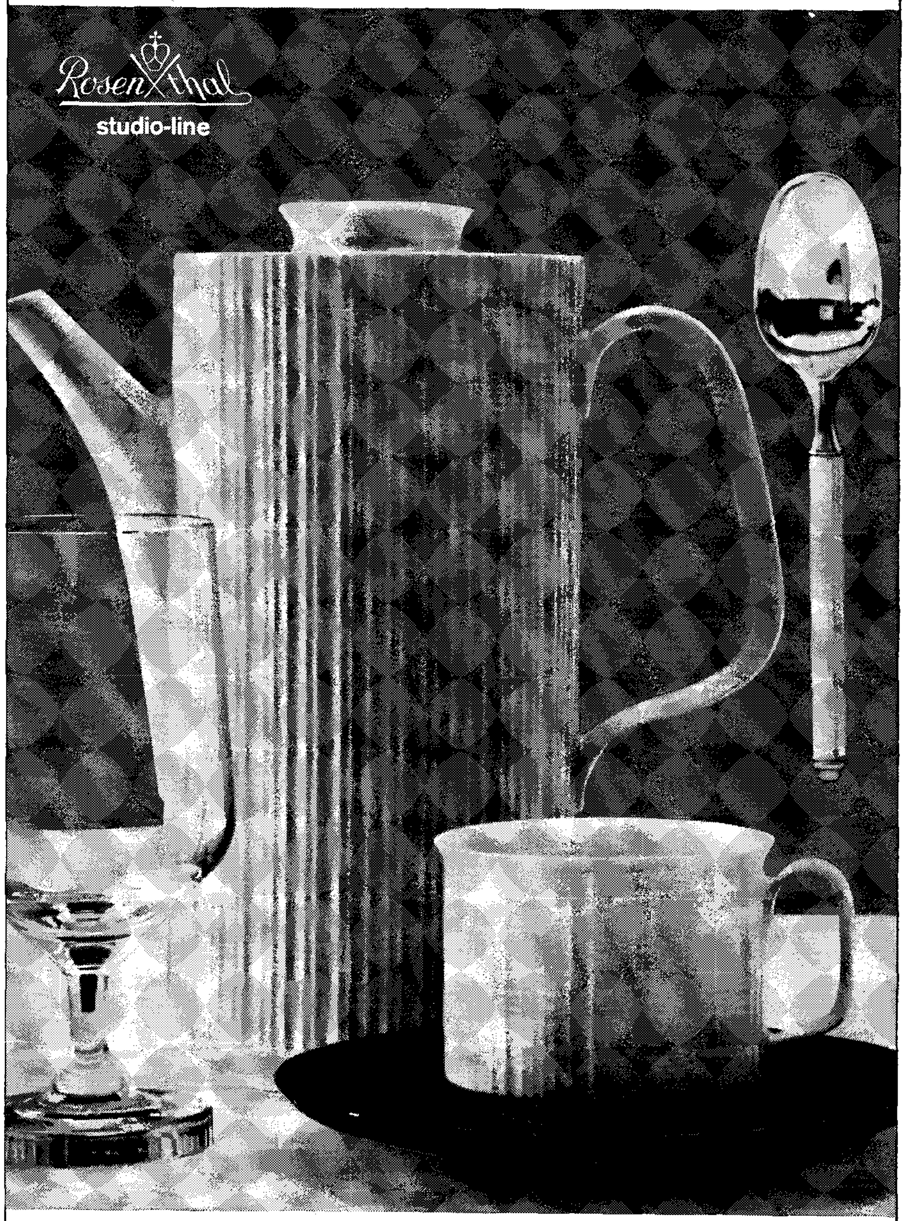

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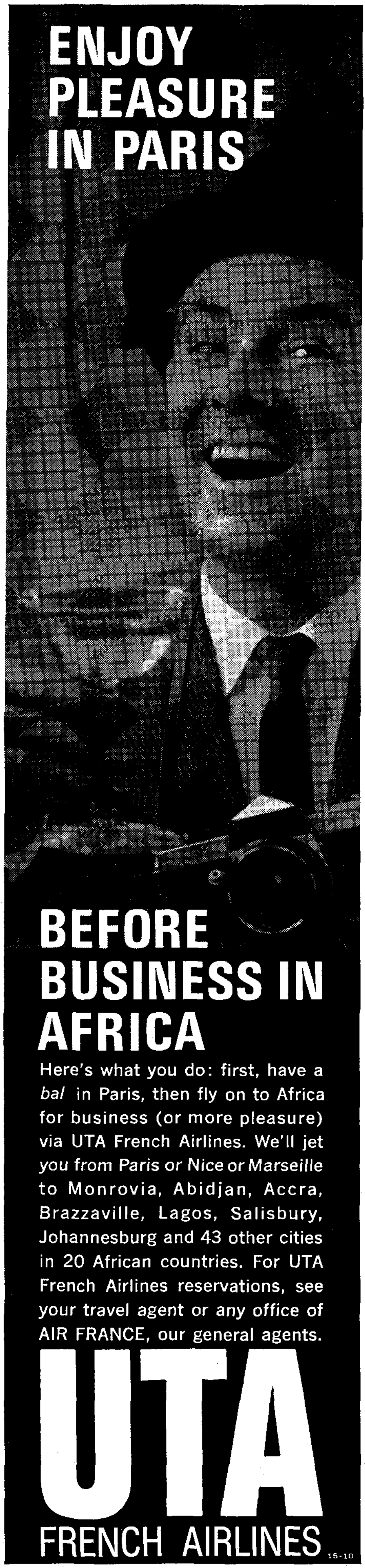
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Delinquent Chacha on his first night in London."

I held out my left arm.

"Oh, Kaka, *both* arms!" he said with deep disappointment. "A gentleman holds out both his arms evenly."

With some groping, I found the sleeve holes. Instantly, Delinquent Chacha had slipped the coat on me, and, holding the collar with one hand and reaching from the bottom for my jacket with the other, he pulled my inner coat with an experienced touch. Afterward, making a brush of his hand, he dusted my back and then my front and then my shoulders vigorously, and held open the door.

"Off with you, Kaka," he said.

I went out, and he followed me into the cold. Under the street lamp, he said, "One last word. I don't have to tell you, Kaka, that my ambition has always been to attend Ox-Ford, so when you come to see me here don't bring any of your undergraduate friends along. Some of them might still be there when I enroll in the university, and I wouldn't want them to feel awkward and embarrassed. . . . You know what I mean?" He lowered his voice. "And if I should happen to meet you with one of them on the street, oh, Kaka, don't recognize me!" He threw his arms around me for the final time, and then ran into the restaurant and bolted the door behind him.

I walked around the block, worrying about him, and when I arrived again at the window of the restaurant, I peered in. Delinquent Chacha, stretched out on a couple of tables, with his gold, festive coat for a pillow, was fast asleep.

—VED MEHTA

•

REVIVAL

What death has been prepared for me,
and in what darkness shall I lie
afraid Dame Continuity
will poke a finger in my eye

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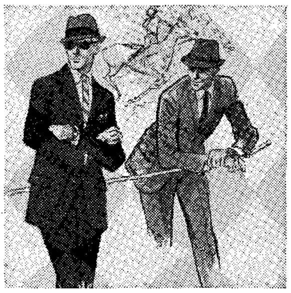
in which each sequel ends with me
repeating with a soulful sigh,
What death has been prepared for me,
and in what darkness shall I lie?

—GERALD JONAS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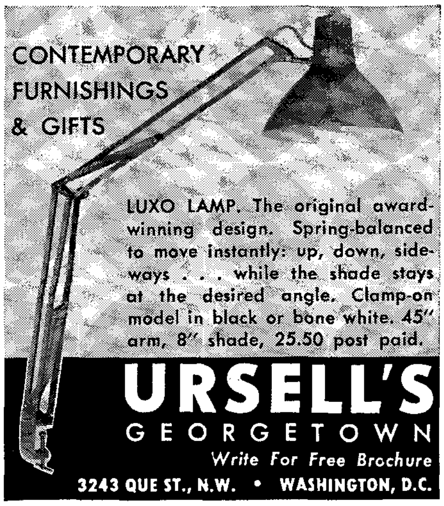
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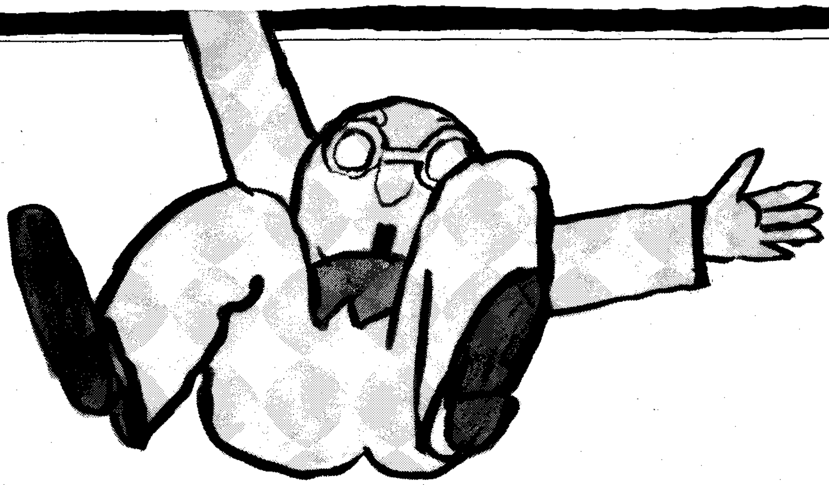
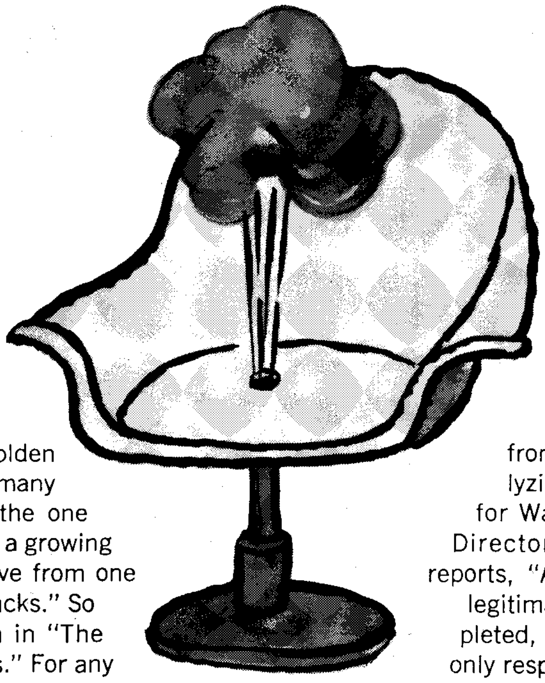


"Some of today's best executives have been fired at least once..."



And even when they get the "golden handshake" (severance pay), many find another job better than the one they left. What's more, "there is a growing tendency for executives to move from one company to another in small packs." So reports FORTUNE this month in "The Churning Market for Executives." For any executive in or out of a job, here is an insight into what's going on in the upper bracket job market. Seemingly everywhere, big companies and small have top spots to fill. Aided by executive-recruiter firms, they are beating the bushes to find the right men.

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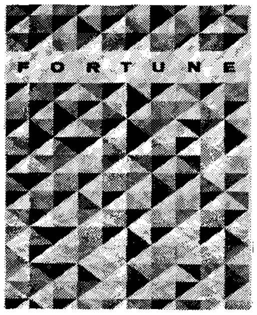
Executives quote FORTUNE



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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

LIV—LAHAINA, HAWAII

ALT., 15. Pop., 3,423. "Used to be that the island of Maui was a semitropical paradise," said the retired sugar man to the visitor who had come to the town of Lahaina, on Maui (the second-largest of the Hawaiian Islands), to see the banyan tree (said to be the oldest banyan tree in the Islands). "An enchanted isle." They were seated under coconut palms behind the retired sugar man's spacious house outside Lahaina, on a spacious lawn sloping down to the Pacific, eating Japanese pickled onions and Macadamia nuts, and sipping cool drinks from fairly spacious glasses. "The view from here through the trees," said the retired sugar man, pointing toward the sea, "is exactly the one the whalers saw back in the golden years of whaling—between about 1843 and 1860—when they came ashore and looked back. Lahaina was a whaler's dream. The year 1859 alone brought five hundred and forty-nine ships to Lahaina. Sometimes there would be as many as fifty ships anchored offshore. They stayed in port about three weeks, stocking up on provisions and water, while the crews—generally thirty men to a ship—frolicked with the natives, who were, I assure you, friendly. Nothing cannibalistic about the natives of Maui. No, sir. More than a sufficiency of protein in their diet, and hence no appetite for human flesh. On some of the islands farther south . . ." The retired sugar man shuddered, and popped a Japanese pickled onion in his mouth.

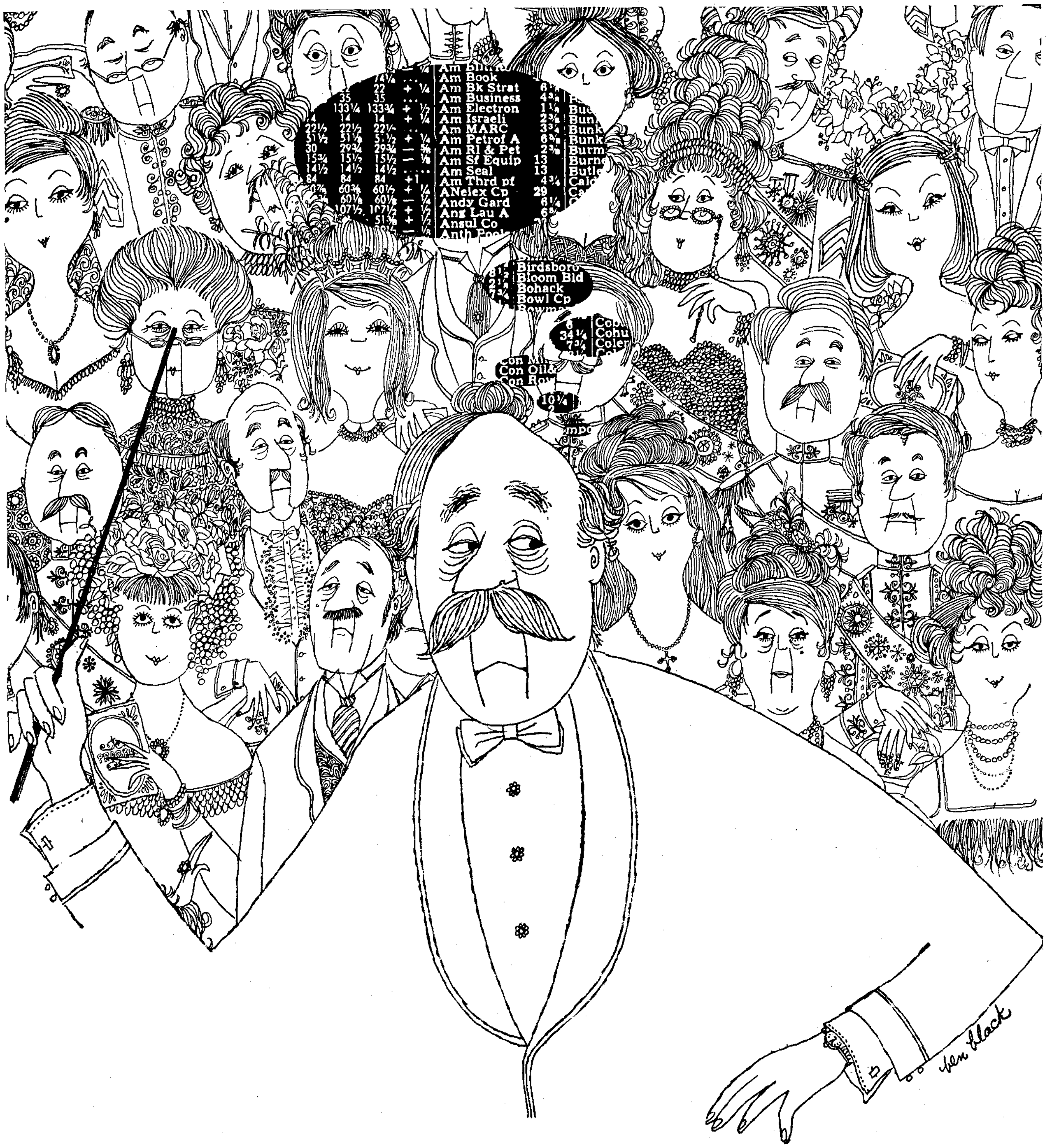
"Your local banyan tree?" the visitor said. "I have heard . . ."

"Yes, Lahaina was a whaler's paradise," the retired sugar man said. "Trees bending in the wind. Warm days graced by cooling breezes. Soft, languorous nights. Of course, there were drawbacks—the white man brought measles to our paradise, and social diseases."

"Your banyan tree?" the visitor said. "I have heard that its roots spread over an area exceeding . . ."

"This view is the very same view that appeared before the eyes of Herman Melville when he shipped into the port of Lahaina," the retired sugar man said. "Melville was the 'Moby Dick' man. He didn't actually write 'Moby Dick' here—we wouldn't claim that—but he loved the place. And why not? A paradise. We are still a paradise, but we are entering a new phase. You are seeing a paradise in transition. A hundred years after the whalers, we are entering a new phase." He popped another Japanese pickled onion in his mouth. "We are entering our real-estate phase," the retired sugar man said. His voice had suddenly lost its mellow, reminiscent tone; it was harsher now. "Lahaina, and all Maui, is entering its real-estate phase," he said. "The challenge is tremendous. There are great days ahead." He rose and strode briskly—the visitor following—across the lawn, through French doors leading into the house, across a high-ceilinged, immense, and wonderfully cool living room, its walls covered with whaling prints and portraits of Hawaiian royalty, and out the front door onto a gravelled circular driveway, where a car was parked.

The retired sugar man and the visitor got into the car. "First stop, Lahaina," said the retired sugar man. "Old Lahaina, Old Hawaii, the essence of Old Hawaii." They drove a short distance along a well-paved road, swung into the town of Lahaina, and turned toward the waterfront. There were palm trees everywhere. "The Pioneer Hotel," the retired sugar man said, pointing to a two-story wooden structure with thin yellow columns supporting a second-story porch that ran along the front and sides of the building. "Famed in song and story. A touch of Old Hawaii. The Pioneer Hotel is often used by movie people when they want shots of a hotel in the tropics for sultry scenes of high passion in hot climes. Actually, it's a cozy spot. Our new hotels are farther away; we will drive out to them later, and you will see sights that will transfer you from this island of yesterday to the worlds of today and tomorrow through the magic of real estate. Real estate! Land values! They are transforming our island. Even the whales are curious about land values. We get them—whales, that is—from November to May. They are about fifty-five feet long, and they nurse their young directly in front of the Royal Lahaina Beach Hotel, at Kaanapali Beach, which has an eighteen-hole golf course laid out by Robert Trent Jones. The first hole heads right into the Pacific. Par 4. The last nine holes take the golfer to the gentle slopes of the West Maui Mountains. Golf carts provide transportation. The scene itself is staggering—the whales observing the mag-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nificent Royal Lahaina Beach Hotel, with its surrounding cottages and golf carts, and, from the land side, the golfers and the people dining in the Kaanapali Room or drinking in the *intime* Nahono Bar watching the whales nurse their young in front of their very eyes out in the Pacific. It is enough to give a man pause." He paused. "God alone knows what those whales are thinking," he said.

They had turned inland from the Pioneer Hotel and were driving toward a small park behind the post office. "There is your banyan tree," said the retired sugar man. Ahead of them stood a huge, heavily leafed shade tree with what appeared to be hundreds of trunks. "*Ficus bengalensis*," said the retired sugar man. "This tree shades an area three-quarters of an acre in extent. A hundred and seventy-five feet in diameter. An East Indian tree. Banians are a caste of Hindu merchants, and the tree derives its name from the fact that the space under the tree is used by banians as a market place to display their wares. This tree is said to have been planted in the early eighteen-seventies. Extraordinary, isn't it, how the aerial roots proliferate and put down trunks of their own, giving us this vast protected area and extensive natural beauty. I can compare it only to our real-estate situation: proliferation of beauty for common betterment and a spreading out of natural wonders—a transformation."

When the visitor decided that he had seen enough of the banyan tree, he and the retired sugar man drove on through the sleepy town (the Pacific on their left, the West Maui Mountains on their right), past many old frame buildings with small, nondescript balconies—past Len's Sweet Shop, a plumber's shop, a Japanese general store, the Black Coral (curios), and a movie house with a poster on its front wall reading "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment." The current feature was "Young Hearts of Tokyo," with English subtitles. They passed the Maui Medical Group (Dr. Patterson and Dr. Ohata), and then they were on the outskirts of town, headed in the direction of Kaanapali Beach. The retired sugar man was twitching with excitement.

"Just like the banyan tree," the retired sugar man said. "Just a few years ago, there was nothing here but a stretch of sand, a bit of beach front, and a little plantation clubhouse with a shower. Land was worth perhaps five hundred dollars an acre. These days, a

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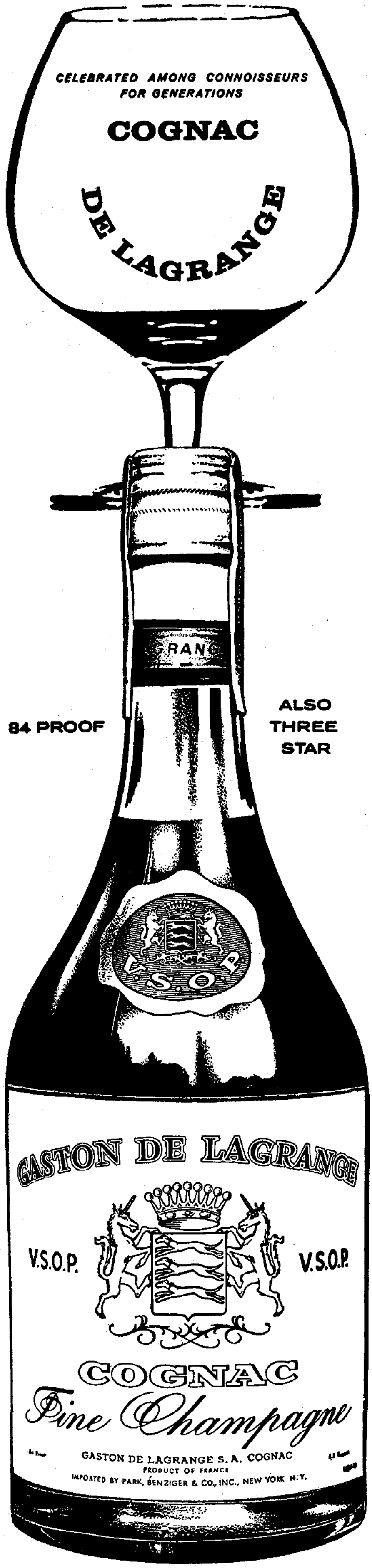
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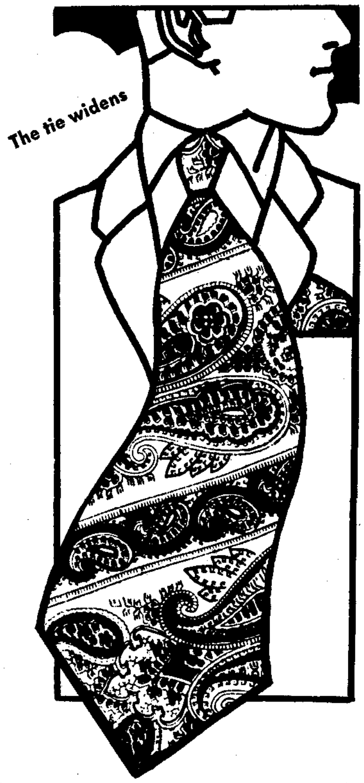
hundred thousand. It's simple to figure: two and a half dollars a square foot, multiplied by forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet—an acre—and it comes to *a hundred and eight thousand nine hundred dollars an acre!* Ah, we are at the Sheraton-Maui." The Sheraton-Maui was an odd white circular structure, with balconies, vaguely resembling the Guggenheim Museum, that was perched high on the side of a rocky promontory overlooking the sea. "Nothing here a few years ago but ranch feeding lots, and now there is this giant hotel complex," said the retired sugar man. "They keep to the old Hawaiian legends. A torch lighter dives into the sea from time to time from the high rock on which the hotel is situated. There is also a touching sunset ceremony—torches are lighted along the crest of Kaanapali cliff. You can often see the very end of a rainbow from one of the dining rooms of the Sheraton-Maui—the tourists are stunned. There it is, suddenly, often at breakfast. The tourists glance up from their soft-boiled eggs and toast, and directly in front of them, almost within reach, is the rainbow's end. Everything about the Sheraton-Maui is adapted to the Hawaiian setting. Flippers, masks, snorkels, kayaks, and foam mattresses are available. The guests can see the Island of Molokai across the water, and the wind blows at night and rattles the doors and windows and shakes their little balconies, and they can look in the phone books by their beds and read about tidal-wave warnings. Stark stuff. Brings nature close. One enters at the top, or eighth, floor, and takes the elevator *down* through the building to pool level. Thus has the architect adapted the building to its natural setting. The various public rooms capture the spirit of the Islands—the Discovery Room, the Canoe Hut Snack Bar, the Spirit Sticks Bar, and the Barkentine Bar and Terrace. All indigenous. Maui's hotel men are hospitable but practical, and one may find a sign in one's room that reads '*Aloha* means not only hello but goodbye. Checkout time is 1 P.M.' This indicates that we are delighted to see people come—thrilled, in fact—but that common prudence requires them to leave on time." He gave the visitor an Old Hawaiian smile.

They drove on, past golf courses, new roads, and the skeleton of a hotel under construction. "The sugar people took sugar out of cultivation around here in order to create these new developments," the retired sugar man said. "There has been considerable



The tie to have on right now is the big wild striped paisley. And of all the paisleys, the newest is the one printed on CREAM. The shirt is getting darker, or didn't you know; the tie has to be lighter in color. This one a smasher on imported wool taffeta from **R.W.J.** Fabrics. At Neiman-Marcus (all stores), Bloomingdale's, Bullock-Wilshire (Wynbrier Shop), Rich's (Career Shop).

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fierce competition in recent years with beet sugar grown on the West Coast of the mainland U.S.A. Every once in a while, an airline flying out to the Islands will place paper containers with granulated sugar from beets rather than cane on those little trays on which they serve food. This wounds us, and we take instant steps. It doesn't happen often, I assure you. Well, sir, the sugar people put in millions of dollars' worth of services here—the lights, the sanitation facilities, all the services. This has made the land values jump. Of course, there is a voluble and militant group—including the ladies, God bless 'em—who keep a close watch on matters. They don't want to see high-rise buildings along these unsullied shores. They will fight to the death to prevent another Waikiki Beach from springing up. I am for them, I am for them, but we are entering a new phase."

The vegetation was lush now. They had passed the area of the new hotels, with their golf carts and cottages. Every once in a while, they caught a glimpse of the sea. "We have great plans afoot for the restoration of the town of Lahaina," said the retired sugar man. "Our aim is to make the waterfront section look as it did in the whalers' time—put in a replica of a whaling ship, and waterways, and small-boat docks. We want to go back to the eighteenth century, too, when Kamehameha lived in Lahaina, and it was the capital of the Hawaiian kingdom. We will show the influence of the missionaries, and we will have palaces. Now, here's a swamp, twenty-six point sixty-five acres. Just purchased from an estate for two and a half million. Cottage-type developments! Apartment houses! There, ahead, are eleven and a half acres of developments, right down to the waterfront. Everything has been cleared. We'll put up forty-seven fifty-thousand-dollar homes. We'll clear *that* little gully, put in a tropical garden, have a lovely little beach with a touch of Old Hawaii, two-bedroom apartments, a hundred and ten a month."

They passed palm trees swaying in the heavy breeze. The air smelled of the sea. Surf could be heard pounding on the shore. "People fish off this point here, a touch of Old Hawaii," said the retired sugar man. "Here's thirteen privately owned acres." His voice grew harsh again. They were passing a piece of property separated from the road by a high fence. "What a hotel *this* would make—or, rather, what a site for a hotel," said the retired sugar man. "Golf in the morning in California, golf in the afternoon in Hawaii! So much

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to be done! *So much to be done!*"

"Any plans for the banyan tree?" asked the visitor.

"The banyan tree is historic, and untouchable," said the retired sugar man. "It is part of Old Hawaii. Untouchable."

FEW strangers who visit Maui leave the island without at least attempting to reach the top of Haleakala Crater, some ten thousand feet above sea level, which is near the easternmost end of the island, the opposite end from Lahaina. Maui is almost entirely volcanic, its middle portion being a narrow strip between volcanic mountains. Sugar cane grows there, and there is considerable truck farming, especially in the Kula District, on the way to the crater. Exotic trees and plants are on all sides—monkeypods, elephant's-ears, and ironwood (nothing will grow beneath one), with long needles. Haleakala holds a special significance for the residents of Maui. Pele, the goddess of the volcano, is said to reside there, in quarters that resemble Old Hawaii—no golf carts, no par 4s, no snack bars, no elevators starting at the top and going down, no restorations. The road to the top is twisty and turny and dangerous, and leads directly into the clouds. The clouds, almost ever-present, are thick and cushiony. A stranger who recently visited Maui went to Haleakala in the company of a trained driver named Louis, who was almost pure Hawaiian. (Trained drivers are all but indispensable; no one not entirely certain of himself and his surroundings is tempted to tangle with Pele.) They started from the teeming airport (teeming with tourists) at Kahului, in the middle of the northern coast of the island, and drove past what seemed like endless fields of sugar cane. Smoke rose everywhere from the ground where fires had been set in the cane fields. Louis had lived on the island all his life, and, next to Haleakala, sugar was closest to his heart. "When the cane is ready for processing, the fields are fired," he said. "Everything burns except the cane itself, with the precious sugar locked within, stored inside the stalk. Fifteen acres can be burned in anywhere from half an hour to three hours. This is a ratoon crop—it's not necessary to plant new seed each time you harvest. There is spontaneous regrowth of sugar cane, provided there is plenty of irrigation, and there *is* plenty, with the water coursing down from the mountains and through our extensive canals and aqueducts. All the fires we see—they mean that bulldozers will

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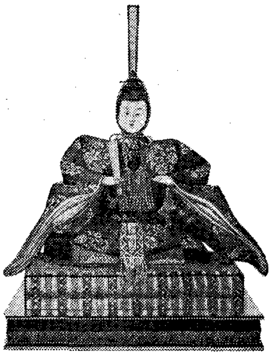

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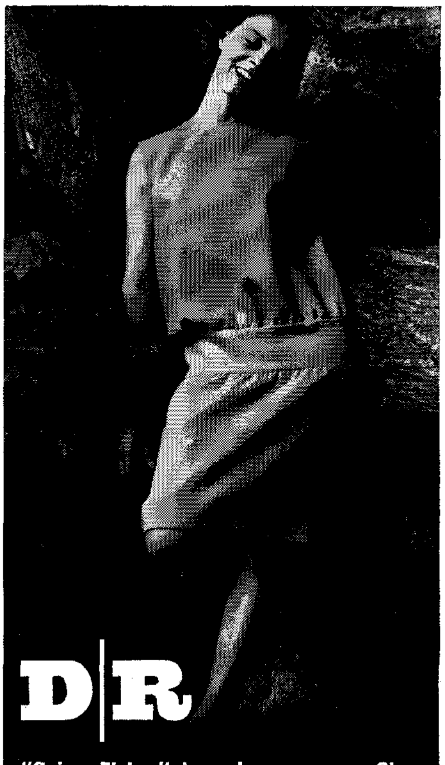

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push the cane into a pile with a great rake, and windrows will be formed, and twenty-four hours from now the cane that lies in these fields will be in the factory. The men will work twenty-four hours at a time in the fields, with lights, and the giant claws on the giant trucks can pick up two, three tons at a grab. Those big trucks can load about forty tons in ten minutes. The cane grows for two years before it is reaped; the growers can get twenty-five thousand pounds of sugar from each acre planted. It takes about a million gallons of water to produce a ton of sugar. At our big Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Co., Ltd., they process some three hundred million pounds annually—about two per cent of the mainland demand and about twenty-five per cent of the Hawaiian demand. We are getting closer to Haleakala. Too bad you cannot see the top."

They drove in silence for a few minutes. "Thank you, Haleakala," Louis said suddenly.

"Were you saying something?" asked the stranger.

"I was thanking Pele for her benevolence and kindness, and for the continued happiness of our upward journey," Louis said.

They were beginning to climb now, and heading into a thick cloud bank. Visibility was near zero. The hairpin turns became sharper. Occasional signs on the road warned of the need to drive carefully, and told of the elevations reached—five thousand feet, six thousand feet. The stranger swallowed hard, and could hear his ears pop. The car suddenly halted as several cows ambled across the road. The fog lifted for a moment, and some horses in a nearby field could be seen, observing them with mild interest. A car passed them, going down, and missed them by inches. Louis maintained an outer calm, but he was clearly under pressure. The clouds again rolled away for an instant, and the stranger saw that they were passing sparse vegetation that resembled sagebrush. At seven thousand feet, they were twisting and turning in the white blanket of fog. Completely without warning, at eight thousand feet, they emerged into clear bright-blue sky. They had topped the clouds and were in a lava field of red, black, and yellow rock. Miles of lava spread all about them, and above. They were very high; the thick clouds lay beneath. "*Thank* you, Haleakala, *thank* you," Louis said.

At ninety-eight hundred feet, they reached a stone structure called the Haleakala Observatory. There were occa-

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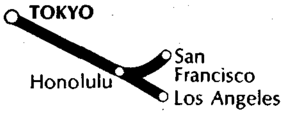
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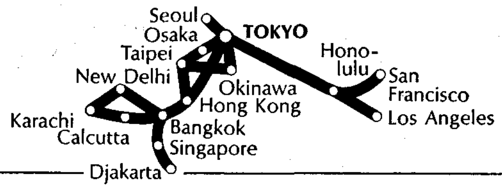
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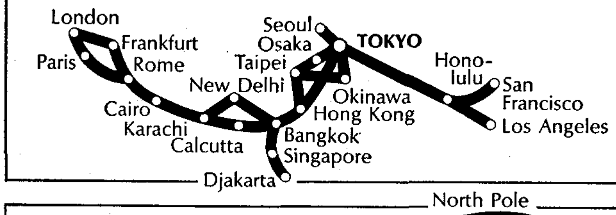
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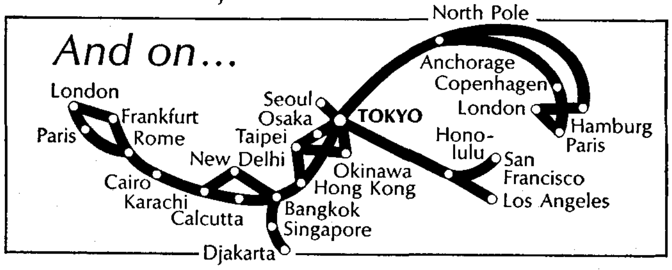
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sional breaks in the cloud bank below, and the stranger could see the distant Pacific, just as the whalers saw it. The wind blew fiercely, and it was quite cold. It was also lonesome. He and Louis looked down into the awesome bottom of the crater—mile upon mile of red, gray, and black sand, and what seemed to be tiny, bubbly peaks of ancient eruptions within the valley of the crater. "I think I should tell you that Haleakala is a *dormant* rather than an *extinct* volcano," said Louis. "We prefer the word 'dormant.' " He was a soft-spoken man. "The last eruption was in 1750," he said. "Long ago, and yet not *too* long ago, all things considered." A sign on the observatory read "House of the Sun." "Mysterious things just above us," said Louis, pointing up the road to a domelike structure with a silver roof. "Tracking station, ballistic-missile observatory, solar observatory," he said. "Smithsonian, University of Michigan, University of Hawaii. They call this Science City. Many strange things are happening on old Maui. Good show, Haleakala, good show. You cleared the atmosphere for us, you showed us the inside of the crater, with its beauty. We are grateful." The stranger, who was also a stranger to Pele, felt that the wisest thing was to keep silent.

On the way down, Louis suddenly stopped the car, climbed out, and beckoned to the stranger to follow. He led the way up a narrow, craggy path to a small plant with silver leaves and purplish flowers. "The silversword plant," he said. His voice had the tone it had when he was addressing Pele. "Grows nowhere naturally in the whole wide world but on the side of Haleakala. Thank you, Haleakala. Sunflower family. Smell the plant. Doesn't it smell like raspberry?" The stranger smelled the plant. It smelled like raspberry. "You are among the most fortunate of men to see one in bloom," Louis said. "Takes seven to seventy years for one to bloom, and then it blooms for five months. The forest rangers put up fences around the plants to keep people from tearing off the leaves. People are always tearing off the leaves of the silversword plant. People are always tampering with something on Maui. They cannot leave things alone. What pleasure would a person get out of a leaf from a silversword plant anywhere but on Maui?" Louis shook his head. He was clearly puzzled. "Thank you, Haleakala," he said again as they climbed back into the car and headed down through the almost impenetrable fog.—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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BOOKS

The Documents on the Marquis de Sade

THE work of Gilbert Lely on the life and the writings of the Marquis de Sade has enormously, during the last fifteen years, extended our accurate knowledge of this previously rather legendary character. The two large volumes of M. Lely's "Vie du Marquis de Sade" appeared in 1952 and 1957, and three volumes of Sade's correspondence, all edited by Lely and Georges Daumas (with the announcement of a fourth), have been published: "L'Aigle, Mademoiselle . . . " in 1949, "Le Carillon de Vincennes" in 1953, and "Monsieur le 6" in 1954. All these are the results of the researches of Lely, building on those of Maurice Heine, who died before his work on Sade was finished, and of the discovery in 1948 of hitherto unexamined papers from the archives of the Sade family. These papers have been released by the present Comte Xavier de Sade, who, as an officer in the last war, was captured and tortured by the Germans and so has had some first-hand experience of that side of human nature which the Marquis had emphasized. He is said to take an interest in his ancestor, who seems otherwise to have been an embarrassment to the rather distinguished family to which he belonged. The volumes of Sade's correspondence, though copiously edited, are very unsatisfactory to work with. Each contains only a small number of letters, and they are all from more or less the same period—that of Sade's long imprisonment—with no over-all arrangement. I cannot understand why the scholarly Lely should have allowed them to be published in this form. What is needed is a "Correspondance Générale," which would include the group of letters gathered from other sources and published in 1929, under the editorship of Paul Bourdin, in the "Correspondance Inédite du Marquis de Sade, de Ses Proches, et de Ses Familiers." The biography, too, has its shortcomings. The second volume, for some peculiar reason, has an index only of the authors mentioned, and the first volume has no index at all. It is sometimes inconsistent with the volumes of letters, because the author has in certain connections been obliged to revise his earlier opinions on the basis of better information, and he has sometimes found himself forced simply to repeat certain statements of Maurice Heine without knowing what his sources were. I am not sure whether Paul Bourdin, too, is dead, but it is evident that M. Lely is for some reason unable to consult with him. Lely's account is occasionally marred by those curious *mignardises* and little outbreaks of lyric sentimentality—mostly reprinted from the author's earlier writings—that have always been characteristic of his work on Sade. Yet this biography seems otherwise a sound piece of work. Though in one or two cases the biographer puts some witnesses out of court, on the ground of overwhelming prejudice, and even refuses to quote them, he insists that it is no part of his purpose to try to "rehabilitate" Sade, and his chronicle—day by day, so far as the dates are available—is so scrupulously documented from legal, hospital, and prison records, correspondence, official papers, and the memoirs of persons who knew Sade that we can draw our own conclusions from the evidence. What we get is not only an account of the career of the aberrant Marquis but a revelatory picture of various aspects of French society under Louis XV and—since Sade's dates are 1740 to 1814—through the Revolution and under Napoleon. A whole very strange drama emerges: the situations created for the Sades and the family of the Marquis's wife by the existence among them of a man of strong character and considerable intellect who was also an uncontrollable neurotic of a scandalous and dangerous kind. It is a wonder that no Paris playwright has yet exploited this new material.

FILM
Chon Day

THE biography in certain ways is more interesting than Sade's fiction, since we are dealing here with real people instead of with pornographic fantasies enacted by implausible phantoms. But the writings of Sade are of course among the cardinal elements of the story, and without some first-hand knowledge of these one cannot really understand it. When I wrote about Sade some years ago, I had read mainly books of selections, which make such productions as "Justine" and "Les 120 Journées de Sodome" seem rather more acceptable than they actually are, and a more extensive acquaintance with these books has made my former observations seem inadequate. Though it is true, for example, that the latter of these works has a certain

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clinical importance and that the horrendous characters involved in it—the financier, the bishop, the duke, and the judge, "those leeches" of profiteers who had got rich, as Sade said, while the country was being ruined by Louis XIV's wars—are portrayed with considerable power, it is nevertheless one of the most repugnant books that have ever been perpetrated. I am in the habit of reading at breakfast, but I found that "Les 120 Journées" was the only book that I could not face while eating. The almost exclusively anal interests of Sade, which extended to the excremental, figure here, as even his admirers have been obliged to confess, on a scale that is very discouraging from the literary point of view and, from the scientific, disproportionate; and it, besides, becomes rather sickening to keep on reading about orgies of torture and murder in which the victims have not even a sporting chance. These débauches take place in a castle in Switzerland that has been rendered unapproachable and impregnable, but the exasperated reader keeps imagining a rescue by the United States Marines, who find a way of scaling the cliffs, or by a parachute attack from above. But according to the author's plans, the four monsters, with certain of their accomplices, after slaughtering thirty of the company, were to return unimpeded to Paris. Sade never finished this book, though he had outlined it with the greatest precision. He had a constant preoccupation with numbers, which seems a part of his maniacal side, and he had worked out every day of the seventeen weeks of this extraordinary country house party, and projected the description of six hundred perversions, which, in accordance with a graduated system, proceeding from bad to worse, are recounted to stimulate the audience by four foul and evil old women who have encountered them in their lives of sin. The single known manuscript of "Les 120 Journées," found in Sade's former cell in the Bastille, only carries the full story through thirty days, but there follows a schedule for the rest, with a notation of almost all the case histories. The principles involved here are real; some are probably based on real occurrences, but most of them have been dreamed up by Sade—he refers to them as "*détails très délicieux*"—to console himself during his years of imprisonment. A few, out of their context, are amusing. There is the man—a recognizable type—who gets his pleasure out of disappointing people and who contrives for them

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elaborate traps. There is Number Seventy-nine of the Third Class of Criminal Passions, to be described on the seventeenth of January, who ties a girl face down on a table and has an omelette served on her behind, which, as he eats, he pricks with his fork; and there is Number One Hundred and Twenty-seven of the Fourth Class of Murderous Passions, to be described on the twenty-fourth of February—"*un très grand bougre*, who likes to give balls, but there is a ceiling [a floor?] prepared which collapses when a certain amount of weight is put on it, and almost everybody is killed. If he stayed always in the same town, he would be found out, but he changes his town very often; he is found out only the fiftieth time." One can imagine the "delicious details" that might have been filled in by Sade if he had been able to complete his design: in the first case, the beauty of the girl, the superior quality of the omelette; in the second, the arrival of the stranger in one provincial town after another and his charming all the best people. This fantasy, too, however, does represent something we sometimes meet: there are people who do give parties to which they invite persons who do not want to see one another or will not get along together, and who deliberately make their guests uncomfortable. The One Hundred and Forty-eighth, and last, of the Fourth Class is scheduled for November 29th, but something has gone wrong here; there ought to be a hundred and fifty to make up the round six hundred. "Check why these two are missing," the author reminds himself. This last case is that of a "*grand seigneur, qui se livre à la dernière passion que nous désignerons sous le nom de l'enfer.*" He arranges for himself a set piece of an extremely elaborate kind, like the end of a fireworks display, which involves no less than fifteen girls, between fifteen and seventeen, for whom no less than eighteen pimps have ransacked Paris and the provinces. All of these are tortured simultaneously in protracted and ingenious ways, as the choragus watches from an armchair. This goes on for a long time before the grand seigneur arrives at the desired result, and for this he has to have special assistance. From this scene and from many like it, as well as from other evidence, it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that the basic trouble with Sade was some kind of psychological impotence. His libertines have the utmost difficulty in attaining any satisfaction, and they resort to the most complicated expedients. The

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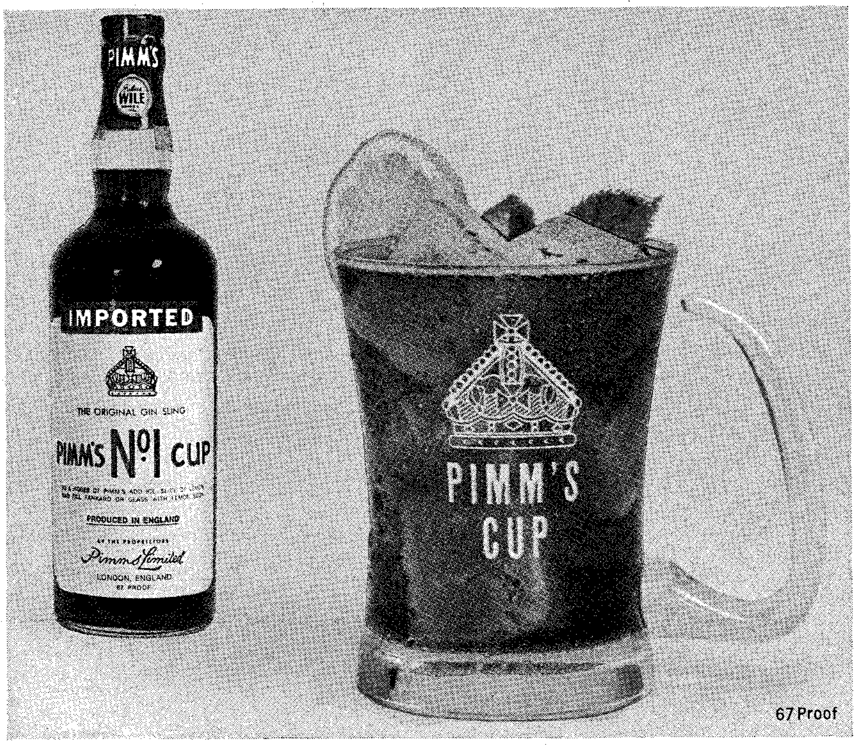

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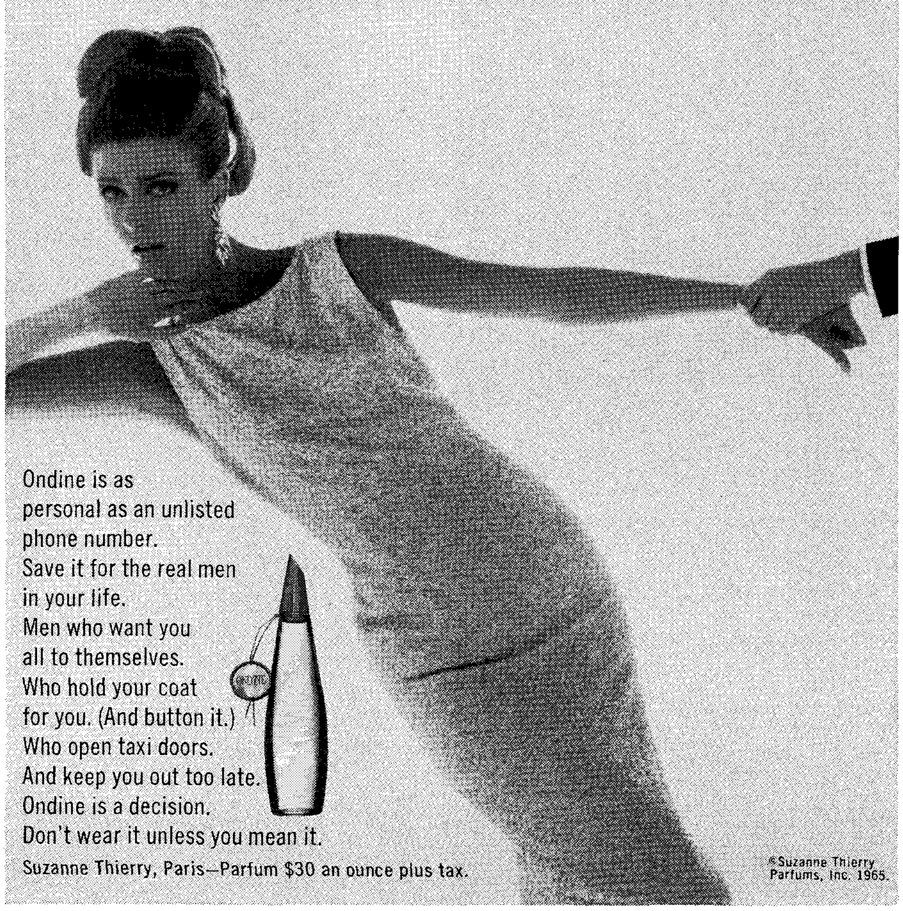

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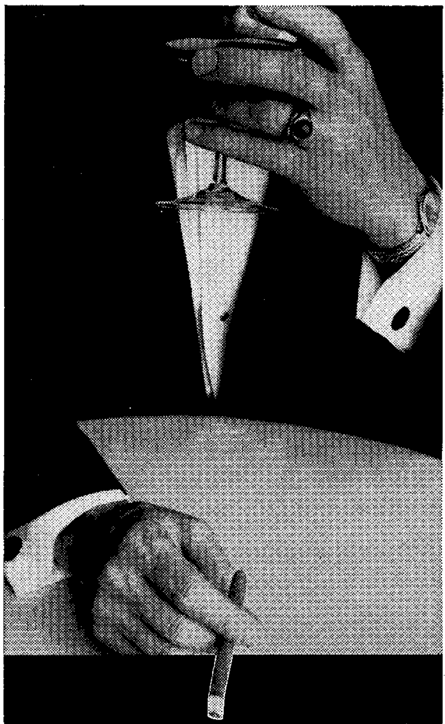

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freakishness of Sade consists in his combining a voracious sexuality with some stubborn and infuriating obstruction to having it gratified. A strange letter that he wrote to his wife at the time of his imprisonment in Vincennes seems to indicate that he was able to attain his only solitary pleasure there by flagellating himself. Masochism and sadism, as we know, are closely bound up together, and Sade's novels contain masochistic as well as sadistic scenes. His own ambivalence in this regard is shown clearly by the testimony of the girls involved in an affair in Marseille to which I shall again refer. Geoffrey Gorer, in his book on Sade, points out that though Sade suffered in prison, he always managed to behave in such a way as to get himself punished again.

This psychological brake on enjoyment makes Sade extremely unattractive as a pornographic writer—especially since the libertines' partners are, as a rule, not allowed to enjoy themselves. His theory about this latter peculiarity is explicitly stated by one of the characters in his "Histoire de Juliette" (I give it in the expurgated version made by Lely for a volume of selections): "... all enjoyment that is shared is enfeebled. This is a recognized truth; if you try to give enjoyment to the object of your pleasures, you will soon have to recognize that you are doing so at your own expense; there is no passion more egoistic than lechery; there is none that must be served more severely, one must absolutely think only of oneself... and never consider the object of which one makes use except as a kind of victim who is destined for the fury of that passion; do not all passions exact their victims?"

And now let us follow the personal history that led to "Les 120 Journées."

THE de Sades were a very ancient family, which came originally from Avignon and which figured among the Provençal nobility from sometime in the twelfth century. They had various claims to eminence, especially military and ecclesiastical, and Petrarch's Laura is supposed to have been a Laure de Sade. The Marquis's uncle, a learned abbé, looked up Laure in the family archives and made himself an authority on the subject. He published, between 1764 and 1767, the results of these researches in a three-volume work, "Mémoires pour la Vie de François Pétrarque, Tirés de Ses Œuvres et des Auteurs Contemporains." Both the Abbé and Laure were

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to play special roles in the life of their outrageous relative.

Donatien-Alphonse-François de Sade was born in Paris, in the Hôtel de Condé, where his mother lived as *dame d'honneur* to her relative the Princesse de Condé. He was baptized by this name by mistake, instead of, as his mother intended, Louis-Aldonse-Donatien, because, with none of his family present, he was taken to the church by two servants, who misunderstood the Provençal name Aldonse and substituted François for Louis. His father was a diplomat, and when his wife accompanied him on one of his missions, the boy was sent to stay with a grandmother.[1] An only child, he had already, as he was eventually to write of a character whom he obviously identified with himself, been rendered "haughty, despotic, and irritable" by having "stupidly," he says, been told that he was connected, through his mother, with "all that was grandest in France" and, through his father, with all that was most distinguished in Languedoc. "The too blind tenderness" of his Languedoc grandmother spoiled him and made him worse. Between the ages of six and ten, he was entrusted to the care of the Abbé. This uncle had a reputation for gallantry as well as for learning, and when he entered the Church he had been greeted by a playful little poem from his friend Voltaire:

Ah! tout prêtre que vous serez,
seigneur, seigneur, vous aimerez;
fussiez-vous évêque ou Saint-Père,
vous aimerez et vous plairez:
voilà votre vrai ministère.
Vous aimerez et vous plairez,
et toujours vous réussirez
et dans l'Église et dans Cythère.

Years later, at the age of fifty-six, the Abbé de Sade was imprisoned for having taken part with prostitutes in "*une partie de débauche*," but after a few days he was liberated by the King. The whole of the nephew's career must be seen in the moral atmosphere of the reign of Louis XV, who set the fashion in France for profligacy and sexual excesses, just as Victoria was to do in England for domesticity and respectability. The Marquis, when he was later condemned to many years instead of a few days in prison and also appealed to the King, was to protest that he had done nothing worse than several other great nobles he could mention.

From his uncle's, Donatien was sent for his studies to the Jesuit Collège Louis-le-Grand, where he remained for

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[1] Mr. Gorer, who has made, so far as I know, the only Freudian attempt to account for Sade, suggests that his cruelty to women may have had its prime source in resentment at having been abandoned by his mother.

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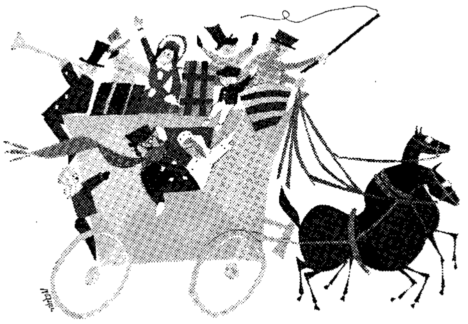

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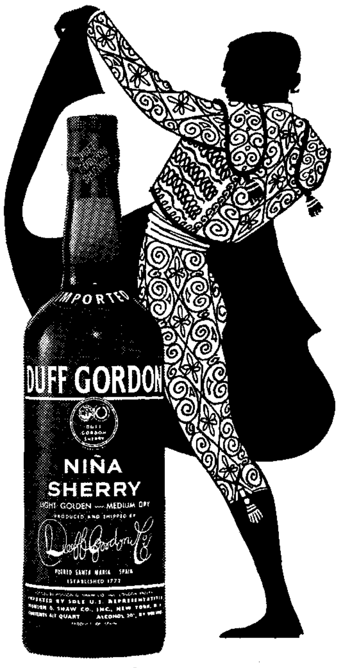

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four years, and from there he went straight into a cavalry school. At fifteen, he was a *sous-lieutenant*, and he immediately began to serve, continuing through the whole of the Seven Years' War of 1756–63 and being promoted to the captaincy of a cavalry regiment. Of his career as a soldier, he was later to write that "that natural impetuosity . . . that fiery spirit with which nature had endowed me only added a greater degree of force and activity to that ferocious virtue which goes by the name of courage and which is regarded, though no doubt very wrongly, as the only one necessary to man's estate." At one point, he nearly started a fire in the town in which he was quartered by recklessly setting off fireworks in celebration of a victory of the Duc de Broglie's. He apologized to the authorities in a letter of which the tone is more or less facetious. One is reminded of the unfortunate accidents that accompanied General Sherman's early campaigns and that seem to anticipate the incidents of his progress from Atlanta to the sea. The Marquis was twenty-three at the end of the war, and he immediately created for himself, through his gambling and whoring and general disorderly conduct, a bad reputation in Paris. His father, the Comte de Sade, in spite of his extensive estates, had allowed himself to be ruined by bad management and his own extravagance, and the scrapes and prodigality of his son were a serious tax on his resources. He was a pompous and stiff grand seigneur, who lived separately now from his wife—she had resorted to a convent—and who could not stand to have anybody about him but his servants. He at one time thought of leaving Paris in order not to have to hear about Donatien, over whom he had no influence whatever, but he knew that the consequences of the boy's behavior would reach him wherever he was, and he decided that the best thing to do was to get the young man married to a rich *parti*. The Marquis was having a love affair with a Mlle. de Lauris, who was of another old Provençal family, which Lely says was "one of the most illustrious," and who was an ancestor of Proust's friend the Comte de Lauris. (Mme. de Chevigné, who was one of the originals of Proust's Duchesse de Guermantes, had been a Laure de Sade and one of the few members of the family who had been rather proud of their ancestor.) One is struck by the unchaperoned activity in the period of Louis XV of the *jeunes filles à marier* in France. The young man had evidently man-

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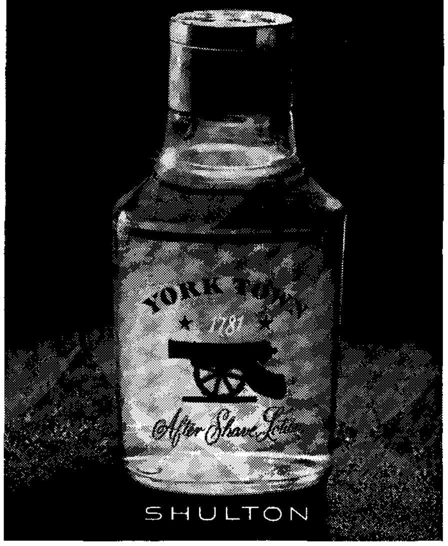

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aged to get himself more or less engaged both to her and to Mlle. de Montreuil, the daughter of a President of the Cour des Aides (which decided, under the old regime, on the subsidies provided by "indirect taxation"—that is, chiefly by the hated wine and salt taxes), who would bring him not a bigger dowry but expectations of a large inheritance. He much preferred Mlle. de Lauris, to whom he wrote a graceful little poem, in which a Ronsardian rose is made to spring from his mistress's tread, but her father did not approve of him and forbade the marriage. He therefore married Renée de Montreuil at the age of twenty-three. He was to have three children by her. But five months after his marriage Donatien was arrested for, says M. Lely, "one of those *débauches outrées* of the delights of which his servitude to his family had been depriving him for so long a time" and in order to indulge in which he was maintaining, in Paris and Versailles, five or six *petites maisons*, while the Marquise stayed at home pregnant. We do not know what the charges were, but the police inspector gave orders to the procuress whom the Marquis had been patronizing not to supply him with any more girls. He spent fifteen days in prison in Vincennes. When his father got him out, he immediately returned to his pastimes: prostitutes, actresses, and sometimes, also, ladies in the salons of his own class. One of these actresses he entertained in the country at his Château de La Coste—at a time when his wife was away—pretending she was the Marquise's relative. He was now watched by the police when he came to Paris, and an inspector of the name of Marais, who was to make a specialty of him and pursue him for many years, announced that "there will soon be more news of the horrors of the Marquis de Sade."

From this point on, Sade's career is a series of arrests and imprisonments. There is the affair of the woman called Rose Keller, a good-looking widow of thirty-six who had had to resort to begging. Sade got into conversation with her, and he offered to rescue her from her poverty by making her his concierge. She accepted, and when he brought her to one of his *petites maisons*, he took her around the house and finally led her to the attic, where he told her to take off her clothes. When she protested, he threatened her with a pistol, and when she complied, he flogged her with a knotted whip, cut off pieces of her skin with a pocket knife, and poured melted wax on her

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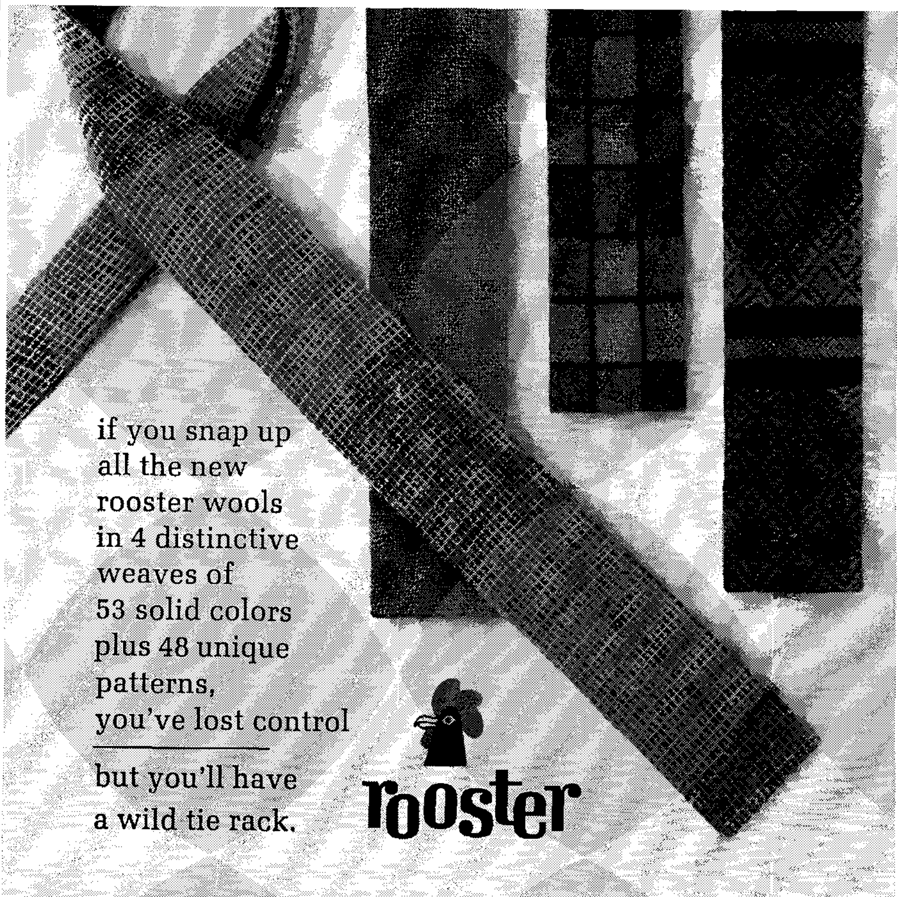

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wounds. He then put ointment on them and locked her up in a room. She tied two sheets to the window and escaped. She laid a complaint against him, which resulted in his arrest. The excuse made by Sade or his friends was that he wanted to test the effects of the ointment. Rose Keller dropped her complaint when she was paid twenty-four hundred livres, but Sade spent seven months in prison. His family intervened. The Abbé came to Paris and declared that his nephew was "incapable of the atrocities that public rumor had charged him with," and that "all that he could really be blamed for was a good deal of giddiness and indiscretion." The King was at last induced to pardon him. He paid a fine of a hundred livres.

After this, Sade returned to the Army, but again got into trouble, in Marseille, where he had gone on what was supposed to be a business trip, and where he engaged in a multiple orgy, which involved a complaisant valet, three girls of from eighteen to twenty-three, a whip strung with pins, and some lozenges which he gave to the girls and by which they said they were poisoned. In the evening of the same day, he visited another girl, who accused him of the same practices and of also having given her lozenges that had resulted in internal pains. All these girls brought charges against him, and he and his valet were condemned by the Procureur du Roi (sodomy was then punishable by death): the Marquis to be beheaded, the valet to be hanged, and the bodies of both to be burned and their ashes thrown away. This sentence was carried out only in effigy. The Marquis and his valet had vanished.

BUT in the meantime an episode of a quite different kind had commenced for Donatien. He had fallen in love with his wife's younger sister, Mlle. Anne-Prospère de Launay, then presumably in her late twenties. (Launay was the family name. The Montreuil title had been acquired when their father bought a baronial estate.) She had visited the Sades at La Coste and had apparently been fascinated by her brother-in-law, who, when at large, was to demonstrate recurrently his power of charming women and even of commanding devotion. He described his sister-in-law in a portrait that may seem surprising if one comes to it after his later writings, for it has obviously been inspired by genuine admiration. He praises Anne-Prospère for her beauty, for her cleverness, for the fineness of

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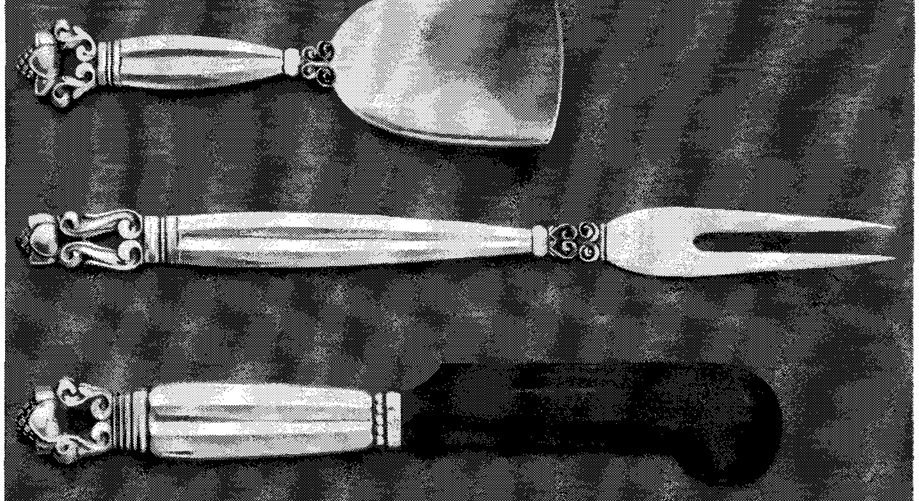
her perceptions, and for the tenderness of her heart. She is sometimes called a coquette by malicious persons, he says, but actually she is perfectly natural: she pleases without study or art. Now, Anne-Prospère was *une chanoinesse*—that is, a kind of nun who had the enjoyment of certain privileges and was not under a perpetual vow. Her headquarters were a convent in or near Clermont-Ferrand, but she evidently came and went as she pleased. That her brother-in-law had been working successfully to dispel the conventual influence is shown by the fact that he commends her for her readiness to be persuaded to divest herself of what he describes as the foolish prejudices with which the Church had "obscured her reason" and taught her "to regard as crimes the sweetest emotions of her soul as well as the sweetest penchants of nature." "The bandage fallen" from her eyes, she has now "avenged the outrage which has been done her." She is entering a new existence, and this is making her prettier. "What a chill has descended on her former pleasures! And with what warmth are her new thoughts imbued!" The world wears a different aspect. The situation is further complicated, in a characteristically eighteenth-century way, by the fact that the abbé uncle also becomes enamored of Anne-Prospère. He makes her a charming present of a little Corsican horse, for which, addressing him as "uncle," she thanks him sweetly in a letter. A long letter from the Abbé indicates that after she has returned to her convent she has actually to fight him off. She has begged him not to write her letters that might compromise her reputation, and he replies that he will respect her wishes but regards her as a cold Auvergnate—Clermont-Ferrand is in Auvergne—while he is a hot-blooded Provençal. He addresses her with much eloquence. "The sun whips the blood of a Provençal, the snows retard that of an Auvergnat," and, rather in the vein of his nephew, he declares that "one cannot so easily control the movements of the heart; their vivacity depends on the circulation of the blood, of which we are not masters. I should like to spend my life with you: I shall not see you at all. I burn to go to Clermont: I shall not go. . . . If you want from me anything else whatever that it is in my power to give you, you have only to let me know; but if you want me to keep my word, be careful not to pass the limits that you yourself have imposed. 'Ah, my dear uncle, how I love you!' . . . Is that the style of friendship in Au-



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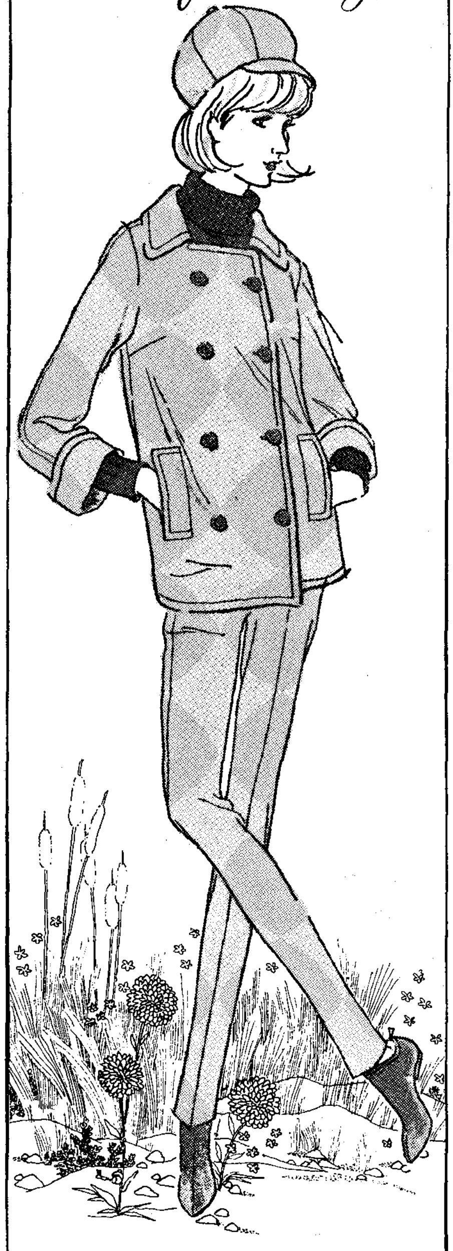

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vergne? I declare to you that I regard *that declaration as an incursion into my* province. If you continue to go on in that way, I shall no longer be master of myself: I shall concentrate all my fire, I shall go and melt all your snows and I shall make of them a torrent that will inundate you. . . . You wanted my relations with you to be kept on a tone of pleasantry: do you know any better way than this?"

When Anne-Prospère got news of the scandal in which the Marquis was involved in Marseille, she seems to have been rather resentful, but when Donatien fled for his life, she joined him—the discipline of the convent seems to have been very lax—and spent three months with him in Italy. The whole story is so bizarre that one wishes one could know something more about the characters of the persons involved. Not the least of its curious features is that the canoness, after her elopement, went back to visit her sister and then, very soon afterward, rejoined Donatien and spent a few days with him at Chambéry, in Savoy, at that time an independent duchy, where he had gone to keep out of French jurisdiction. But his relations with his sister-in-law had become a public scandal, and her mother, the Présidente de Montreuil, who had now had both her daughters compromised by her son-in-law, was anxious to get the younger one married. An eligible M. de Beaumont was suing for the hand of the canoness, but his family would not allow him to marry her unless the Marquis was permanently locked up. Mme. de Montreuil therefore made strong representations to the King of Sardinia, who then ruled Savoy, and the Marquis was incarcerated in a fortress. He escaped, however, after nearly five months, with the connivance of his wife, and went back with her to the Château de La Coste.

BUT Sade's existence was still very precarious. He was still a hunted man. On one occasion, a police inspector from Paris, accompanied by four archers from Marseille and a troop of the Marseille mounted constabulary, broke into the château and raised havoc. They did not, nevertheless, find the Marquis. He had either to hide at home or to move about from place to place. Mme. de Sade and her sister went to Paris together, and the Marquise tried to get the Procureur du Roi to intervene on behalf of her husband. But her mother, la Présidente, was from now on to use all her influence to have her son-in-law restrained from further mischief. The Abbé refused to be help-

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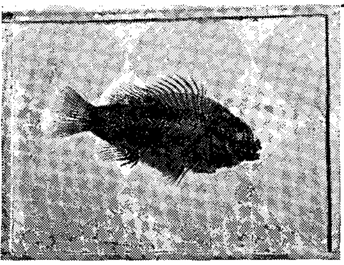

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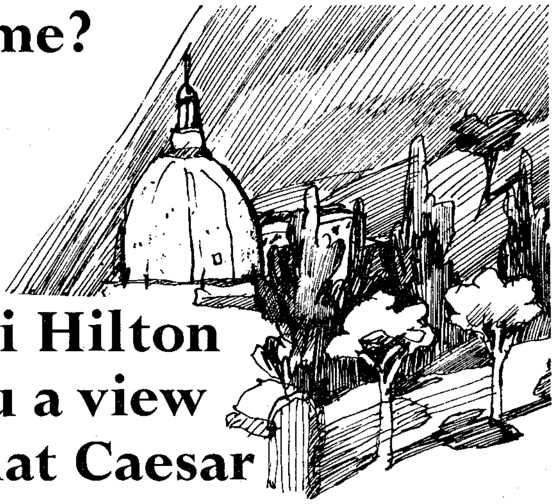
ful. His nephew had gone much too far. He said that on account of the death sentence the Marquis was now legally dead, and that, besides, he was mad and should be put away. An appeal was to be presented to the Parliament at Aix, but the President of the Parliament was in no position to be lenient toward the Marquis's offenses. We learn from a study of this President in the "Dossiers de Police" of G. Lenôtre that, having begun as a child by sticking pins in live birds, he had gone on, having taken a mistress, to conspire with her to kill his wife. When the latter became pregnant, he had at first sprinkled the stairway with cherry stones, hoping she would have a fall, and then, when this had not succeeded and she was lying in, he had given her poisoned lemonade, which, finding it bitter, she did not drink. He had finally, when all his neighbors had gone out to watch a balloon ascension, cut his wife's throat with a razor. He may well have sat for the horrible judge in "Les 120 Journées de Sodome," but at this moment he found it prudent to say that Sade was a dubious character, who "gave himself up to all kinds of excesses with young people of every sex." But while the case was in abeyance, the Sades withdrew to La Coste, where they evidently tried to give the impression of leading a quiet country life. The Marquis attested his morality by refusing to allow travelling players to present in the town a comedy called "Le Mari Cocu, Battu, et Content," tearing down the announcements of it as "*scandaleuses et attentatoires aux libertés de L'Église.*"

Then his own scandals erupted worse than ever. The Marquis had somehow recruited from Lyon and Vienne five girls, at least one of them very young, provided by a procuress called Nanon, who also came to live at La Coste. Before very long, these girls began running away and making complaints, and at Lyon criminal proceedings were instituted against Sade. It is doubtful how far the Marquise herself was involved in the Marquis's vices. She was very much under his influence, and may have thought that she would rather have him indulge them at home, where she could oversee and restrain them. But she was quite unable to control him, and one of the girls testified that the Marquise became "the first victim of a fury which could only be regarded as insanity." She in any case tried frantically to cover up, to prevent the girls from talking—one was sent to a convent—and to buy dismissal of charges from their parents. The little girl



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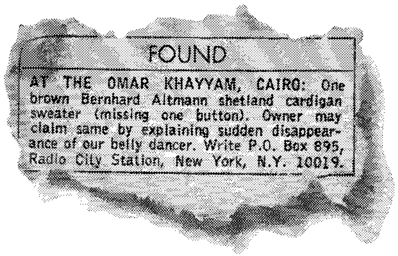

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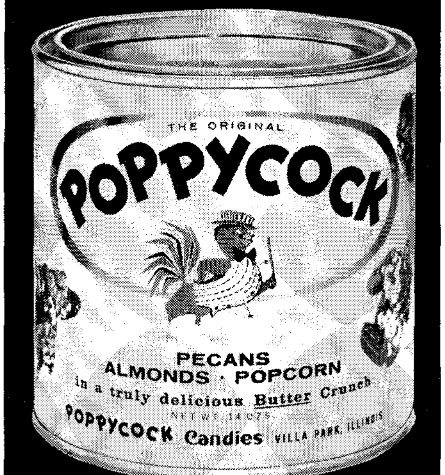
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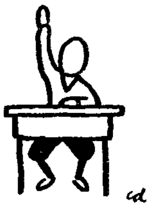
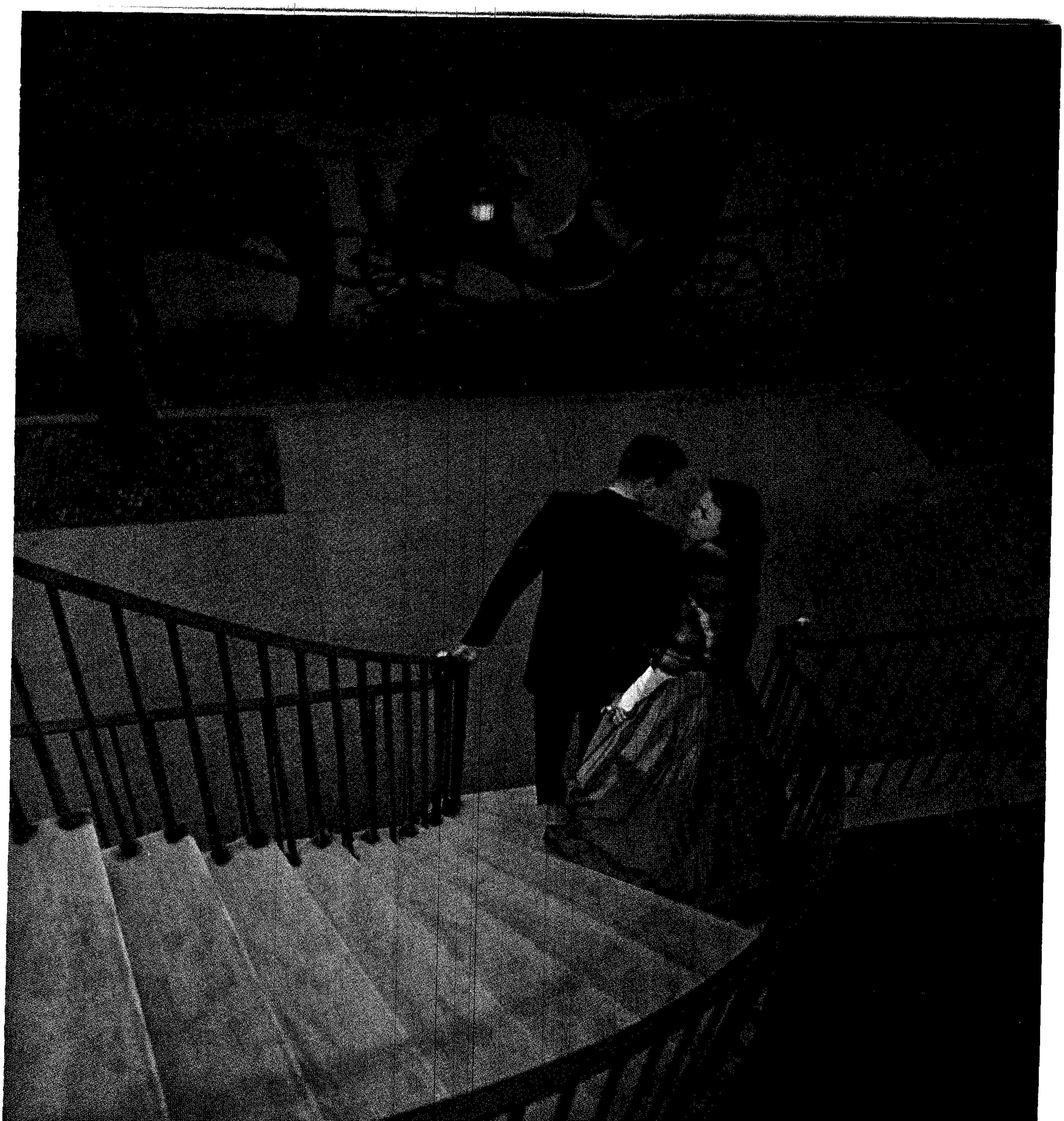
who had been most mistreated was—much to the Abbé's annoyance—secretly lodged with Donatien's uncle, who was threatened into keeping her with him by means of a blackmailing letter, which, on account of its truculent tone, although it was signed by Mme. de Sade, seems obviously to have been dictated by her husband and which reminded the Abbé of his own misdeeds in passages that the recipient, though he kept the letter, took pains to render partially illegible. "What horrors," the Marquise writes to him, "that creature [the little girl] can say about me!" She, or her husband speaking through her, declares that the girl's leaving the château was due to simple boredom—"She preferred to mind flocks rather than to spin in her chamber"—but the Abbé is begged not to let a doctor examine her. Eventually she is sent to a hospital. The Marquis had also got the procuress with child; the baby was put with a wet nurse, but the nurse's milk gave out and Nanon's baby died of starvation.



The Marquis writes in a letter that the women of Avignon "have given out that I am ranging from morning to night through all the neighboring towns and terrifying everybody. I pass for the werewolf here. The poor little chickens with their frightened cries! But why complain? This is the way people behave, and one enjoys taking cognizance of the feeling one inspires." There was a belief in the neighborhood that the Sades had a cemetery on the premises for the girls that the Marquis had murdered, but he himself was always to deny that he had ever killed anyone. In a long letter written from prison, he tries to show that every woman who had been at La Coste had left the place alive, and that some bones that were found in the garden had been brought for a joke by a visiting dancer, who had amused herself by decorating a small room with them. "When the pleasantry, or, rather, the platitude, was over," says Sade, "they were deposited in the garden." He nevertheless thought it prudent to disappear from Provence and, under the pseudonym of the Comte de Mazan, he spent the better part of a year in Italy. In the course of his travels, Sade studied Italian and worked on but never finished a work called "Dissertations Historiques, Politiques, Critiques, et Philosophiques sur les Villes de Florence, Rome, Naples, etc." In Rome, he commissioned "*un petit docteur*" to supply him with a description of the Vatican and at the same time to make him a collection of stories of unconventional sexual practices to be found both in ancient authors and in the life of contemporary Rome. He enjoyed, of course, such anecdotes for their own sake, but it is evident that he is also beginning to take something like an intelligent interest in his own aberrations and in those of others. This was fatal for the little doctor. Sade damaged whomever he touched. A letter to him from Sade on the subject fell into the hands of the Inquisition, and he was consigned to four months in its prisons. A bull of Pius V had authorized the death penalty for anyone who talked about what happened to him at the hands of the Inquisition, so the doctor had had to send his employer a message that he was ill. When he got out of jail, he wrote that though he would continue to work on the description of the Vatican, the other project would have to be abandoned. He was surrounded, he said, by spies. When the Marquis went back to France, he brought with him a whole load of *antiquités*, which included medals, marbles, lamps, an amphora, lachrymatory phials, a fine sepulchral urn, and a small statue of Hermaphrodite. At Grenoble, he sent word to the family solicitor that he was coming back to La Coste and asked him to procure for him an edition of Martial.

There was now a rumor at La Coste that the Marquis had in Italy become devout. The Marquise did her best to encourage this and said that he had even been to see the Pope. But in the meantime the mistreated little girl, who had now been put in the custody of the steward of the Sade estate, had escaped and gone back to Vienne, where she had made a deposition against the Marquis, and the Marquise thought it inadvisable to have her husband return at that moment. Eventually, however, he did, and found everything in the worst possible shape. Donatien, given up to his dissipations, had been an even worse manager than his father. The Sades were now hounded by creditors and could hardly keep up the château. They had no wood, the window panes were broken; the Marquise, who had no warm clothes, took to her bed with, I suppose, what we should now call the flu. Sade's mother-in-law came to the rescue by sending some money to the family *homme d'affaires*, a man named Gaufridy, with orders that it should be used only for the necessities of the château. This made the Marquis furious, because he needed money for the special expenses of getting



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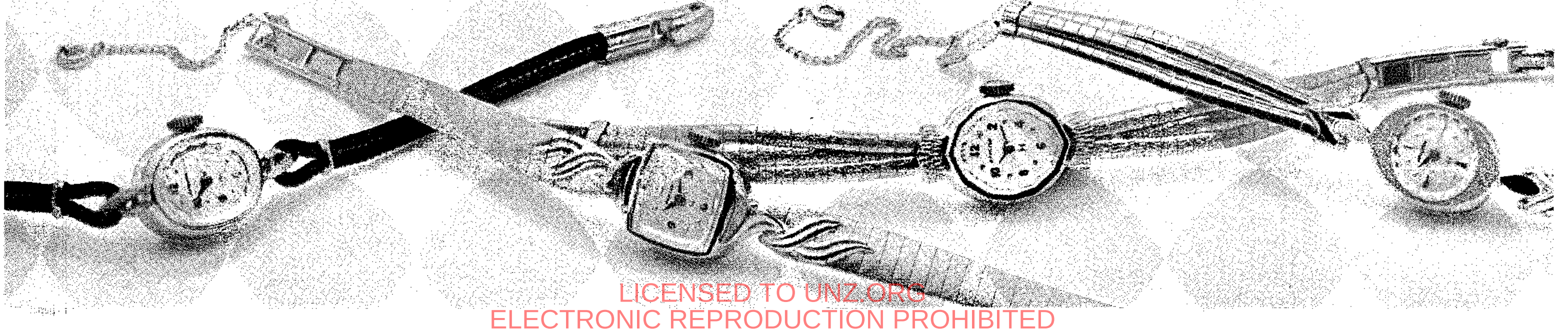

new books bound and new pictures framed. And he immediately created more scandal. He had asked a Père Durand, a member of the Récollet order, to engage for him four servants, and Père Durand arrived one evening with a chambermaid, a kitchen maid, a male secretary, and a barber from Paris. All but the kitchen maid left the next morning. The Marquis, after supper, had locked them all up in separate rooms and attacked them during the night. They went back with Père Durand in his carriage. They talked about what had happened, and this greatly alarmed the father, a blanketmaker, of Catherine, the Sades' twenty-two-year-old cook, whom the Récollet had also provided. The blanketmaker upbraided the priest, who had guaranteed "*l'honorabilité du château*" and who now said that of course he had known about "*les désordres de M. de Sade, mais que, depuis un certain temps, il le croyait bien guéri.*" A month later, the worried father came to demand his daughter and, when Sade tried to argue with him, fired a pistol at him and fled. The Marquis was not wounded, and the father returned with four companions and fired again into a courtyard where he imagined he had found the Marquis. Sade tried to get the blanketmaker arrested, but the Procureur Général of Aix decided that the behavior of Sade was "horrible in every way" and that Catherine must be immediately sent back to her father. The girl herself, however, who had evidently been charmed by the Sades or had managed to adapt herself to the household, remonstrated with her father and refused to leave.

The Sades, taking Catherine with them, now made a trip to Paris. The Présidente had just announced to Gaufridy that she was washing her hands of their affairs, and it is not known whether they wanted to conciliate her or wished to be with Sade's mother, who was dying. In any case, a few days after arriving, Donatien was arrested—evidently at the instance of his mother-in-law, who obtained a *lettre de cachet*—by the inspector Marais, who had dogged him in his earlier days, and imprisoned in the donjon of Vincennes (a tower, not an English dungeon), where he remained for sixteen months. At the end of this time, as a result of his appeal to the King, he was summoned to appear before the Parliament of Provence. He was made to pay a fine and pardoned, but instead of being released, as he expected, was ordered back to Vincennes. He managed to escape on the way and quietly returned to La Coste, where, with typical insouciance, he en-

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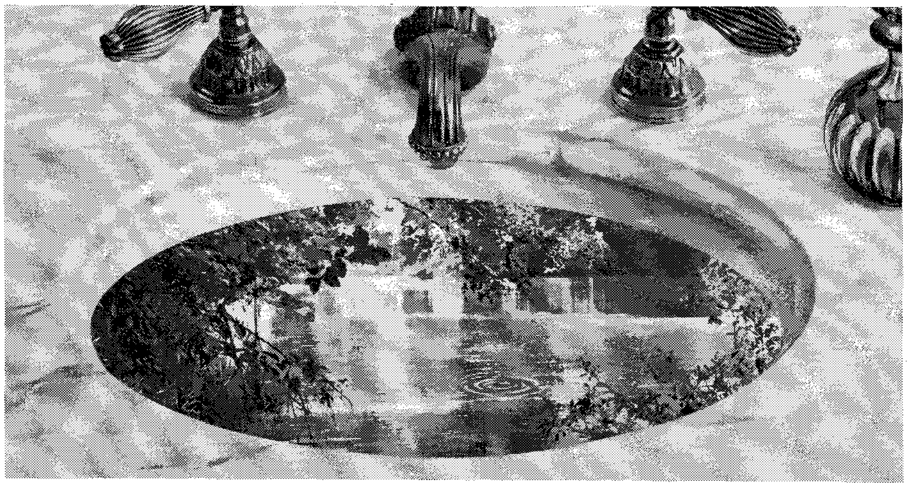

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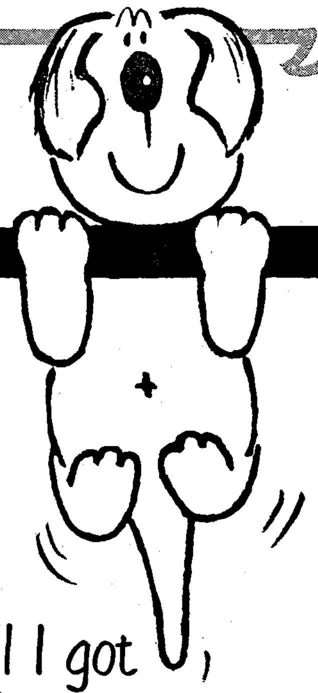

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joyed thirty-nine days of liberty. The Marquise was then in Paris and her mother did not let her know about her husband's escape. When she found out, she wanted to go to him, but her mother threatened to lock her up, and the poor lady decided to stay in Paris and try to get the *lettre de cachet* cancelled. In the meantime, the inspector Marais had turned up at La Coste with a squad of ten men and, after denouncing Sade—addressing him as "*tu*"—for having committed his various crimes and having the bodies of his victims on the premises, dragged the Marquis publicly, garrotted and bound, through his province, where everyone knew him and in which he had just been pardoned, to the prison of Vincennes again.

He was to remain there for five and a half years, and then be transferred to the Bastille, where he was kept for over five years more, till the outbreak of the Revolution.

DID imprisonment make Sade worse? Was it wrong to keep him in jail so long? He might have said of himself, like Oscar Wilde—as, in effect, he sometimes did—"I am a problem for which there is no solution." What he wrote about was certainly worse than anything he had actually done, and in the course of fifteen years in prison he became more and more misanthropic. It is impossible not to sympathize with the victim of a *lettre de cachet*, which, in that era, allowed of no trial, no defense, not even of any charges, and which, involving no definite sentence, could condemn one to confinement for life. To his anguished appeals to know when he will be free, he gets only vague promises, which are never kept. And we *may* sympathize, also, with a man who is driven to erotic fantasies by the privation of solitary imprisonment. But what would have been the hazard of letting him out? Here, at least, his crimes are all on paper, and the outbursts in his letters were not reassuring. He will tell Mme. de Sade that he should always think it proper to keep his life with her uncontaminated by his vices or that if she had only known how to handle him, to accommodate herself to these, he would never have come to this pass, but, after all, he had failed to follow the first of these courses and she had failed to succeed with the second. He sometimes professes contrition and promises complete reform. He writes a letter of this kind to his mother-in-law, which must have cost him a prodigious effort of hypocrisy, for he had previously written to a friend that if it were in his power

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he would have Mme. de Montreuil "burned at a slow fire." He expresses devotion to his wife, especially in the fifty-three months during which he was not allowed to see her. But in the spring before her first visit, he begins to grow jealous of her, and his seeing her in the summer seems to have made it worse. He accuses her of having been unfaithful and having allowed herself to be got pregnant, warns her against staying with a woman friend whom he believes to be a libertine and perhaps a Lesbian. The poor Marquise, to allay his suspicions, takes up her abode in a convent. She seems to have done her best for him, supplied him with clean linen, books, and sweets; but if his orders are not carried out exactly, he begins to abuse and threaten her: "The *biscuit de Savoie* is not at all what I asked for: In the first place, I wanted them candied all over, both on top and underneath in the same way as the little biscuits; in the second place, I wanted them with chocolate inside, and there's not the slightest trace of chocolate; they've browned them with the juice of herbs, but there's nothing that can be called the slightest trace of chocolate. The next time you're having things sent, please have them make some of these for me, and try to have someone you have confidence in see to it that there's chocolate in them. The biscuits ought to have the same taste as when you bite into a bar of chocolate. The next time you're sending, then: some biscuit of the kind I say: six ordinary ones, six candied, and two little pots of Breton butter, but good and well selected." When she visits him, he furiously complains about her costume—"Tell me, would you go to Easter services in that getup that makes you look like a mountebank or a quack medicine peddler?"—or upbraids her for having come to the prison on foot: "Now I understand why you are always so hot, why you are in such a dreadful state whenever you come to see me: it's because you come on foot like a shopkeeper, like a common whore of the streets. And your parents allow it, and your rascally servants don't make any objection! What lowness, what indignity! Listen: I've promised to be calm, I've promised to write this letter as dispassionately as I'm able. So I've only one word to say to you, and that is that if it happens again that you come to me in such a state, I swear to you on all that's most sacred that I shall refuse to see you, that I'll go up at once to my room and that I'll never come down again."

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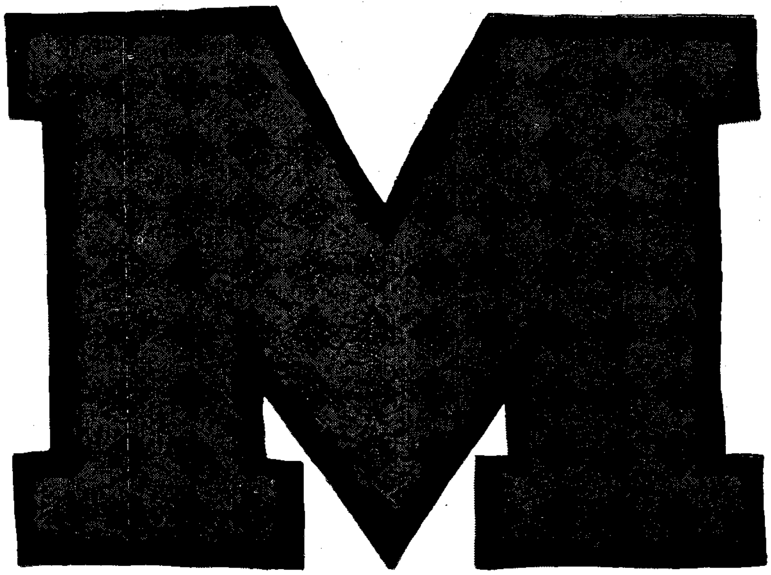

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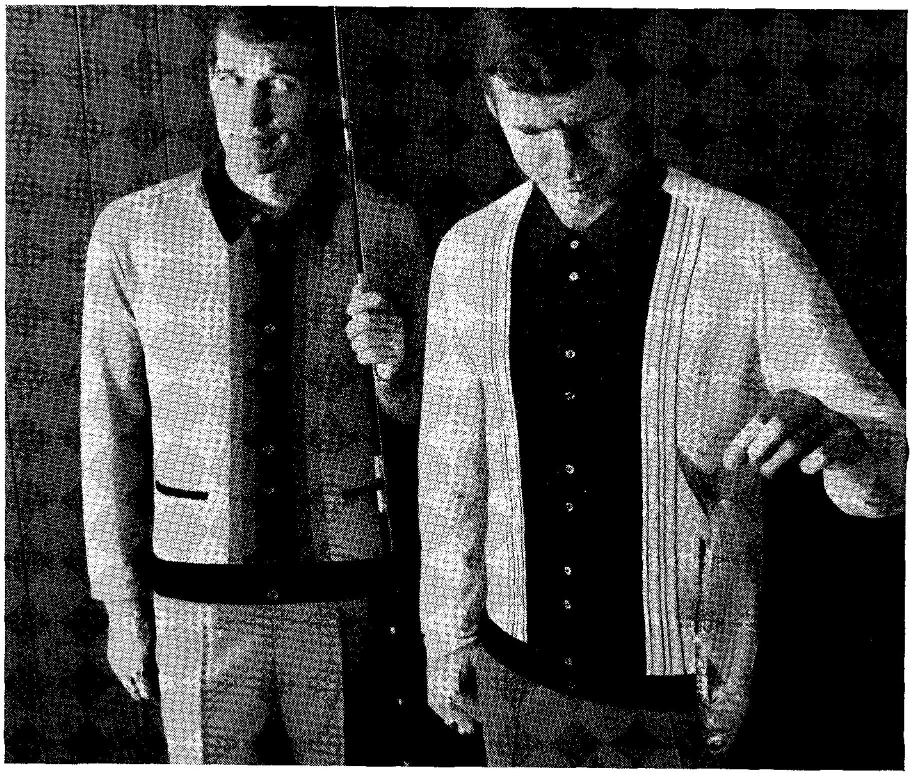

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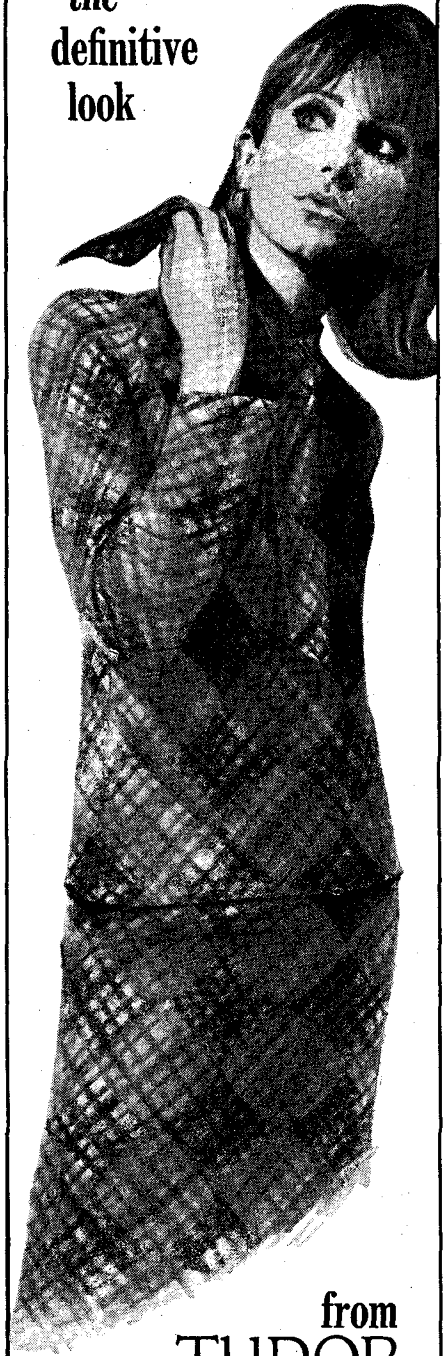
little conviction—he alternates *tu* and *vous*, according to his mood of the moment—and he refuses to pretend that he is other than what he is. He can only try to minimize his crimes. He is a libertine, he admits. *"J'ai toujours eu un peu de penchant à favoriser le vice,"* he writes to a woman friend, *"et je regarde comme de grands hommes ceux qui savent y persister avec acharnement,"* but he has done very little with married women: "You will hardly find two that I have tried to seduce." *"L'adultère des femmes est sujet à des inconvénients si horribles, il a des suites si funestes et si fatales, que je n'ai jamais pu le tolérer."* So why all this fuss about *"les putains"*? Should he be made to spend years in prison on account of *"le cul d'une putain"*? Suppose he had happened to kill one of these lowest of the low, was that a serious matter? He has more dignity when he admits his abnormality and his powerlessness to do anything about it. To the Marquise, he writes that when he gets out of jail he will do his best for her and his children; "But as for me, for me personally, I can't promise you anything. The beast is too old. Please believe me and give up trying to teach him better. . . . There are certain principles of conduct which are too much a part of one's existence, especially when one has imbibed them with one's milk, for it ever to be possible to reject them. It is the same with one's habits: when they have become so prodigiously tied to a being's physique, ten thousand years of prisons and five hundred pounds of chains would only make them stronger. . . . Our *mœurs* don't depend on us, they derive from our construction, from our organization. What depends on us is not to spread our poison beyond us, and to see to it that those who surround us not only do not suffer from it but cannot even become aware of it." This does not of course include *les putains* but only one's own family, who, in Sade's case, had already become all too well aware. "That is the essential, and that is what I promise," he continues when he has made this point clear. "One cannot create virtues for oneself, and one is no more in a position, *in such matters*, to adopt this or that taste than one is to become straight when one has been born twisted, to adopt, in accordance with principle, this or that opinion or to make oneself dark when one has been born redheaded. This is my eternal philosophy, and I shall never have any other. However, in 1777 [the year of his first imprisonment in Vincennes], I was still fairly young; the depth of my misfortune

the definitive look



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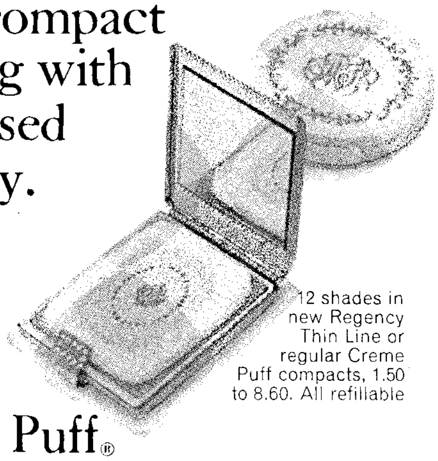

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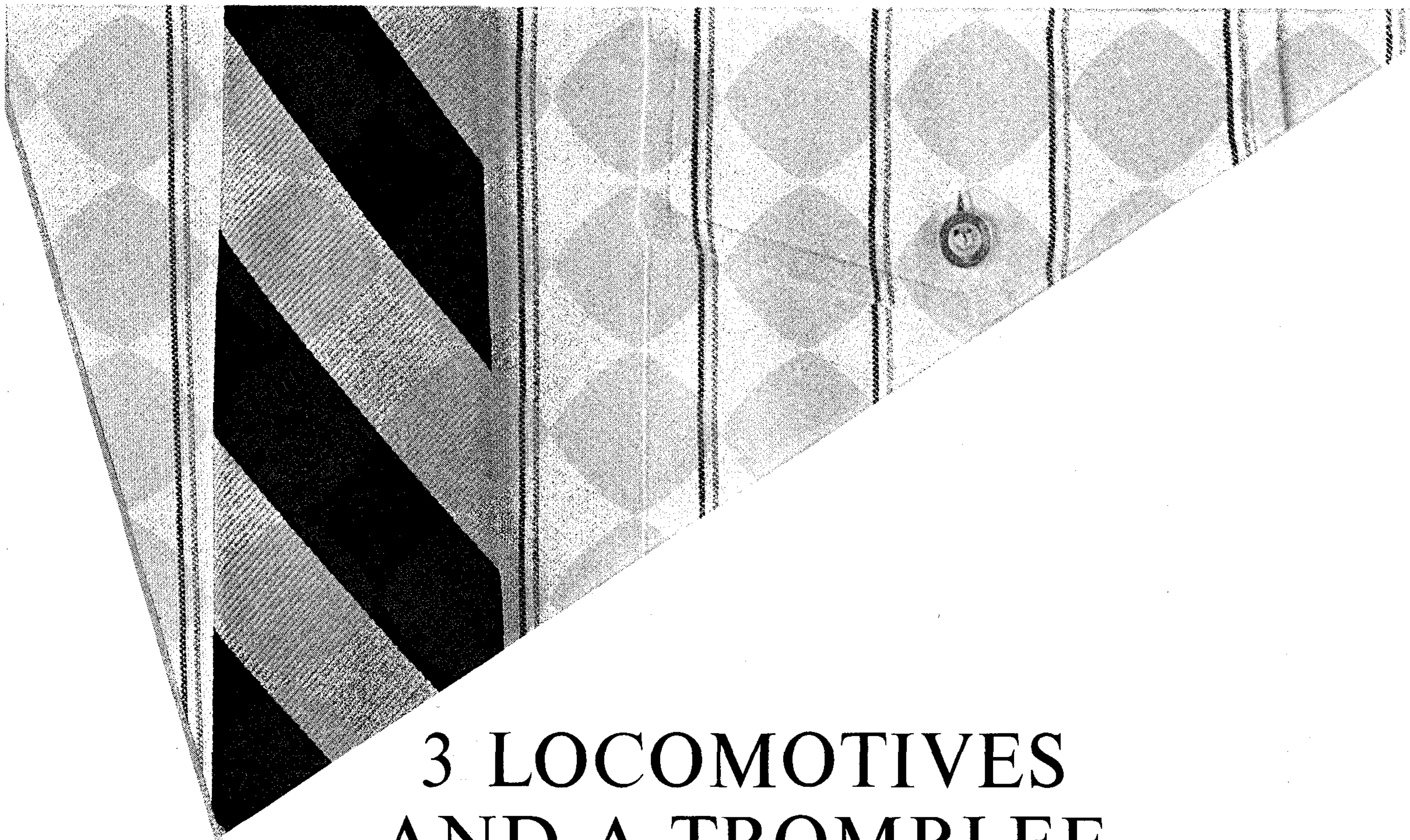

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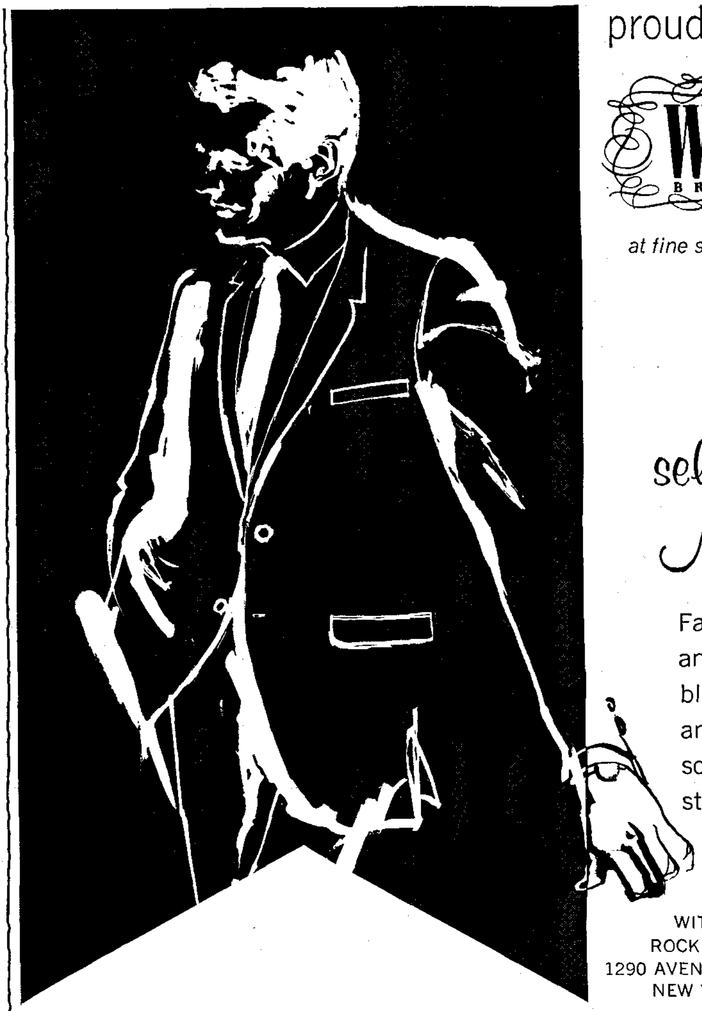
then might have prepared me for the task [of reform]; my soul had not been hardened yet, as you have been at pains since to render it inaccessible to good sentiments."

One may have one's doubts about this, yet it is not without a sense of tragedy that one watches through these more than a dozen years the lapsing of all human ties. Sade tries to find out from his wife what has happened to Anne-Prospère, and she refuses to let him know where she is. All he learns, and all we know about these years of her life, is that the canoness has never married and that she has ceased to live with her mother. He asks hopefully whether she and her mother have quarrelled and is told that this is not the case. He was never to see or hear from Anne-Prospère again. She died in 1781 from some ailment of an undetermined nature, four years after his going to jail. He becomes suspicious of a woman friend, a Mlle. de Rousset, with whom he has kept up a correspondence. He tries to exercise some control over his financial affairs, but Gaufridy, the agent for the family, has come to dread his letters and either answers them evasively or ignores them. He becomes convinced—rightly, perhaps—that the Marquise is abetting her mother, with whom she had before been at odds, and does not want him to be liberated. He is furious when, on one of her visits, she is accompanied by a police inspector. He tells her that her family are far beneath him, only *gens de robe*—that is, officials—instead of *nobles d'épée*, men of property, like the Sades, and that he married her only for money. He threatens her and her family with what he will eventually do to them. When his elder son enrolls in an infantry regiment instead of, like himself, in the cavalry, he can only storm impotently in letter after letter, and refuses to receive from his boy a New Year's message which the latter has sent him, expressing affection and respect and hoping that he can come with his mother to see him. The father, however, declares that he will not see the boy or correspond with him till he has shifted to the carabiniers, which the young man declines to do. Sade beats up a jailer, and as a result of this the jailers refuse to enter his cell to shave him or sweep it out, and hand up his meals through a trap in the floor, "as if I were a madman." His writings become wholly atrocious. It is plain from his early verses and his portrait of his sister-in-law that, with all his compulsive brutalities, he was sensitive to much that was fine, and in these products of



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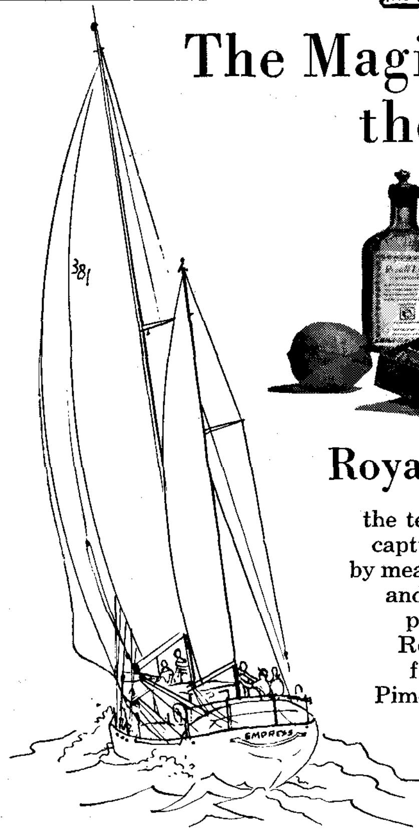

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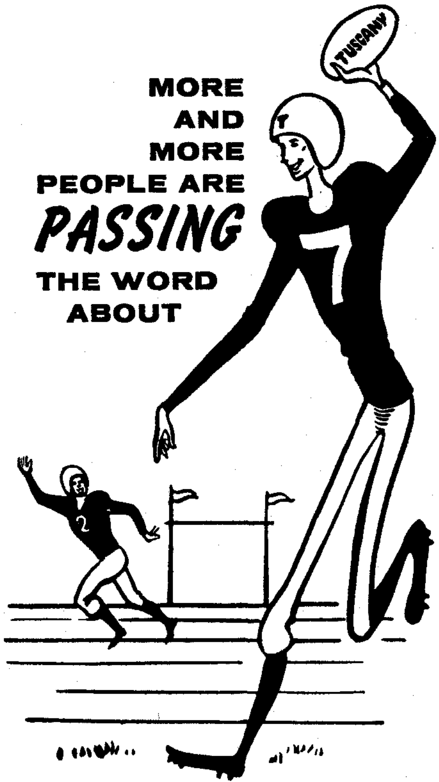

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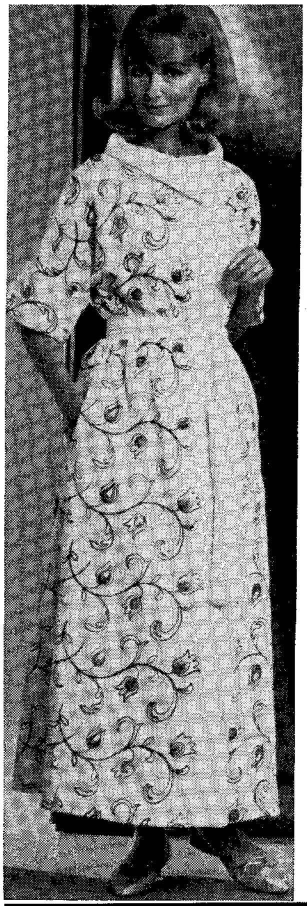
imprisonment this is still apparent. The young victims of the ogres of "Les 120 Journées" are selected for their breeding, refinement, and beauty, and the wives of these ogres are praised for their dignity and the delicacy of their taste, but this is only to enhance the pleasure of outraging them and tearing them to pieces. One of the few touching things that Sade wrote is of a date almost seven years before he began this work. He had been reading his uncle's book on Petrarch. "All my consolation here is Petrarch," he wrote to his wife. "Laure has turned my head; I am like a child about it; I read about her all day and at night I think about her. Hear a dream that I had about her yesterday, while everybody else [outside prison, he means] were amusing themselves. It was about midnight. I had just fallen asleep, with the memoir of her in my hand. She appeared to me all of a sudden. I saw her! The horror of the tomb had not impaired the brightness of her charms, and her eyes had still as much fire as when Petrarch celebrated them. She was enveloped in black crêpe, and her beautiful blond hair was negligently floating over it. It was as if Love itself, in order to make her still more beautiful, wished to soften all the gloomy costume in which she was presenting herself to my eyes. 'Why art thou groaning on earth?' she said. 'Come and join me. No more woes, no more griefs, no more troubles, in the immensity of space I inhabit. Have the courage to follow me there.' At these words, I threw myself at her feet, I said to her, 'Oh, my Mother!' . . . And my voice was stifled with sobs. She held out to me a hand which I covered with tears; and she, too, was shedding tears. 'I used to like,' she added, 'to cast my glance into the future, when I lived in this world that thou dost detest; I multiplied my posterity even to thee, *and I did not see thee so unhappy*.' Then, caught up in my despair and my tenderness, I threw my arms about her neck, to keep her or to follow her, and to water her with my tears, but the phantom disappeared. The only thing left was my grief.

> *"O voi che travagliate, ecco 'l*
> *cammino:*
> *Venite a me se 'l passo altri non*
> *serra.*[1]

"*Bonsoir, ma chère amie*, I love thee and embrace thee with all my heart. And have a little more pity on

---

[1] This is the eighty-first poem of Petrarch's "Canzoniere." Did Sade understand that Jesus is the "friend" of whom Petrarch is speaking and that the lines quoted here are a paraphrase of Matthew XI:28?



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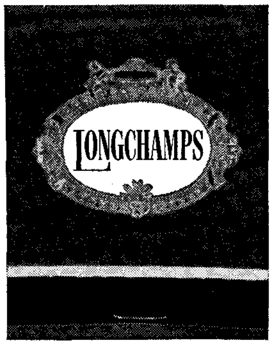

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me, I beg thee, for I assure thee that I am unhappier than thou thinkest. Take into consideration everything that I am suffering, and [that] the state of my soul is as sombre as [that of] my imagination. I embrace even those who have a grudge against me, because I hate in them only my wrongs.

"This February seventeenth, at the end of two years of horrible chains." (The chains were rhetorical, not real.)

Yet he was writing her two years later: "Would that you and your accursed family and their base valets might be put all together in a sack and thrown to the bottom of the sea. Then let me be immediately told, and I swear to Heaven that that will be the happiest moment that I shall ever have tasted in my life."

But later on a new note of pathos is struck in a letter to Mlle. de Rousset apropos of the chimes of Vincennes: "Since a prisoner refers everything to himself and always thinks that everything people do has some relation to him, and that everything that is said is about himself, I of course got it into my head that those damned chimes were speaking to me and that they were saying to me, and very distinctly:

"'Je te plains, je te plains,
Il n'est plus pour toi de fins
Qu'en poudre, qu'en
poudre....'

"I got up in such a rage as words can't express and wanted to knock the bellringer on the head, but then I had painfully to realize that the door of vengeance was closed to me. So I sat down again and took up my pen. I thought I ought to answer that rascal in the same spirit and tone, since I had no way of doing it otherwise, and I said:

"De plaisir, de jouir,
Il faut donc vous dessaisir,
Mon âme, mon âme...."

He dwells on his sexual privation:

"Ma moitié, ma moitié
Me rend sans nulle pitié
Tantale, Tantale.

Ah, quel sort! ah, quel sort!
Oh, par ma foi, c'est trop fort!
J'en crève, j'en crève.

Le sainfoin meurt sans soin:
Venez-en chercher au moins
La graine, la graine.

Quel martyr! quel martyr!
Je vois bien qu'il faut souffrir
Sans cesse, sans cesse."

By the time the Revolution had released the Marquis, the Marquise had given him up as hopeless and was arranging a legal separation. There is

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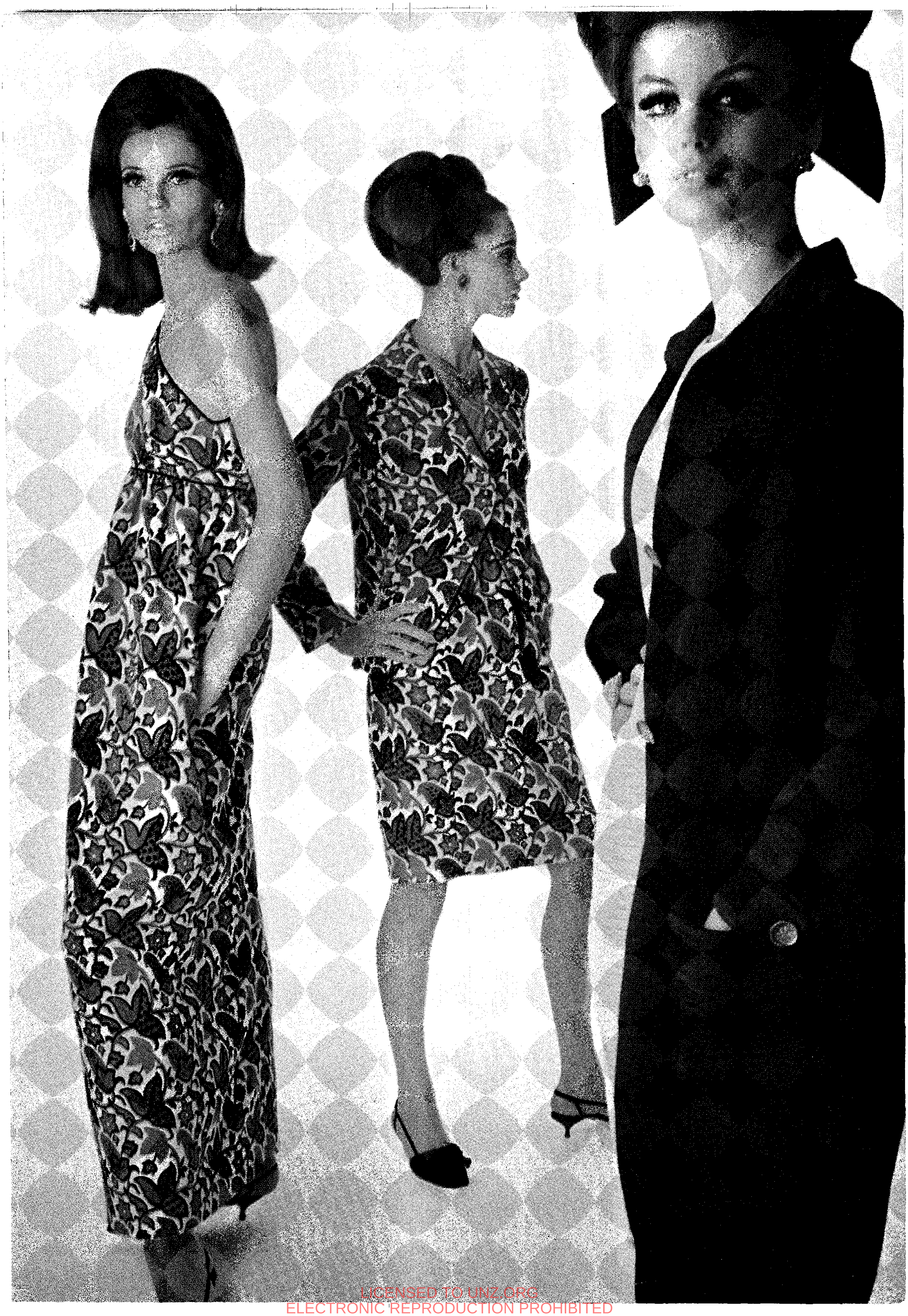

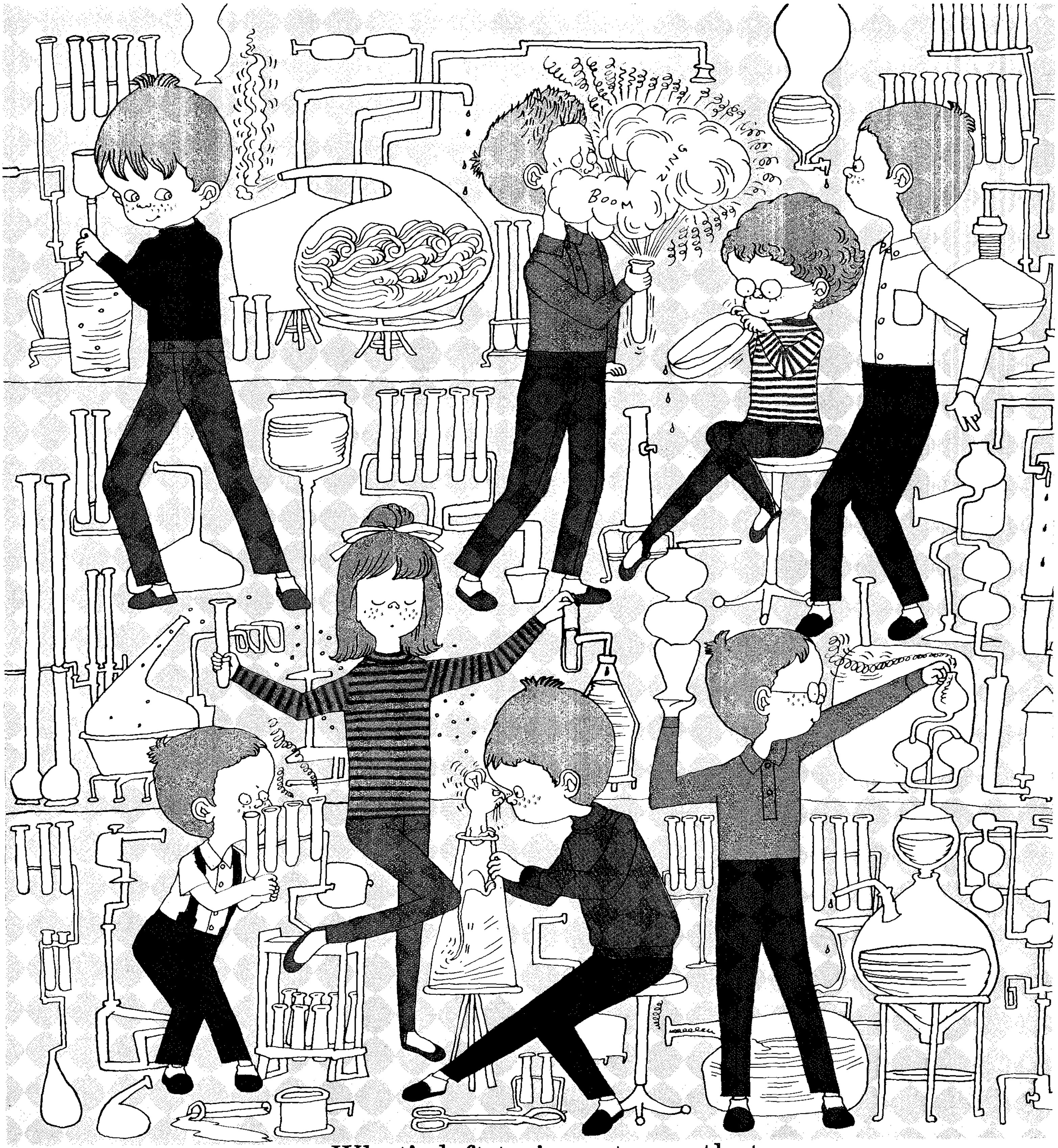

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STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 130 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 no evidence that after he was freed he ever saw her again.

M. Lely calls these letters Shakespearean, but they have nothing in common with Shakespeare except that, like King Lear and Timon of Athens, they are given to embittered tirades. There are occasional imaginative exploits in the language of vituperation. Sade is seen at his most horridly exuberant in his letters to a valet and copyist, who was evidently also a crony and whom for some reason he likes to address as "M. le chevalier Quiros." The following will give an idea of the Marquis's conception of jovial banter: "Ah, old pumpkin preserved in bedbug juice, third horn on the head of the Devil, with your great long codfish face and your ears like oysters, you old wornout slipper of a whorehouse madam, dirty underclothes of the *choses rouges* of Milli [Mademoiselle] Printemps, if I had you, how I'd rub in them your dirty baked-apple snout which looks like burning chestnuts, to teach you to lie to me like that." M. Lely elsewhere declares that Sade, as a literary artist, is comparable only to Shakespeare; he is always referring to his works as "*chefs-d'œuvre*." How do the Sade scholars arrive at such opinions? Sade's books have their psychiatric interest and sometimes their hate-poisoned power, but they are certainly among the curiosities, not the masterpieces, of literature.

Sade wrote a great many plays, in prose and in alexandrines. He was infatuated with the theatre, and had loved to put on plays at La Coste. In prison, he was always writing plays, passing them out to his wife, and getting her to criticize them, in the hope of having them produced. But even Sade's most fervent admirers cannot find much good to say of these pieces. M. Lely calls the characters of one of his comedies "*d'assez mornes automates.*" He cannot here afford to be as indecent as he is in his works of fiction, but the situations on which they depend are as perverse as he thinks he can afford to make them. He protests to his former tutor, the Abbé Amblet, who has criticized one of his scripts: "I am a little of the opinion of Monsieur de Buffon. *Enjoyment* is the only thing that I like and find good in love. Metaphysics is, according to me, the flattest and most monstrous thing there is, and I don't know how to go about it when, in obedience to the exigencies of dramatic art, I have to sprinkle some into my pieces."

By "metaphysics" he meant not phi-

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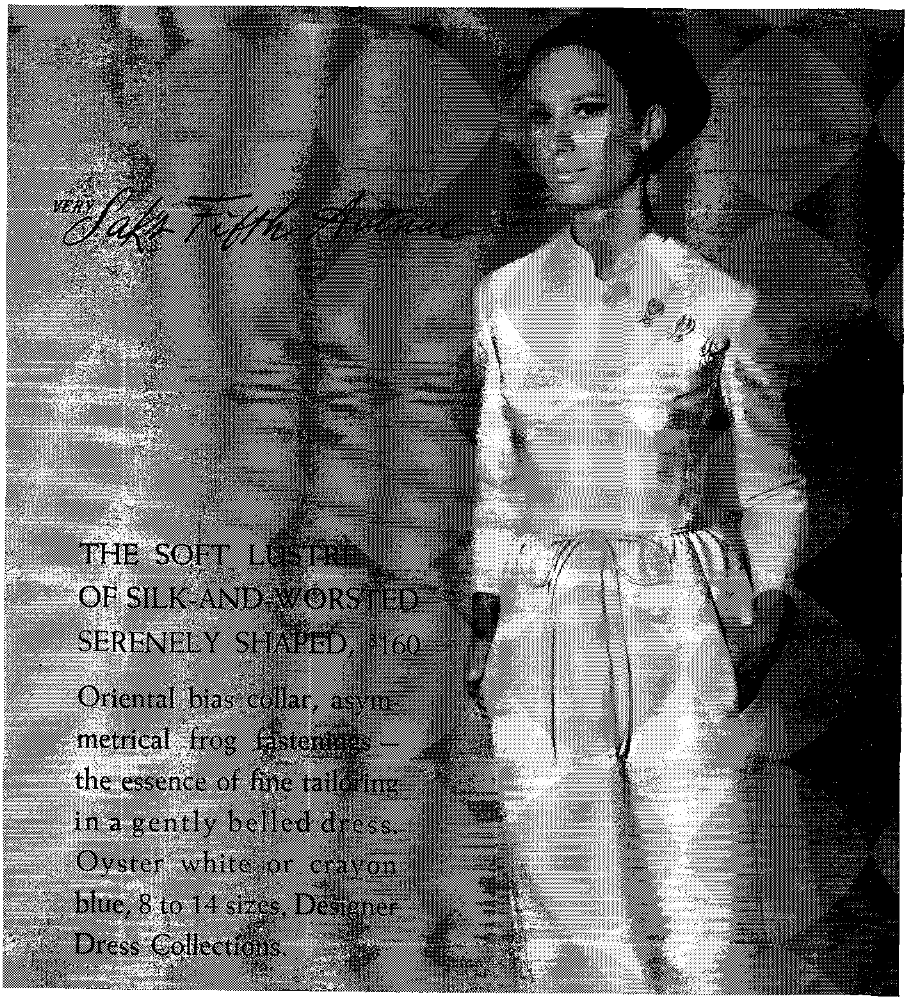
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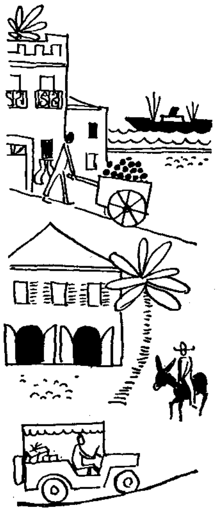
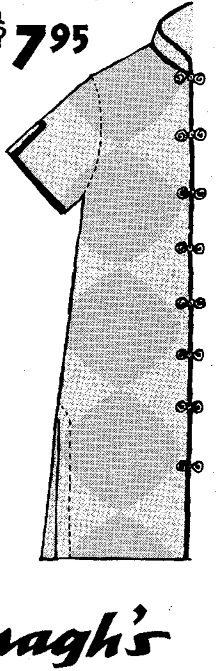
losophy but, one supposes, the reasonings of Racinean morality. He regarded himself as *un philosophe*, and the pornographic episodes of his fiction are made to alternate with long dissertations quite typical of the then booming Enlightenment. Sade's first characteristic work in this line was the "Dialogue Entre un Prêtre et un Moribond," completed in his fifth year of imprisonment. The priest has come to administer the last sacrament, and calls upon the dying man to repent, but the latter replies that the only thing he is conscious of having to repent of is not having enjoyed himself more when he had the opportunity to do so. He does not believe in the doctrine of the Church. If God is what the Church says He is, why has He made man with his corrupt nature? What merit would virtue have, the priest replies, if man were not left free to choose?—But God, since He has made man Himself, must know how the thing is coming out. If the criminal were free *not* to commit the crime, since he knows it will lead to the gallows, he would certainly refrain from committing it. All the crimes are "necessary to Nature" as well as all the virtues. But are we responsible for the side to which she pushes us? No more than the wasp who darts his sting into our flesh.—Then we shouldn't beware of committing crimes?—I don't say that. Let the law, by its menace, do its best to prevent our crimes, but once a crime has been committed, one must not give oneself up to a sterile remorse. And it is reason and reason alone, not the groundless threats of the Church, which can warn us that by injuring others we can never achieve our own happiness, that contributing to the happiness of others is the greatest felicity that Nature has offered us. All human morality is summed up in this saying: *Make other people as happy as one desires to be oneself*, and never do them more harm than one would care to receive. But the man is now about to die, he says, and he mustn't use up his energy in preaching. Six beautiful women, he explains, are waiting in the next room. Won't his visitor enjoy them with him? Let him forget about the next world, since it does not exist. "The dying man rang; the women came in, and the preacher became in their arms a man corrupted by Nature for not having been able to explain what a nature corrupted was."

This contains the whole germ of Sade's philosophy, which he was later to expound in his novels in innumerable and interminable disquisitions. Why should I love God when, from the





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Christian point of view, he has made such a hopeless botch of me? But God does not exist, so, for that matter, why should I apologize for myself? There is no God, there is only Nature, and Nature not only generates, she constantly destroys in the cruelest way and often on a gigantic scale—earthquakes, volcanic eruptions—and this preserves a balance that is necessary. Perhaps the most eloquent expression of this idea—no doubt because one of the first—is to be found in "Justine": "In regard to the crime of destroying one's fellowman, I can assure you, my dear girl, that it is entirely chimerical; the power to destroy has not really been granted to man; at most, he has the power to vary the forms; he does not have the power to annihilate them: now all forms are equal in the eyes of Nature; nothing is lost in the immense crucible in which the variations are made; all the pieces of matter which fall into it are incessantly thrown up again in different shapes, and, no matter what we do in this respect [i.e., in destroying], it is not possible for anyone to outrage her, for anyone to offend her. Our destructions revive her power; they feed her energy, but none of them can enfeeble her; she is never impeded by any of them. . . . Ah, what does it matter to her hand, which is always at work creating, that this or that mass of flesh which today constitutes an individual biped may be reproduced tomorrow in the form of a thousand different insects? Dare one say that the construction of this two-legged animal is more valuable than that of an earthworm, and that she ought to take more interest in it? If, then, her degree of attachment, or rather of indifference, is the same, what difference can it make to her that by the sword of a man another man should be changed into a fly or a weed?" Now, says Sade, in effect, I embody this destructive force, and it is natural to unleash it on women, since Nature has made women inferior; they have always and everywhere, on account of their weakness, been subjugated and despised by men.

What is unusual in the interchange between the priest and the dying man is the emphasis on promoting the happiness of others. It is true that Sade lays down the principle in his essay on novel-writing that the author should not express himself directly but always make his characters talk, that any character of his who professes this more ferocious point of view is always referred to as "*ce scélérat,*" but the scoundrels are always given the stronger arguments, the author is on their

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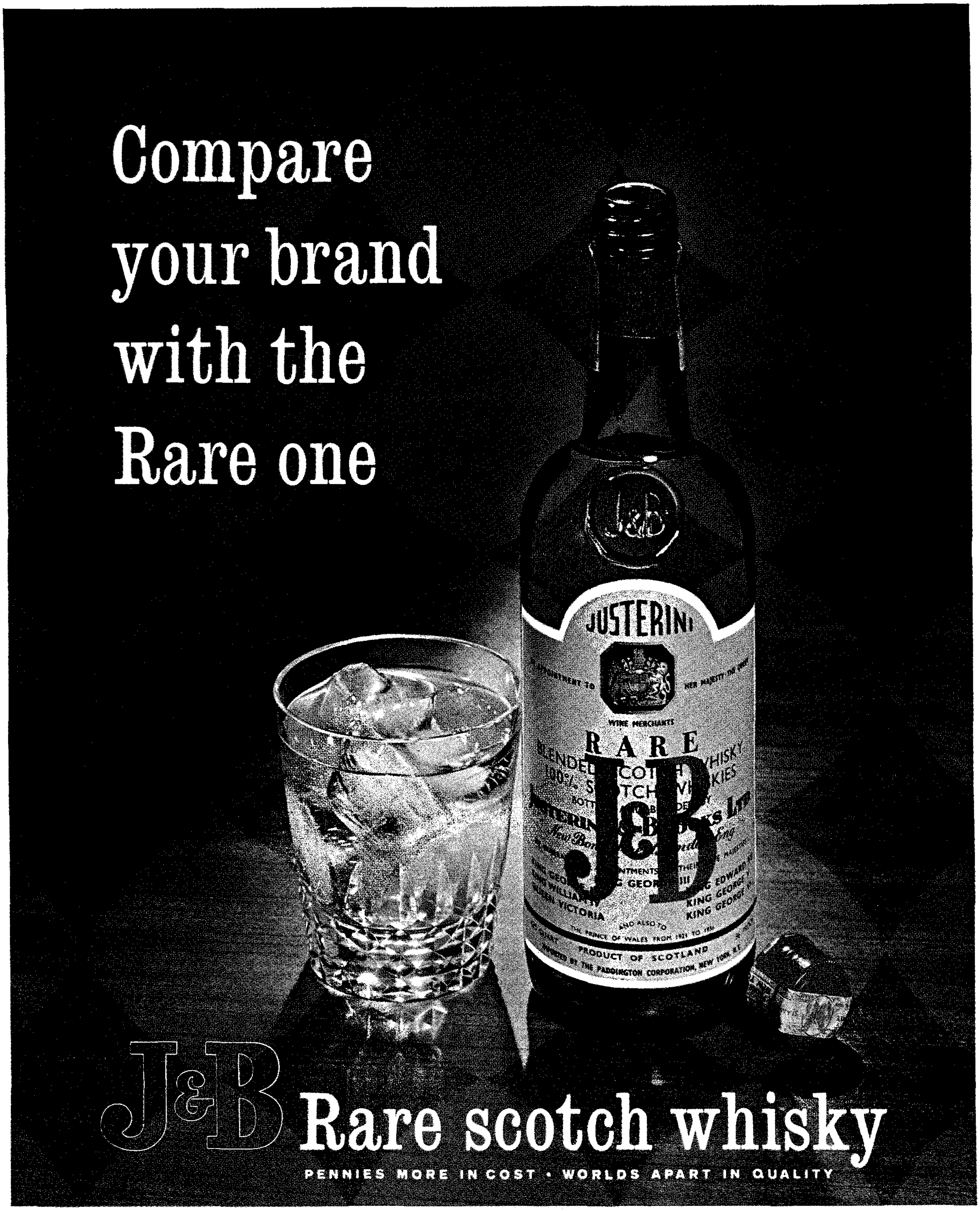
side. In "Justine," for example, the virtuous young girl who, though outraged in every other way, manages technically to preserve her chastity and who piously pleads with her tormentors is given a very weak case—made, in fact, a ridiculous figure—in the teeth of the doctrine of "*ces scélérats*." In the first and milder version, she is eventually rescued and given a home by her more worldly—and criminal—sister, but then falls victim to the destructive force of Nature when she is killed by a stroke of lightning. In the second and nastier version, the highly successful sister, in the company of equally fiendish friends, jeers at Justine and drives her out. The bulk of the work of Sade is an apology for his own obsessive mania.

Yet he studied current fiction with attention, and though he was not able to publish anything till after his liberation, he had already begun, in prison, to take a quite professional interest in his craft. For "Les Crimes de l'Amour," a collection of short stories, published in the Year VIII of the Revolution, he composed a remarkable introduction called "Idée sur les Romans," in which he shows a comprehensive knowledge of the history of European fiction from the Greek romances through Boccaccio, Cervantes, Mme. de Lafayette, Marivaux, Richardson, and Fielding, to Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe (who figures as "Radgliffe"). He lays down some excellent principles, all of which he has more or less violated: that the novelist must not depart from what is probable; that he must not interrupt his story with incidents that are either too frequent or not related to the subject; that it should never be the author who moralizes but always one of the characters in his novel, and that he ought not even then to be made to, except when he is forced to by circumstances. Sade evidently feels some compunction about having insisted on probability, for he indulges, in this connection, in his usual special pleading. He announces that in the stories that follow he will "allow himself to take a bold flight," but "Nature is stranger than the moralists paint and is constantly escaping from the dykes that their systems would like to prescribe for her." He also declares very sternly that one ought not to write for a living. If you do, your work will reflect your needs. You will transmit your weakness to it; it will have the paleness of hunger: other trades are open to you; make shoes, but do not write books.

Yet the Marquis himself was well aware of the fashions, and he knew how to exploit the market. He had two ways of doing this. One of these was to gratify the appetite for indecency so enthusiastically cultivated in the eighteenth century. The Marquis carried pornography as far as it could possibly go, leaving far behind his rivals in this department—John Cleland and Diderot and Rétif de la Bretonne—but, by reason of the superior attractiveness of their merchandise, by no means at a disadvantage. He first published his "Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu" in the form in which he had written it in prison, with scandalous situations but a language that was still fairly chaste; then he loaded it with obscenities, made the episodes more atrocious, and extended it with the story of Juliette, the worldly and wicked sister, who stopped at nothing and prospered from her crimes, travelling through Europe—her itinerary appears partly to be a perverted reminiscence of his adventures with Anne-Prospère—discovering with the keenest delight all the horrors committed by sovereigns, monks, governments, and feudal lords, some of them more or less authentic, which the Marquis was pleased to assemble. The other group of readers he appealed to were more bourgeois and more idealistic. In the interest of not alienating their sympathies, as well as of otherwise protecting himself, he denied, in "Idée sur les Romans" and elsewhere, that he had written "Justine" and "Juliette": "It is only the malicious and the imbecile who, in spite of the authenticity of my denials, can still suspect me and accuse me of being the author, and henceforth the only weapon with which I shall combat their calumnies will be the most sovereign contempt."

He had composed another novel called "Aline et Valcour, ou le Roman Philosophique," which, though it had always, as a menace in the background, an evil demiurge of an incestuous father, was aimed at the admirers of "Clarissa" and of Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloïse." Like them, it is told in letters, and it does not offend conventional morality. It is interwoven with two long narratives in the tradition of picaresque fiction (which M. Lely, in his ingenuous way, has reprinted and described as "masterpieces"), the vicissitudes of two parted lovers. But though both are continually threatened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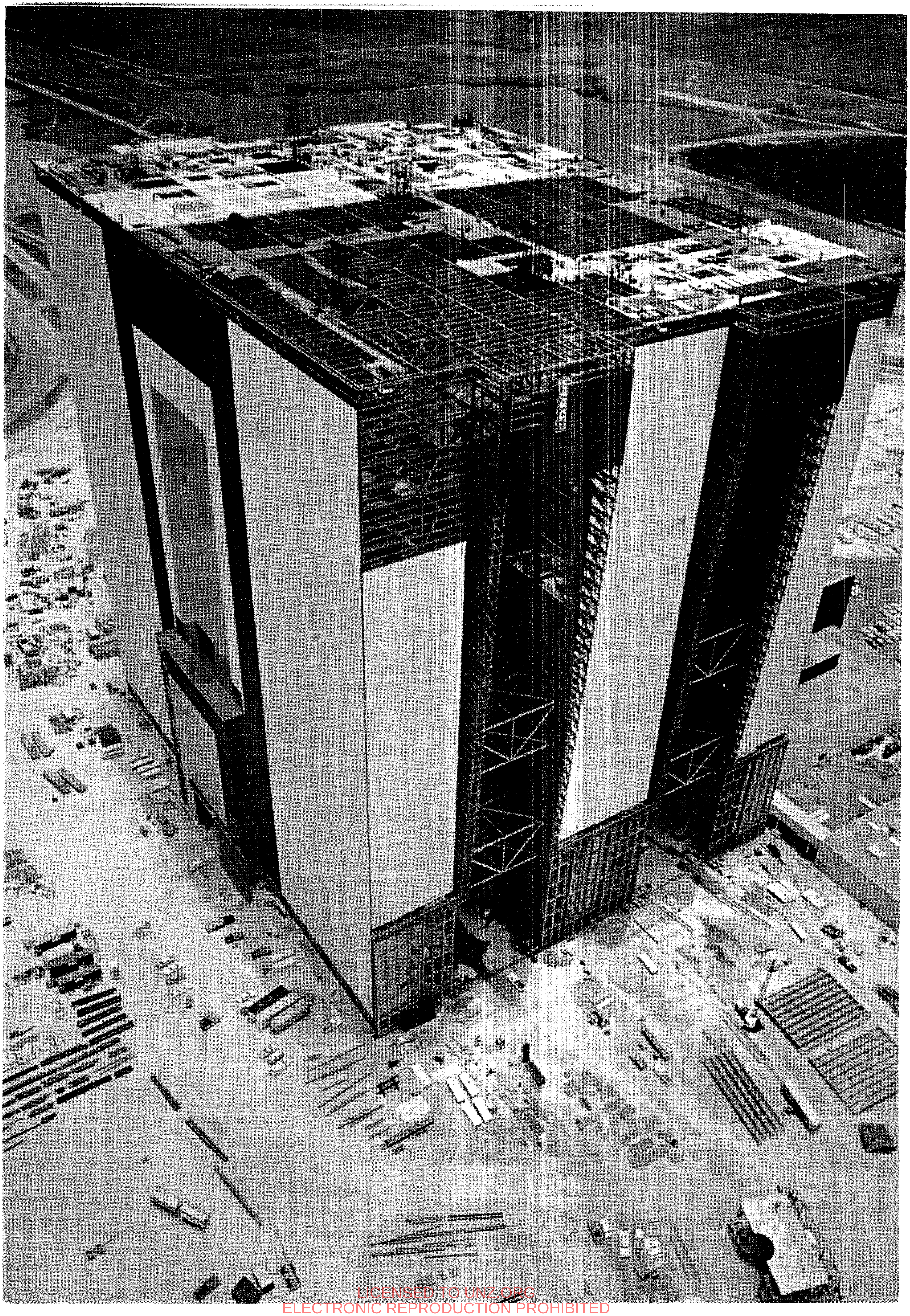

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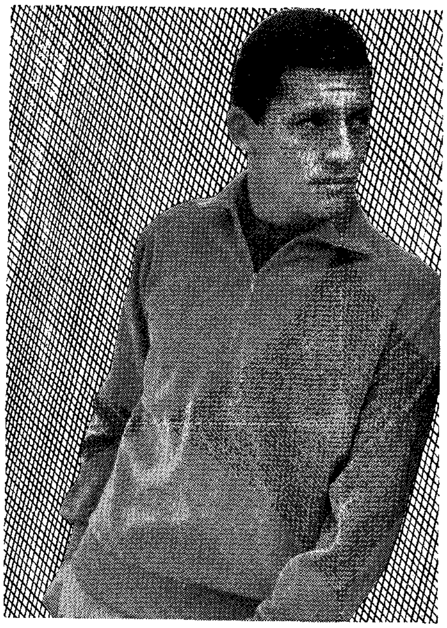

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by the regulation Sadean villains, they escape with very little damage, and in the end they are happily united. One curious feature of "Aline et Valcour" is Sade's unexpected production of a utopia that belongs to the family of Fourier and Saint-Simon. The island of Tamoé has been discovered by a French man-of-war and is ruled by the son of one of its sailors, who fell in love with a native girl and stayed behind when the vessel left. He became the chief of the natives and prepared his son to succeed him by sending him to Europe. The young man was able to see how vile European civilization was and returned with a set of ideas for constructing a better one. Though, wise and deeply respected, he is actually the head of the state, and though his people do not have a parliament—which he regards as entirely useless—he will not allow himself to be called king. The society he presides over is classless and everyone is everyone's "equal," in "fortune" as well as in status. The voice of Rousseau is heard when Zamé, the chief, explains that it has been easy to produce this result because his people were "too close to a state of nature to have been corrupted by the false system of social differences." There are communal nurseries, and the houses are the property of the state, which issues them to newly married couples. A husband or a wife can repudiate his or her mate on several legitimate grounds. There is one street in every city equipped with smaller houses, where the "*répudiés*" and the celibates live. They all worship God without ritual—are, in fact, eighteenth-century deists. One of Zamé's most conspicuous successes has been to reduce simultaneously the number of crimes and the number of laws. When a man does commit a crime, he is not sent to prison, which could only make him worse; he is made to repair the injury. We are soon back with the author and his problems. The French visitor to Zamé's island objects that "in certain hearts, there exists a sort of perversity which cannot be corrected at all; there are people who do evil gratuitously; it is recognized today that there are men who give themselves up to evil simply from the charm of infraction." (It is to be explained of Juliette that the very idea of breaking a law or going contrary to a convention is enough to excite her sexually.) How about such human horrors as Tiberius, Heliogabalus, and Andronicus? That's a different matter, says Zamé. Such people are very rare. One must not attempt to constrain them. With such people one cannot get anywhere save by sentiment, delicacy,

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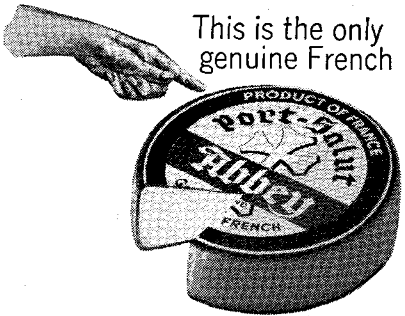
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and honor. In the meantime, one must just get used to them, as one does to a twisted tree. As for murderers, since in Tamoé most of the motives for murder have been removed, there are hardly any now on the island. But if a murder does occur, a description of the man is sent out and no one is allowed to receive him. He is put into a pirogue with a month's provisions and told to go away. If he returns, he will be executed. "It is the only crime that is punished in that way."

The Marquis, even while still in prison and with no possibility of publishing his work, followed attentively, as I have said, the development of the contemporary novel, and from the time when it was possible for him to publish showed a jealous sensitivity toward competitors. It is amusing to see Sade and Rétif de la Bretonne snapping and snarling at one another, each accusing the other of purveying filth. Sade uses Rétif as an example of the author who becomes a hack by writing for money and describing "*des aventures dégoûtantes toujours puisées dans la plus mauvaise compagnie.*" Rétif detested Sade, referred to him as "*le monstre auteur,*" and even went so far as to publish an "Anti-Justine," which, he said, unlike the work of Sade, did not present "the delights of love invariably accompanied by the torture and even the death of the women . . . a book which wives can read to their husbands," which will make the reader "adore women, cherish, make love to them, and all the more abhor the vivisector who has just been brought out of the Bastille." The lovers in Rétif's novel were, it seems, a father and daughter. And no mention is made by Sade of the most distinguished writer in his special field. It can hardly be imagined that Sade had failed to read "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," which was published in 1782, but in his "Idée sur les Romans" he says nothing about Choderlos de Laclos. M. Lely has a theory about this: he has discovered in connection with it some suggestive facts. It turns out that Sade and Laclos were kept in custody for almost seven months of 1794 in the same *maison de santé*. M. Lely guesses that they must have quarrelled and it is for this reason—also, perhaps, from envy—that Sade omitted his rival's name when, in 1800, he published "Les Crimes de l'Amour." We find, furthermore, among Sade's notebooks a "Plan for a Novel in Letters," which sounds very much like "Liaisons Dangereuses." M. Lely concludes that Sade wanted to take over Laclos's pattern

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and show how much better he could do with it. But the author of "Justine" and "Juliette" had not the taste and the balance to bring off such a masterpiece as Laclos's. The characters in Laclos are real people, and they are handled with marvellous skill. It would have been quite impossible for Sade to conceive the so effective climax of "Liaisons Dangereuses"—to have the two aristocratic libertines, Mme. de Merteuil and M. de Valmont, who are playing havoc with better people's lives, at last, by their own logic, set out to ruin one another. The villains and villainesses of Sade do not hesitate to betray one another, but this illustrates no moral principle, as does the debacle of Laclos's. Because there is no such real conflict between different moral values, there is no real drama in Sade.

From beginning to end of his literary career, Donatien is doing his best, trying first one way, then another, to justify his aberrations, to put them into some reasonable relation—since, like other eighteenth-century writers, he is always talking about "reason"—to the rest of human society. This makes him very repetitious, and in the long run the spectacle is painful. If he takes the line that Nature is destructive and that the forces of destruction are needed as much as the generative forces, and that a person who embodies the destructive force should be allowed to enjoy himself, then why should he reprobate the people who have put him and are keeping him in prison? Why should he complain of their "inhumanity"? If it gives them pleasure to injure him, do they not have the right to this? And are they not fulfilling the purpose of Nature? One of the Marquis's favorite imaginings is a stronghold—a castle in Switzerland or a double-walled monastery—from which the victims of his libertines cannot escape, so why should he be so indignant at having been imprisoned himself? One would rather be the torturer than the victim, but why should he judge them severely? His only resource is to say that his captors are worse than himself, which involves a moral judgment of a kind that his system does not admit, and that—what is more consistent with this system—it will be his turn to injure *them* when he is eventually at liberty to do so. If he takes the line that reason and benevolence can produce an almost ideal society, he is betraying his own belief that Nature requires a balance between the creative and the lethal, and is still left with the question of what attitude to take toward his own recalcitrant character, the danger of

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whose violent acts he makes a point, in "Aline et Valcour," of having the all-wise Zamé minimize but which he allows to assert itself viciously in most of his other writings.

BUT at last Donatien is set free, and he finds himself in the midst of the French Revolution. How will he adapt himself? What will he do? What will be done about him? He is now fifty years old.

In the early days of July, 1789, when the rumors were beginning to reach him, in his cell, of the meeting in the tennis court of the Third Estate, when the King had turned them out of the great *salle des menus plaisirs du roi*, and of the growing excitement of the people, the Governor of the Bastille had his cannon loaded and announced that the prisoners were no longer allowed to take their daily walks on the towers. The Marquis flew into a rage and swore to make "*un tapage affreux*" if this privilege was not restored. He had acquired a length of tin pipe and had fitted onto this a funnel in order to make it easier for him to urinate into the moat. He now used it as a megaphone and began to shout through the window. A considerable crowd gathered. He denounced the Governor to them and declared that orders had been given that the prisoners' throats should be cut. As a result, he was roused that night and, hardly dressed and with a pistol at his head, removed to a madhouse at Charenton. A few days later, the Bastille was stormed and its principal officers were slaughtered. A kitchen boy cut off the Governor's head and paraded it on a pike.

The Marquis remained at Charenton nine months, in the company of its lunatics and epileptics. His two sons came to visit him there. He had not seen them for fifteen years. When they had told Mme. de Montreuil, their grandmother, that they were going to see their father, she said to them, "I hope that he'll be happy, but I doubt whether he's capable of it." When the *lettres de cachet* were abolished, she made no effort to prevent his liberation. "It is the only way," she said, "not to have to reproach myself or to be reproached by others." His wife had gone to live in a convent and was arranging a separation. He did, however, succeed in seeing his daughter. To his lawyer, who has apparently remonstrated with him, he writes, "I assure you that *Mademoiselle ma fille* is just as ugly as I painted her to you. I have seen her three or four times since; I examined her very closely, and I assure you that

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her mind as well as her face are exactly those of a good fat farmer's wife." Whether on this account or on account of her father's reputation, the girl was never to marry. She lived to be seventy-three. Seeing Donatien in these straits, his mother-in-law relented to the extent of supplying him with a few louis but told him that thereafter he would have to depend on getting money from Gaufridy and that she expected him to pay her back. At first, when he was free again, he took a room, where he lived alone. He was completely *dépaysé*. He could not get used to living among men again. In writing to Gaufridy, he inveighs against the Montreuils and describes his present state of mind: "Nobody has any conception of the *infernal* and *anthropophagous* prosecution that I have suffered at the hands of those people. [In his novels, some of his favorite characters are cannibals.] If I had been the lowest creature on earth, no one would have dared to subject me to the barbarous treatment of which I have been the victim; in the course of it, I have lost both my sight and my lungs; I have taken on, lacking exercise, a corpulence so enormous that I can hardly get myself around; all my sensations have been extinguished; I no longer enjoy anything, there is nothing that I like; the world of which I was foolish enough to regret so much being deprived now seems to me boring—sad! There are moments when I am seized with the desire to become a Trappist, and I don't swear that some fine day I may not disappear without anybody's knowing what has happened to me. I have never been so misanthropic as now since I have returned to men, and if I seem to them so strange in reappearing among them, they may be perfectly sure that they produce the same effect on me." The dividing up of the property that followed the Sades' separation involved long and disagreeable negotiations. The Marquise had made the stipulation that the Marquis should acknowledge himself her debtor for the money received as her dowry, though, instead of demanding it all at once, she allowed him to pay her annual interest. In the meantime, four months after his liberation, the *ci-devant* Marquis had succeeded in attaching to him a young actress under thirty, Marie-Constance Quesnet, who, with a child, had been deserted by her husband. Sade had been haunting the theatres and was even to get two plays produced, and in one case to play the leading role. He took a little house in the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, and there, with some

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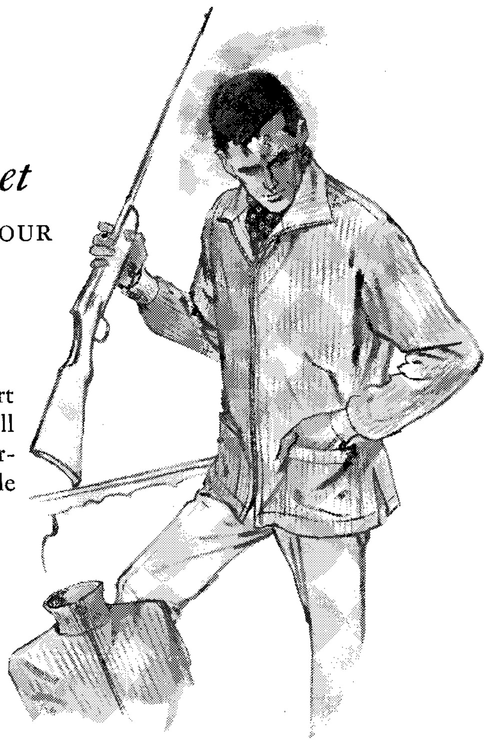
of the furniture from La Coste, he set up housekeeping with his mistress. He must have become less alarming—though what he wrote was, if anything, more ferocious—because he and Marie-Constance seem to have been devoted to one another. It was the only successful relationship in Sade's life.

But his role was now very different. He was no longer a great lord, and what was happening was as frightening to the former Marquis—though, he says, it did not surprise him—as his own crimes had been to other people. He had registered and had received a card as "active citizen" of the section of the Place Vendôme, later called la Section des Piques, and had been summoned to attend its meetings, in which he played an active part. He was obliged to steer a difficult course. He had to appear a good "patriot," be careful not to rouse suspicions, yet he could not help being upset when he heard that one of his aunts had been thrown into jail and even more so when his château at La Coste was invaded, wrecked, and looted by a mob. His allegiance to the Revolution was probably not wholly due to the desire to save his skin. He might perhaps have escaped abroad, and he was indignant when he found that his name had been included in a list of émigrés. He had suffered enough himself to have some sympathy with the sufferings of the people, and had already, in an episode of "Justine," made one of his wicked women preach to the virtuous girl a sermon on the text that all human beings have been created by Nature "equal," pointing out to her how wrong it is that the rich should have more than they need and be able to punish the poor for stealing; that the poor should not have any scruples about revenging themselves on the rich. "I confess," he makes Justine say, "that if ever I was shaken at all, it was by the seductions of that clever woman." The Marquis wrote political pamphlets. He rose rapidly in the assembly of his section, and was entrusted with special commissions, including an inspection of the hospitals, where he relieved a shortage of beds when he found that many had to be shared. In April, 1793, he writes to Gaufridy, "I want to tell you two things that will surprise you. Le Président de Montreuil has come to see me." "I can already foresee," he writes later, "the moment when he will ask me to dinner. . . . And guess what the other is! I give you one chance in a hundred! . . . I am now a judge, yes, *a judge! Juré d'accusation!* Who would have said that fifteen years ago, my lawyer! who would have said



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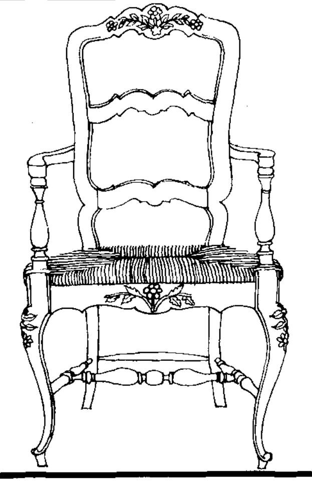

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that? You can see that my mind has matured, that I'm beginning to learn wisdom. . . . So congratulate me, and above all don't fail to send money to *monsieur le juge*, or devil take me, if you don't, I'll *condemn you to death!* Spread this news a little in the country so as to convince them at last that I'm a good patriot, because I swear to you that I truly am in heart and soul." He was very soon president of his section and led a delegation to the National Convention with a petition, composed by himself, which that body highly commended and of which it had a thousand copies printed. It was proposed to establish a cult of the Virtues, with hymns and the burning of incense, to be celebrated on the secularized altars.

But Sade did not approve of capital punishment, having narrowly escaped it himself and believing that one ought not to be executed for actions one could not restrain. The meetings of l'Assemblée des Piques became so stormy in the course of the summer that he was obliged to defend himself against the violence of his colleagues. He had refused to put to a vote some measure that he describes as "*une horreur, une inhumanité*," and had resigned his chair of office to the vice-president. As the denunciations came thicker and thicker, he seems unobtrusively to have rescued as many of the accused as he could, and when the names of his father-in-law and mother-in-law appeared among those of the suspects, he managed to have them included in a list of those to be cleared. "If I had said a word," he writes Gaufridy, "they would have been in for it. I kept silent; that's how I revenge myself." He opposed the creation in Paris of a special army of six thousand men, on the ground that this was unnecessary, because if the city was in danger, "at the first beat of the drum" a hundred and fifty thousand men would come to its defense, and that the high pay proposed for this body would attract the lazy and the intriguers, who would become a "Pretorian Guard, with the power to put us in chains," and who would violate the principles of the Revolution by constituting a privileged group. It was also whispered against him that he was not a sincere republican, since, in his indiscreet private conversations, he cited instances from the histories of Greece and Rome "to demonstrate the impossibility of establishing a republic in France and converting France into a democracy." His prestige as a victim of the old regime did not save him very long. His past crimes were now being publicized. In a libel against the nobility,

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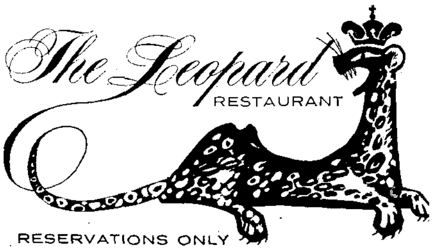

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"those scoundrels with châteaux, carriages, red heels, and red or blue cordons," Sade was named as the worst of the lot and compared to Gilles de Retz. The latter, "though a very great lord and though he lived at a time when the nobility were in a position to commit with impunity the most monstrous crimes, could not escape from justice and was burned alive at Nantes on the twenty-fifth of October, 1450. And now the Marquis de Sade, who has been convicted of the same atrocities, is peacefully living among us." This libel also says that Sade is supporting a rebellion of the actors against certain police regulations. The production of a play of his was stopped on the ground that it was the work of a *ci-devant*. He was arrested on the fifth of December, 1793, on a charge of "*modérantisme*," only a few weeks after presenting his much applauded project for celebrating a cult of the Virtues. Now, shifted from prison to prison, he was to spend more than ten months in jail.

He of course raised a loud complaint. He explained in the most circumstantial way that he was not really noble at all. "We come from a little town of the former Comtat d'Avignon, where my ancestors were farmers and merchants." His title had been thrust upon him, against his will, by "certain slaves of the old regime." He has never been willing to use it. He is simply a man of letters, as his father was before him. He is going to divorce his wife as soon as he gets out of prison and marry the daughter of a tailor, "one of the most excellent patriots in Paris." He does not know whether or not his sons are émigrés; he has seen nothing of them for twenty years. If they have fled abroad, he consigns them "to public execration, to the national vengeance." He rejoices in the death of the King—for whom he had formerly professed respect—and congratulates the country on being delivered from "the most cowardly, the most deceitful, and the most unworthy of tyrants." As for Marie-Antoinette, he declares, after her execution, that "the Austrian woman has met her punishment"—though he had previously written down in his notebook, with obvious sympathy for the Queen, the "Paroles d'Antoinette à la Conciergerie": "The ferocious beasts with which I am surrounded invent every day some new humiliation which adds to the horror of my destiny; they distill drop by drop into my heart the poison of adversity, they count my sighs with delight and, before they feed on my blood, they quench their thirst with my tears." So Sade's own victim Justine

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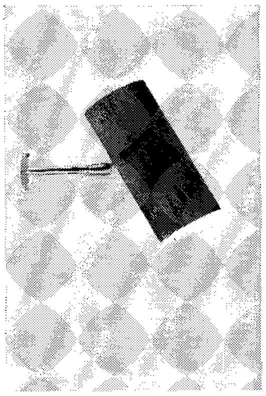

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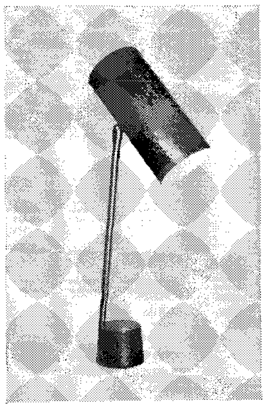

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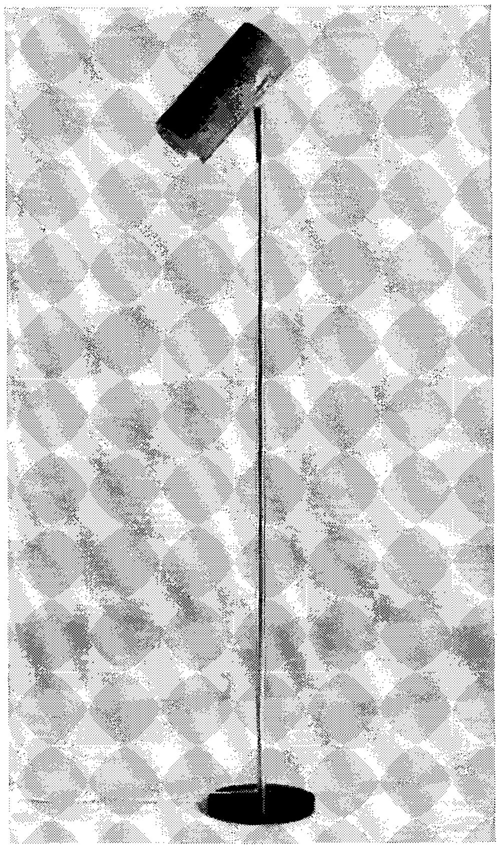

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has wept at the mercy of tormentors entirely invented by himself, when he was all on the side of the tormentors.

Sade himself is now at the mercy of the same "ferocious beasts." With the Terror in full fury, his protestations have no effect. On the twenty-sixth of July, 1794, he was included by Fouquier-Tinville in a list of men and women to be guillotined, on a charge of "conspiracy against the Republic." Most of these persons were executed in full view of his place of detention, and eighteen hundred bodies were buried in what had once been its fine garden. Sade was afterward to write of this experience that it "did him a hundred times more harm than all the Bastilles imaginable." But he himself by some fluke escaped. The Tribunals were extremely inefficient. The many jails were crowded and scattered. It was not always easy to find the condemned. Then, immediately, the whole situation changed. Robespierre had just been arrested, and, the day after the first batch of victims on the same list as Sade had been executed, on the day of celebration of the Supreme Being, Robespierre and twenty-one other Terrorists were guillotined to a thunder of applause. In the period of relaxation that followed, on a petition to the Section des Piques, Sade received a clean bill of health as belonging to the category of "patriotic artists devoted to the public good." Through all this, he had never ceased to correspond with Gaufridy, in the name of "*la citoyenne Quesnet,*" conveying to him detailed instructions about the management of his estates.

One might think that all this would have given Sade pause in his literary exploitation of cruelty. But, perhaps as a result of his increased misanthropy as well as his indomitable compulsion, he continued in his original course and even laid the atrocities on thicker. The relatively respectable "Aline et Valcour," which advocates social reforms, was announced as "*Par le citoyen S***,*" and "*Écrit à la Bastille un an avant la Révolution de France.*" But the anonymous "Justine," of which the various editions were supposed to have been printed in Holland, had very much more success, and it was followed by "La Philosophie dans le Boudoir," supposed to have been published in London and announced as "*Ouvrage posthume de l'auteur de 'Justine.'*" Sade decided then to redo "Justine," making it longer and more obscene, and to add to it "Juliette." It is explained in an "Editor's Note" that the public ought to be informed that "a disloyal friend" to whom the author had entrusted the

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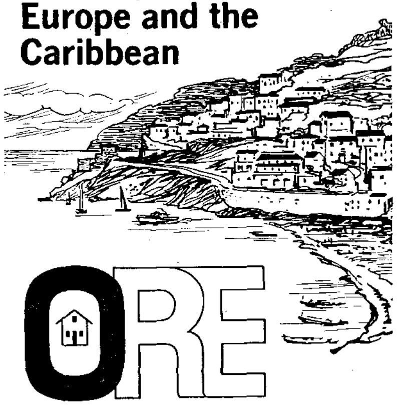
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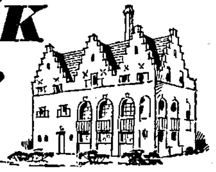

manuscript of his work had not hesitated "to make from it a miserable extract, very far below the original, which has been repeatedly disavowed by him whose energetic pencil had depicted the Justine and her sister that one will find presented here," with more *boniment* intended to entice the customer. As M. Lely says, this was undoubtedly "a book dealer's speculation based on the general license which reigned during the period of the Directory." This was, in fact, the only period when Sade's works were openly put on sale in France—they were later suppressed by Napoleon—until the fifties of the present century, when they could be bought in ordinary bookstores, though they were later, under de Gaulle, again suppressed. When "Les Crimes de l'Amour," which is not obscene though—as usual—perverse, was introduced as "by D. A. F. Sade, the author of 'Aline et Valcour,' " Sade denied that he had written "Justine." Since everybody knew he had, his position became rather embarrassing. For he considered himself "*un philosophe*," and he was worried lest his moral misdemeanors might supply the dispossessed clergy with ammunition against those writers whom he regarded as his colleagues of the Enlightenment. "La Philosophie dans le Boudoir" is a very curious work, a series of dialogues that presents the systematic corruption by the usual group of libertines of a young girl just out of a convent but that includes a long, earnest pamphlet ("Français! Encore un Effort Si Vous Voulez Être Républicains")—an effort to establish a connection between Sade's own rebellious materialism and the idealism of the Revolution.

But though Sade had escaped with his life, he still had the regime against him. His name was on a list of émigrés, and this meant that his property could be seized and that he could be forced actually to leave the country. He sold the château of La Coste, but a part of his income was confiscated, and by the end of 1798 he and Marie-Constance were reduced to such straits that they were obliged temporarily to separate. She went to live with friends and he lodged with a farmer on one of his estates till the latter refused to feed him. He got some sort of job "*au spectacle de Versailles*," and lived there in a garret with Marie-Constance's son. She brought them food from the house of her friends and, says Sade, went "every day on foot in horrible weather to quiet the creditors and get my name struck off [the list]. This woman is truly an angel sent me by

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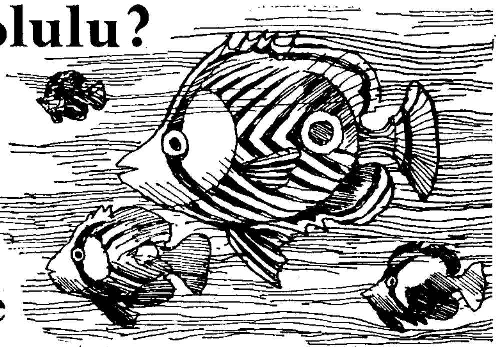

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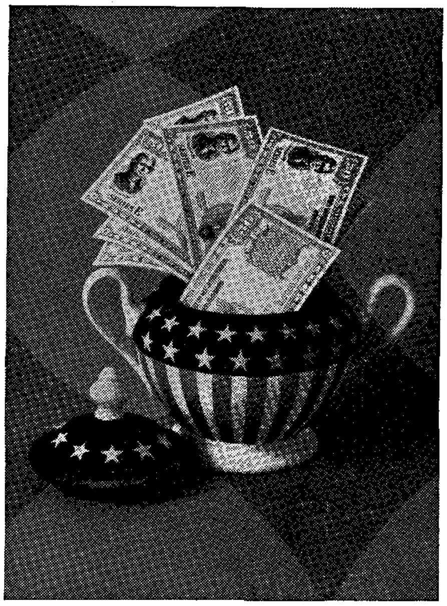

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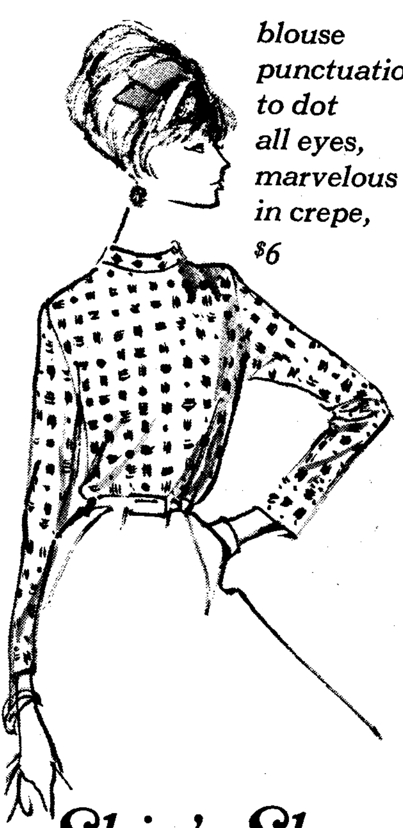
On the sixth of March, 1801, two policemen invaded the offices of the publisher of Sade's books. Napoleon was then First Consul, and till recently it had been thought that the reason for Sade's arrest was a libel against the Bonapartes, "Zoloé et Ses Deux Acolytes," supposed to have been written by him. M. Lely, however, has come to the conclusion, from internal evidence and from finding that in the documents relating to the case no mention is made of this book, that "Zoloé" is not by Sade. In any case, in spite of his public denials, he was known to be the author of "Justine" and was regarded as a dangerous character. He had been watched by the police, who, in their raid on the publisher, found manuscripts in Sade's hand as well as copies of his scandalous books. They also found Sade himself, who had the bad luck to be there. In Marie-Constance's house, they found a tapestry "representing the most obscene subjects, most of them derived from the infamous novel 'Justine,'" which was delivered to the *préfecture*. Sade was taken to jail.

He spent two years in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie, in the course of which he wrote in his notebooks, "A phrase to put in my Memoirs: The entr'actes of my life have been too long." Then one of the inevitable incidents occurred. Some young men who had been rioting at the Théâtre-Français were brought in and put in cells on his corridor. The starved prisoner incontinently leaped upon them, and the authorities decided that they would have to get rid of him. He was moved to an apparently worse prison, at Bicêtre, which under the old regime had been known as "*la Bastille de la canaille*." Charles Nodier, later to be celebrated as the author of fairy tales and at that time a young man in the provinces, had published a rhymed pamphlet that ridiculed Napoleon, and, coming to Paris, was promptly imprisoned, also in Sainte-Pélagie. Sade was just being transferred, and Nodier happened to see him. He has the following description in his memoirs: "All I noticed at first was enormous obesity which sufficiently hampered his movements to prevent his displaying any vestige of the grace and elegance the traces of which appeared in his manners. His weary eyes still kept, however, something fine and brilliant which would come to life from time to time like the dying spark of an extinguished coal." He had only a glimpse of Sade,



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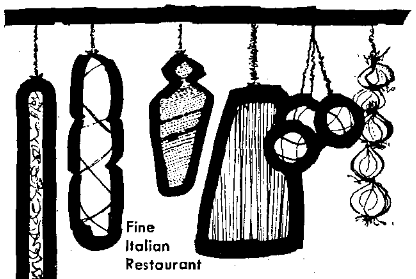

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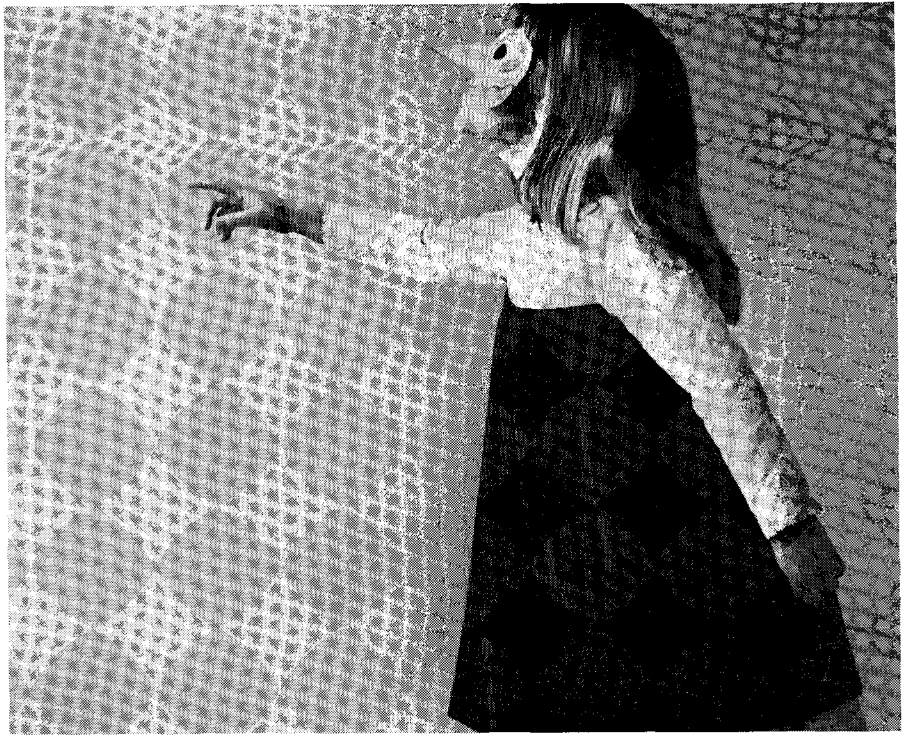
he says. "All I remember is that he was polite to the point of obsequiousness, affable to the point of unctuousness, and that he spoke respectfully of everything that is respected."

When Sade had been in jail two years, his family had him removed to a madhouse at Charenton, where he passed the rest of his life. But here, too, he became a problem. The director was an ex-abbé, a gentleman, M. de Coulmier, who made friends with the ex-Marquis and allowed him to organize theatricals, with the patients as actors. Sade sometimes wrote the plays himself and on one occasion composed "an allegoric piece" for M. de Coulmier. He also presided at balls and various kinds of meetings and celebrations. "*Les mœurs y étaient fort légères,*" one of the doctors reports, "*et, à ce qu'il paraît, tant soit peu décolletées.*" Sade even gave private dinners in his own apartment, to which he invited well-known actors and actresses, including the popular comedienne Mlle. de Sainte-Aubin, whom Lely describes as "*délicieuse.*" One evening she found under her napkin a graceful little quatrain composed by "*le galant amphitryon.*" But the chief doctor was scandalized and scared by all this. He wrote to the chief of police that Sade ought to be removed from the hospital. "This man is not insane. His only madness is that of vice, and an institution supposed to be devoted to the medical treatment of insanity is not the place to control this kind of madness. An individual afflicted with it should be subjected to the severest segregation both to protect others from his furies and to isolate him from all the objects which might excite or maintain his hideous passion. This is impossible at Charenton. M. de Sade enjoys too much liberty there. He is able to communicate with a good many people of both sexes, to receive them in his own rooms or visit them in theirs. He is allowed to walk in the park, and he often meets other patients there. . . . He preaches his horrible doctrine to some; to others he lends books. And the general rumor is that he is living with a woman who passes for his daughter." What had happened was that Marie-Constance had moved into the hospital with him. The doctor then complains about the theatre. M. de Coulmier did not, however, agree with him. He said that the theatre was therapeutic and that he was very grateful to Sade for the work he was doing. The chief of police was ready to send him to jail, but the director and Sade's family prevented this. Sade, on his side, in his threatening and pleading way, was

Boo!



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demanding to be taken out of the madhouse and writing appeals to the Minister of Police and to Napoleon, who by this time had made himself Emperor. The latter took up the matter with his privy council and decided not to let Sade be freed. The Minister of the Interior attempted to have him kept in isolation and denied the use of writing materials, but to this order Coulmier replied that the hospital was so crowded that there was no place in which M. de Sade could be isolated, that he was under constant supervision and had no communication with anybody except the servants, and that, in any case, he, Coulmier, "would find myself extremely unhappy to spend my time persecuting a man, guilty enough, of course, but who has seemed for a long time now, by his continued good behavior, to wish to make us forget his faults. . . . My birth, the various posts and dignities with which I have been invested have won me the honor of being made the head of a humane institution, but I should consider myself humiliated to become a jailer." When Coulmier was succeeded by another director, the latter, to his dismay, found Sade enjoying complete liberty and getting the patients to copy his writings and smuggle them out to the printer. This worried him very much, and he wrote to the Minister of the Interior to have Sade taken over by the police, explaining further that the asylum bill had never been paid, as had been promised, by Sade's surviving son. But Sade was old and ill now, half blind, though he never stopped writing; Marie-Constance read to him. He was not sent to prison again, and he died within a few weeks. The last thing he is known to have written is a letter to a farmer on one of his estates, asking whether his instructions have been followed in regard to certain trees that he wanted to have cut down, for the purpose of selling the wood to pay for repairs on one of his châteaux. Three weeks later, he died, after receiving extreme unction. He was seventy-four years old and had been in the asylum eleven years and eight months. A new doctor was with him when he died and has left a short memoir of him. "I used to meet him frequently walking alone, with a heavy and dragging step, very carelessly dressed, in the corridor next to his apartment; I never found him talking with anyone. When I passed him, I would bow to him, and he would return my bow with that kind of cold politeness which discourages any idea of conversation."

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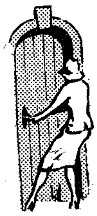

Charenton and left, among other things, an "Histoire Secrète d'Isabelle de Bavière," about Charles the Sixth's maleficent Queen. He pretended to have discovered a document in the archives of the Pères Chartreux in Dijon—an interrogation, under torture, of one of the Queen's henchmen—that made her responsible for everything evil that had occurred during her reign. But the library of the Chartreux had, he said, been destroyed at the time of the Revolution. There is no reason to believe, it seems, that this document ever existed. It was simply an excuse for Sade to re-create Isabelle as, in fact, one of his own criminal heroines. His principal production, however, had been a huge novel, which was to have run to ten volumes: "Les Journées de Florbelle, ou la Nature Dévoilée." It was Sade's younger son who had the sole responsibility for disposing of his father's effects. The older one had been killed in Napoleon's campaign in Italy. He gave this work to the police to be burned. This of course breaks M. Lely's heart, but from the notes for the book that survive one can hardly very much regret it. The author had simply been imagining further sadistic orgies, accompanied by further "dissertations on Religion, on the Soul, on the Creator, and on Morals." A group of people who sound rather like those of "Les 120 Journées de Sodome" were to enjoy a series of "fêtes," one of which was to consist of fireworks—perhaps suggested by the author's reckless use of them in his youthful soldiering days—"in which children are blown up by rockets and bombs." How gratified Sade would have been if he could have foreseen the scale on which we were later to indulge in this pastime! Or would he perhaps have been appalled, as he was by the Terror?

Sade left a remarkable will. He makes provision first of all for Marie-Constance, wishing "to demonstrate to that lady, so far as my feeble powers permit, my extreme gratitude for the care and the sincere friendship that she has had for me since the twenty-fifth of August, 1790, up to the day of my death, sentiments to which she has borne witness not merely with disinterestedness and delicacy, but even also with the most courageous energy, since under the regime of Terror she snatched me from the revolutionary scythe too certainly suspended over my head." (Lely says that this can refer only to Sade's getting out of jail, not to his escape from the guillotine, and believes that he has misrepresented what

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actually happened in order to impress his son with his debt to Marie-Constance.) He leaves her twenty-four thousand livres, to be derived "from the freest and clearest part of my properties," as well as all his possessions in the hospital, with the exception of his father's papers, which are to be given to his children. There is nothing else about these children except that they are to see to it that Marie-Constance gets her money within a month after his death. To his executor, a notary, in payment for his services, he leaves a ring worth twelve hundred livres. He gives elaborate instructions for his burial. His coffin is not to be nailed till forty-eight hours after his death. It is to be taken in a cart to a certain wood on one of his country estates and there buried, "without any sort of ceremony, in the first thicketed coppice on the right in the said wood as you enter it on the side of the old château by the great alley that runs through it." Those of his relatives or friends who may wish to may be present, but they are not to wear mourning. "As soon as the grave is filled in, it will be strewn with acorns, in order that, when the ground over the grave will have grown up again and the coppice be thicketed as it was before, the traces of my grave will disappear from the face of the earth as I flatter myself that my memory will be erased from the minds of men, excepting, however, on the part of the small number of those who have been kind enough to love me up to the end and of whom I shall carry to the tomb a very sweet memory."

This was not done, however. Sade was buried, with the regular rites, in the hospital cemetery. A stone cross was put up over the grave, but no name was inscribed to mark it.

Twenty years later, Sade's son, on learning that a "universal biography" was nearing the letter "S," wrote to the biographer begging him not to include his father's name.

—EDMUND WILSON

•

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[*Legislative Document No. 758, One Hundred and Second Legislature, Augusta, Maine*]

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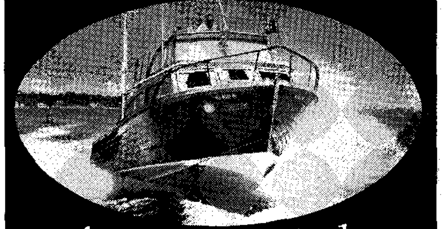
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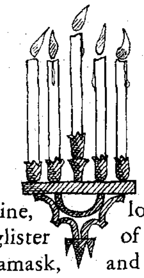
As you dine, look upward from the glister of silver and glass on damask, and watch for a moment the quirking candle flames reflected in darkened windows. And, if you please, you may grant that there are chandeliers in the oaks around

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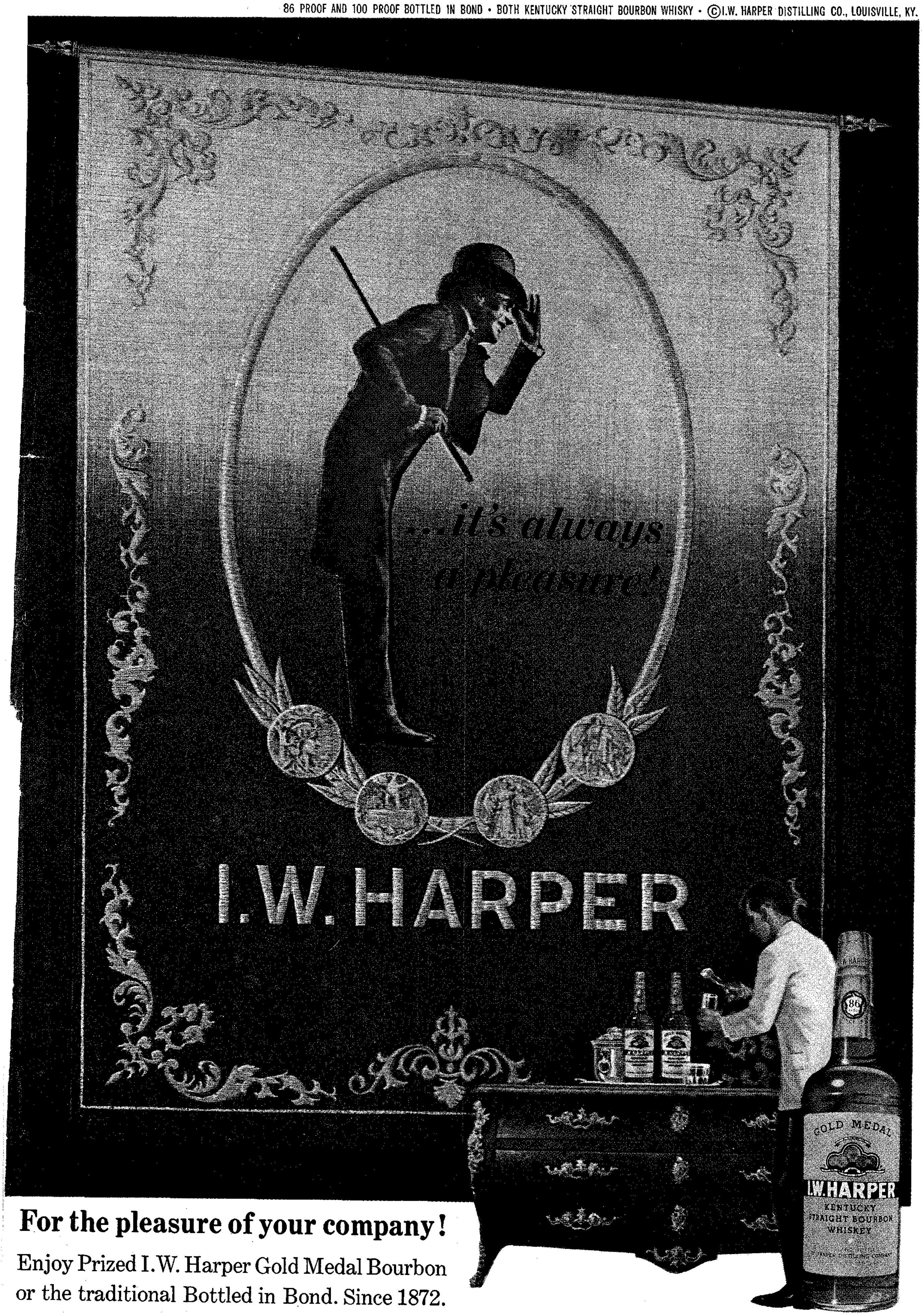
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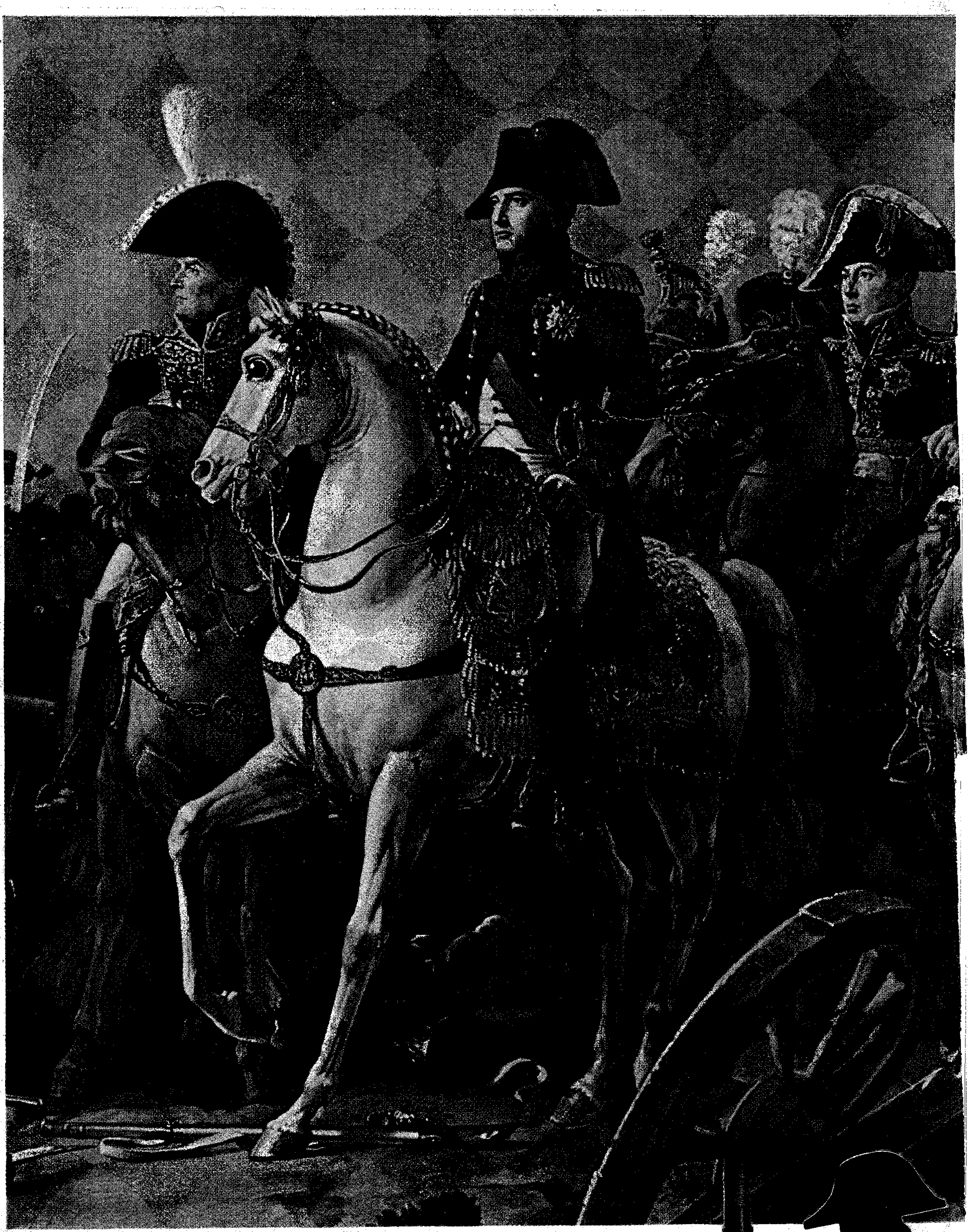

Bataille d'Austerlitz. Detail from the painting by Baron François Gèrard (1770-1837). On December 2, 1805, Napoleon watches what has been called the first great battle of modern times, a complete triumph over the far larger Allied armies of Austria and Russia.

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